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К.Р.АЯ

ВАЎЗІМ. ПР.УЎЗЬКО

КРАЙ
БЕЛАРУСЬ
ФОТАПОГЛЯД
ВАДЗІМ ГРУДЗЬКО

КАНЦЭПЦЫЯ
АЛЕСЬ КАМОЦКІ
МАСТАК
ЗЬМІЦЕР ГЕРАСІМОВІЧ

СЛОВА ПРА КНІГУ
РЫГОР БАРАДУЛІН

СТВАРЭНЬНЕ АЛЬБОМА АЖЫЦЬЦЯЎЛЯЛАСЯ БЕЗ ФОТАМАНТАЖА.
АЎТАРСКАЕ БАЧАНЬНЕ ЦАЛКАМ ЗАХАВАНАЕ

У АЛЬБОМЕ 240 ЗДЫМКАЎ, ЗРОБЛЕНых НА СТУЖЦЫ «КОДАК» ФОТААПАРАТАМ «MINOLTA» DYNAX 7 c 00009827

ТЭХНІЧНЫ КАНСУЛЬТАНТ ІВАН ШУМСКІ

ВЫДАВЕЦТВА «РЫФТУР»

ДРУКАРНЯ «NEOGRAFIA», СЛАВАКІЯ

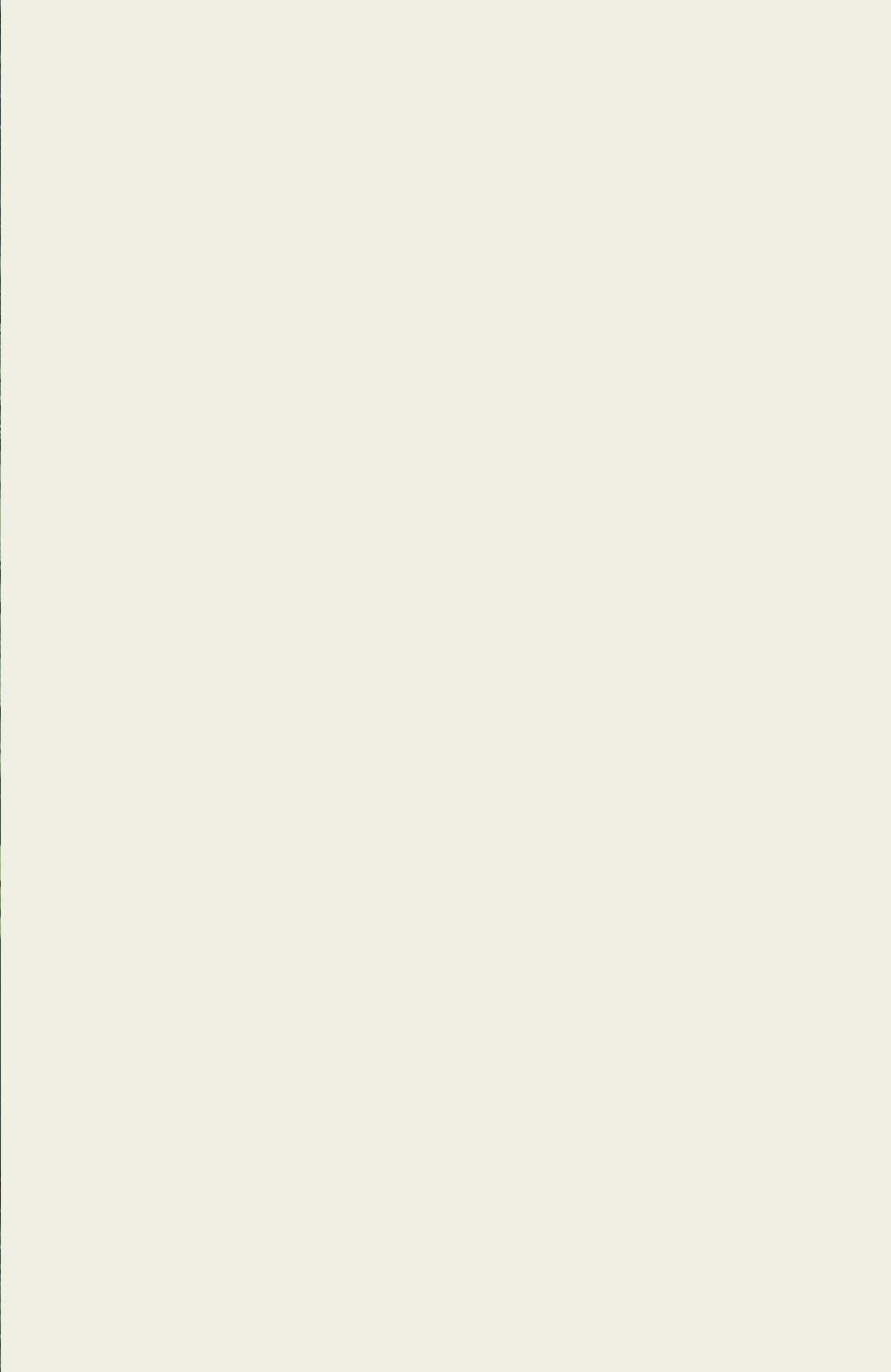
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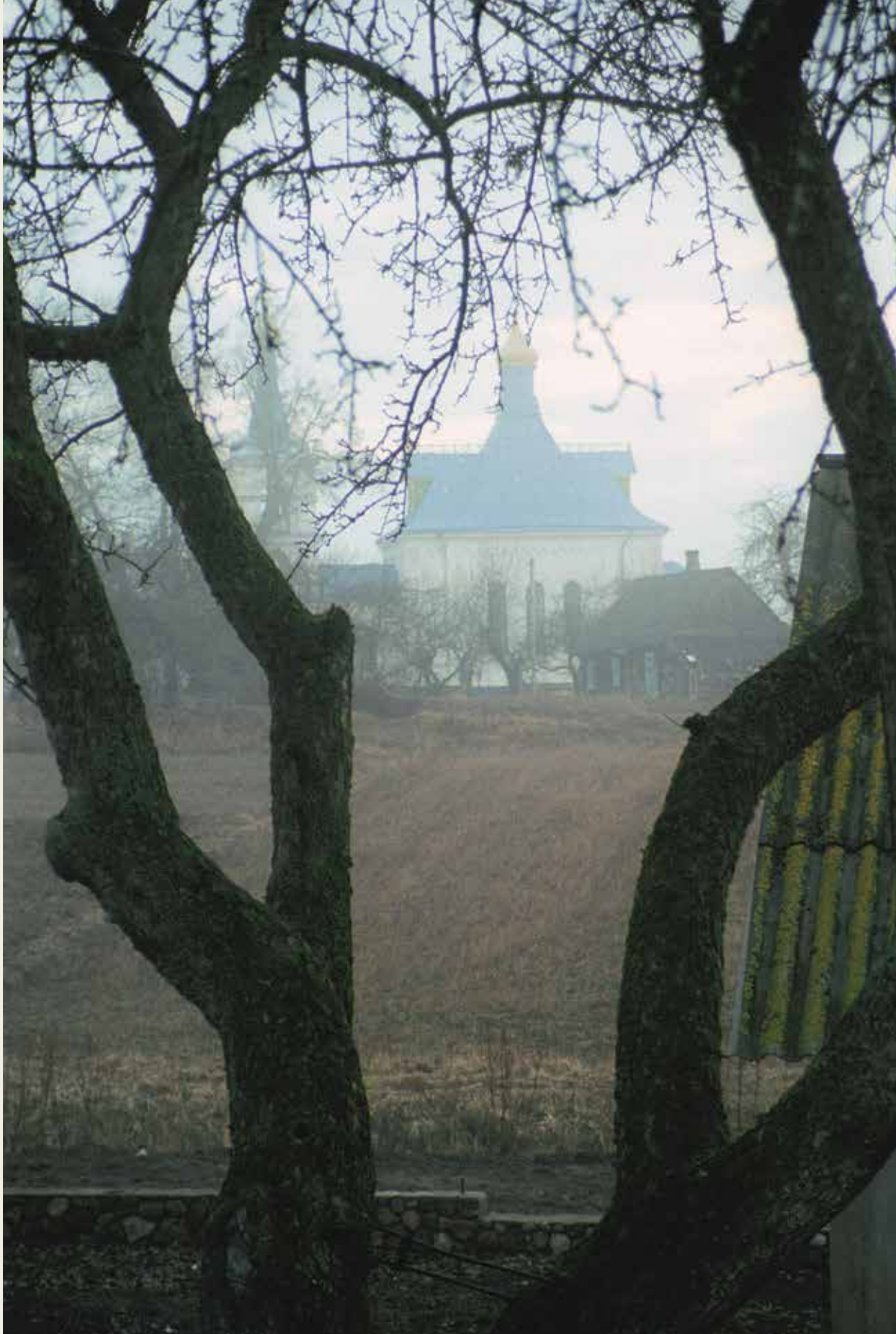
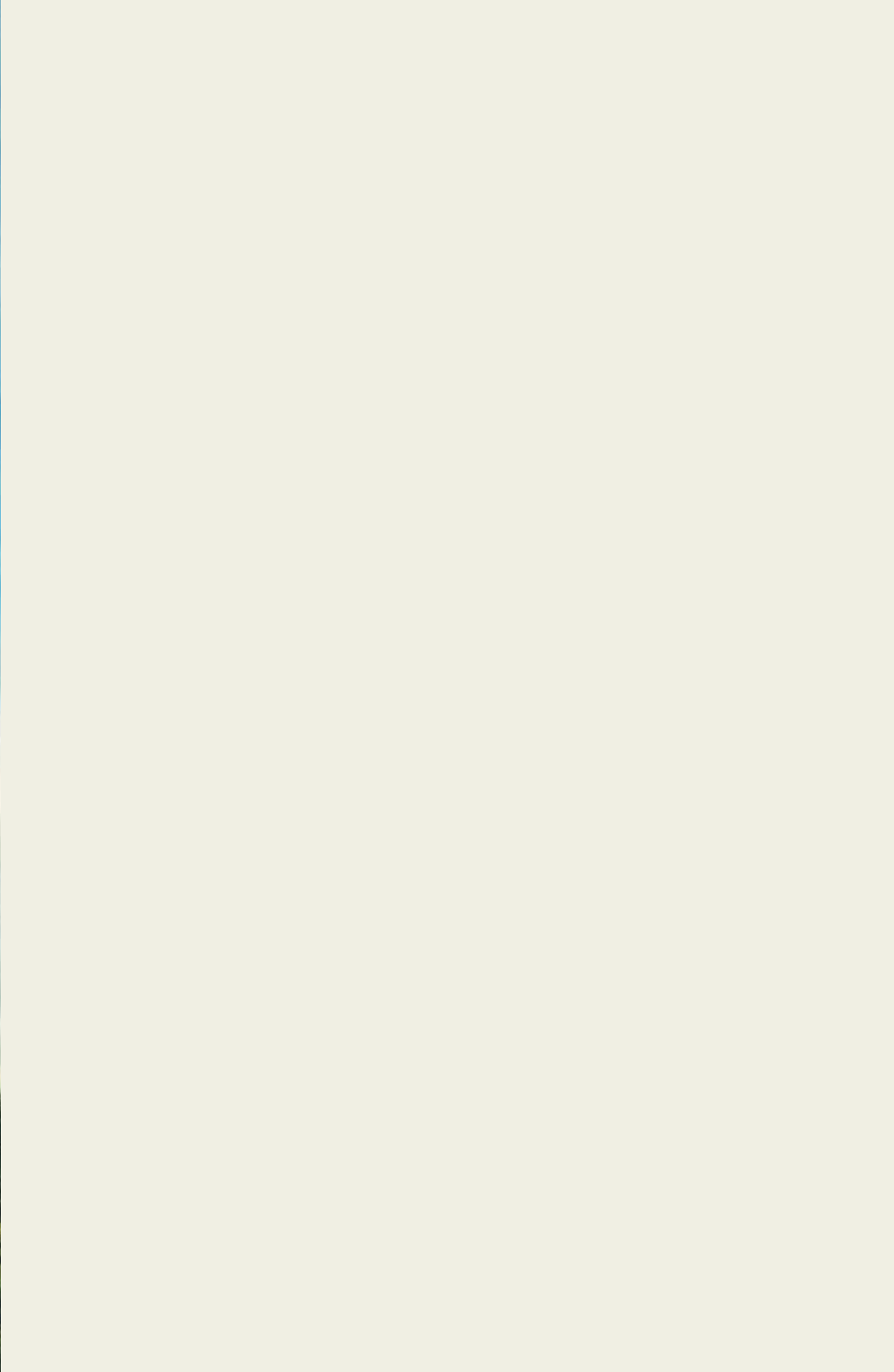


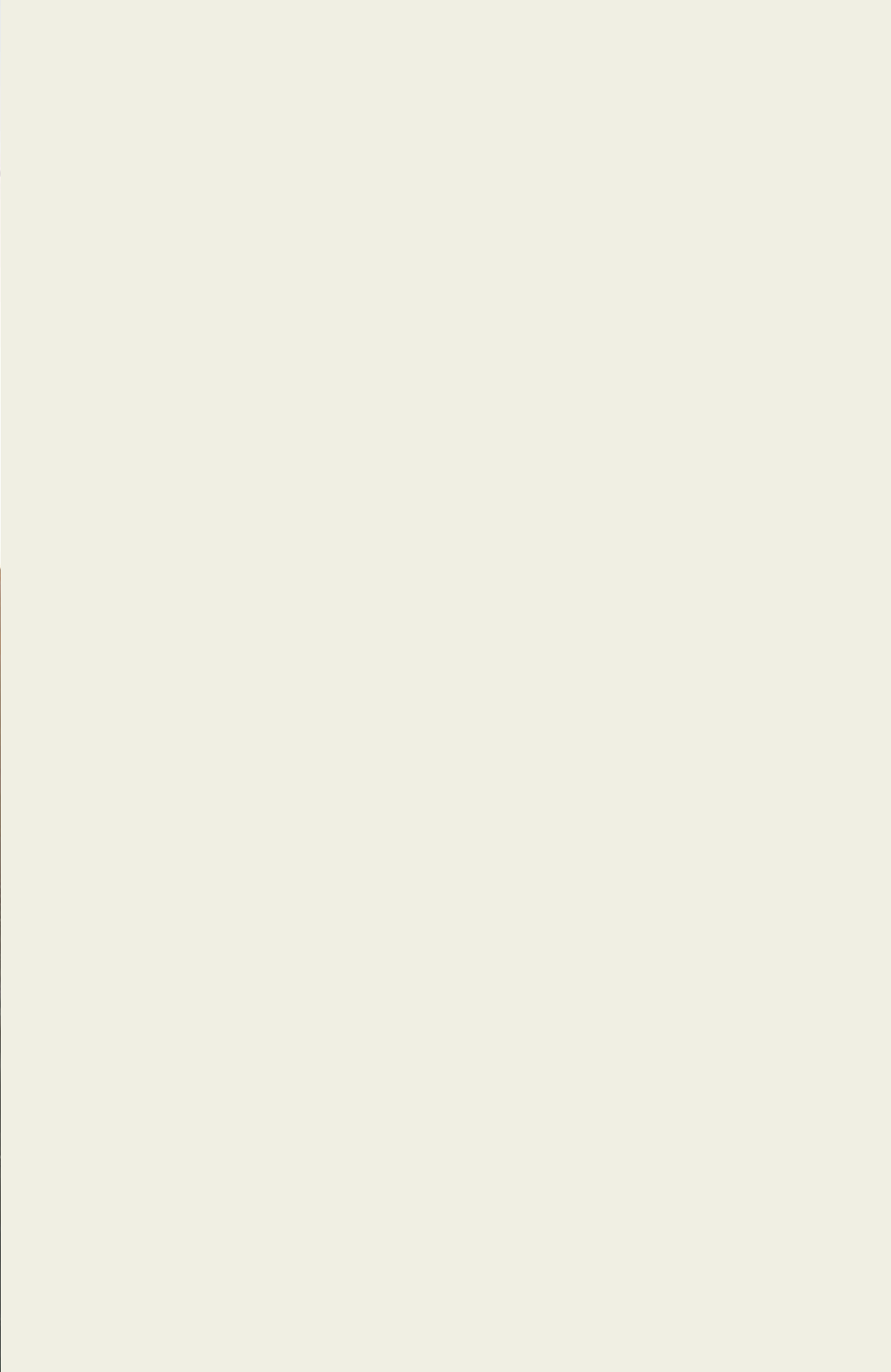
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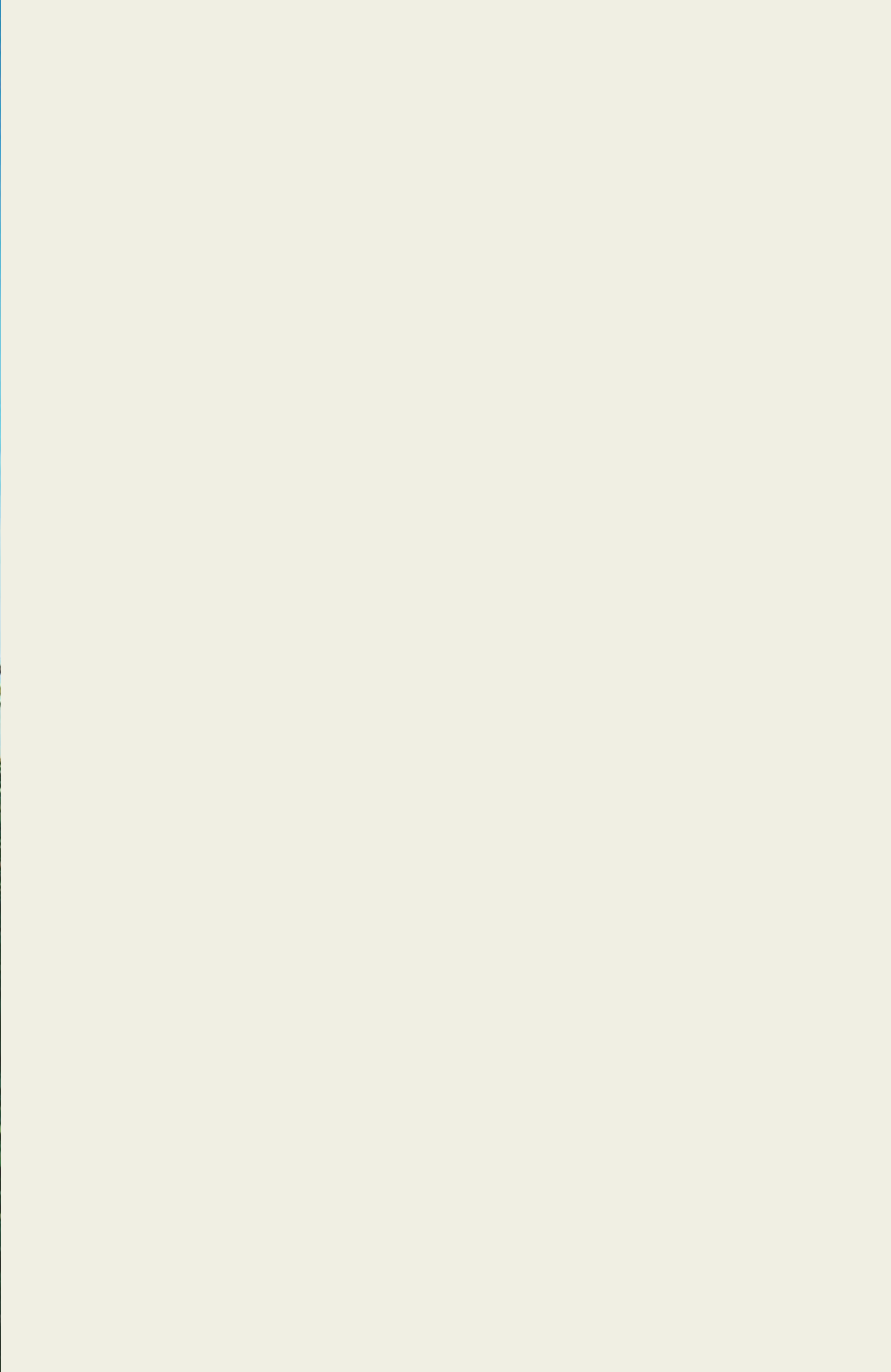


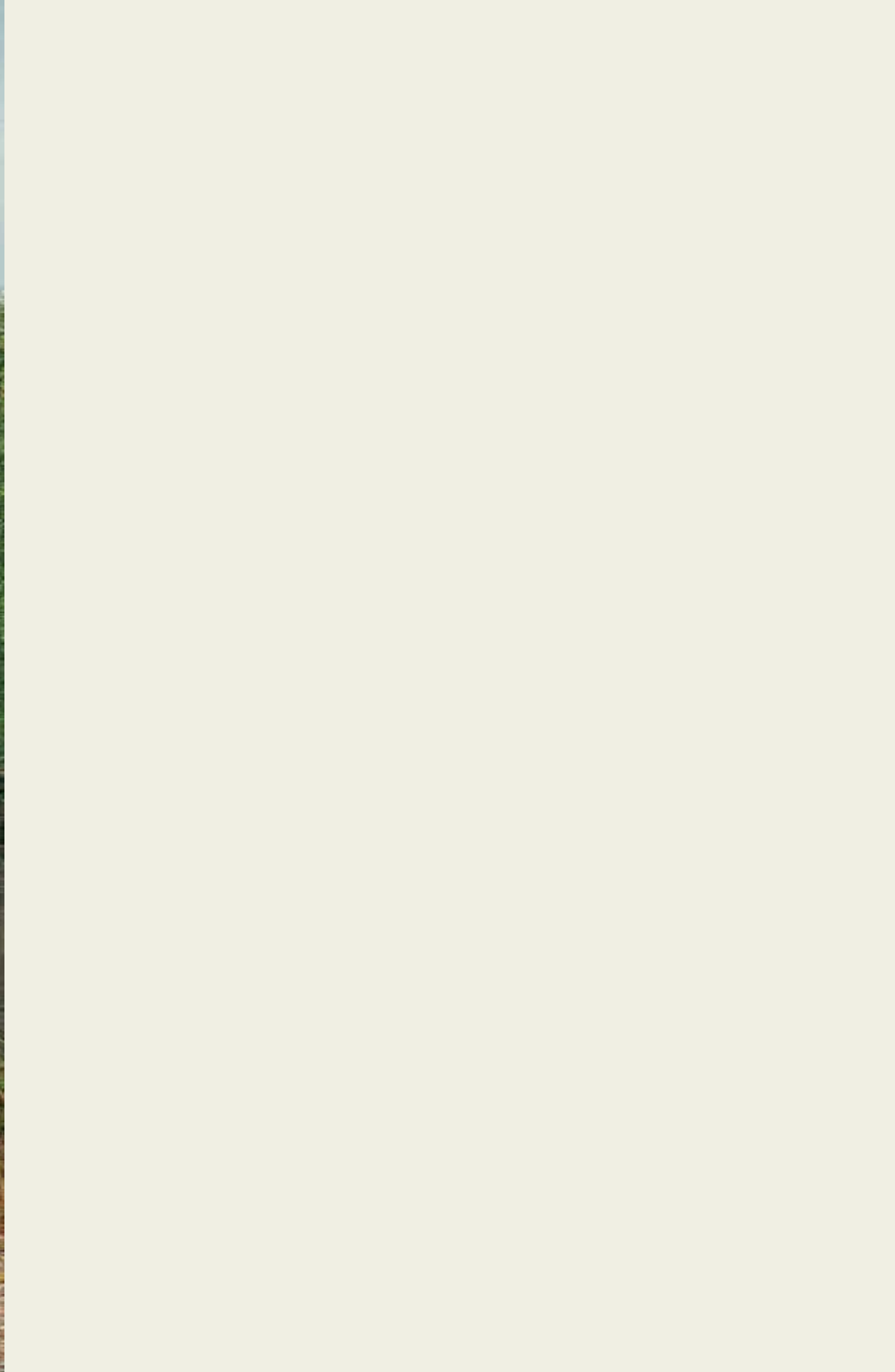
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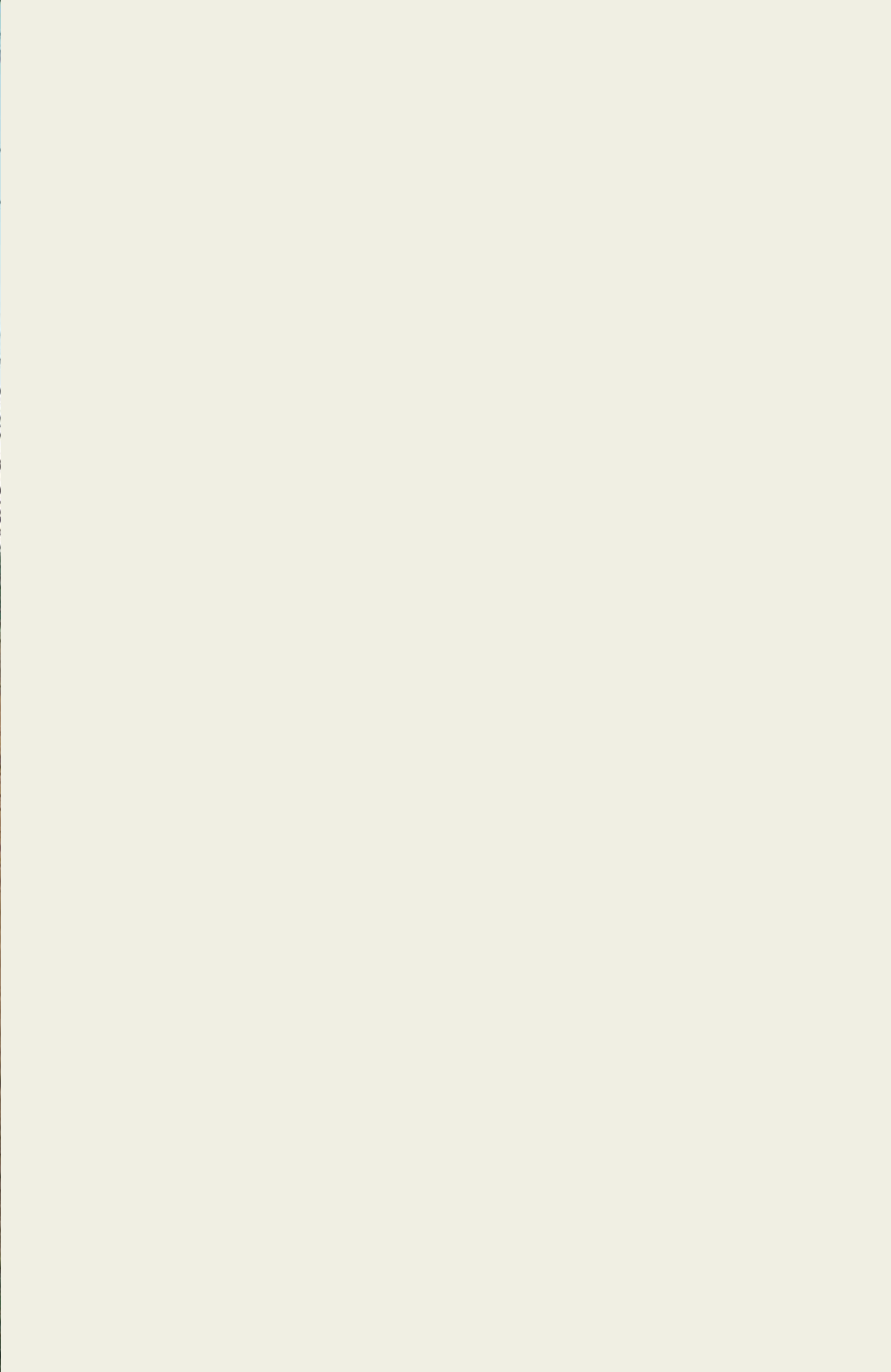


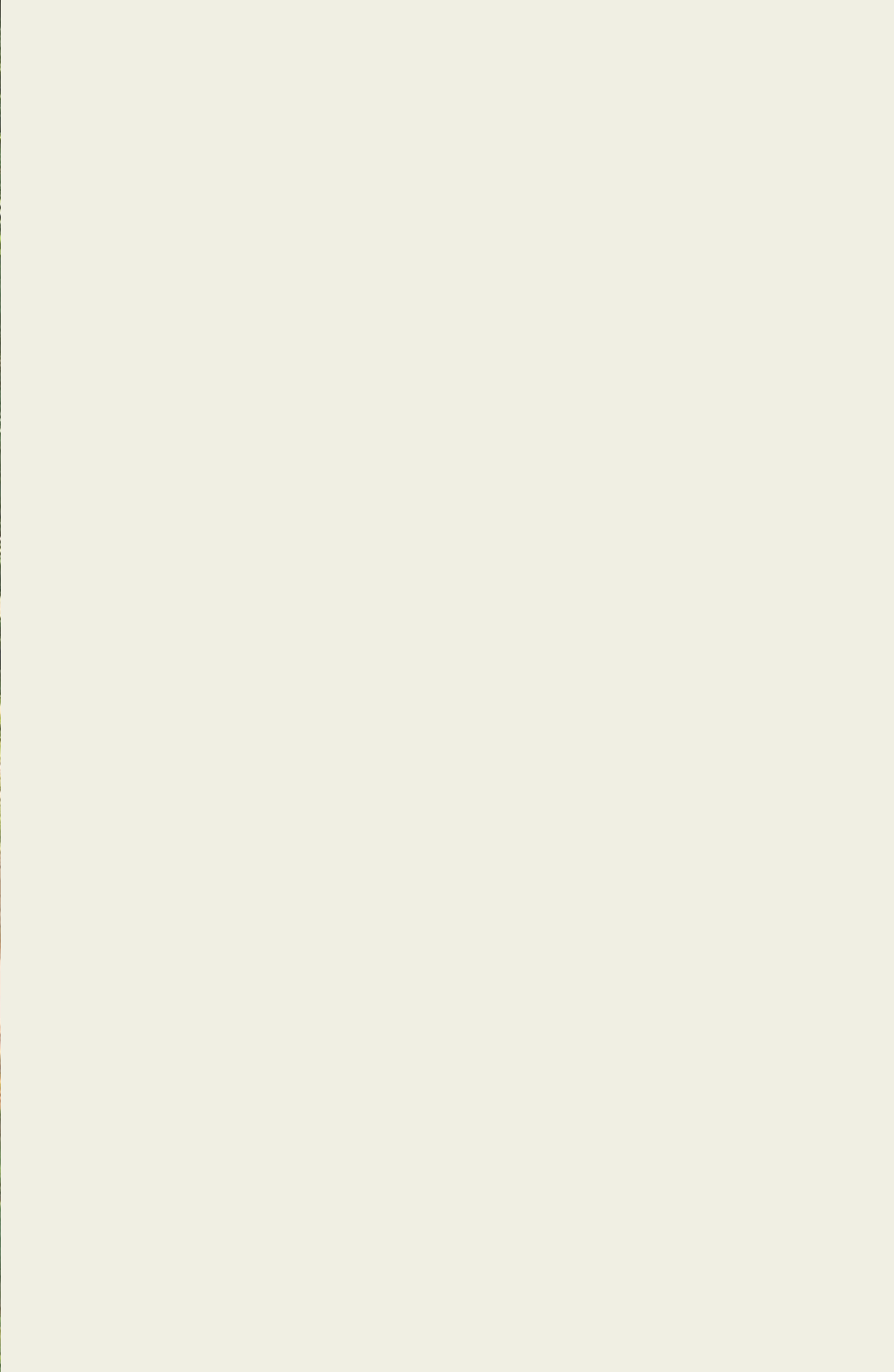


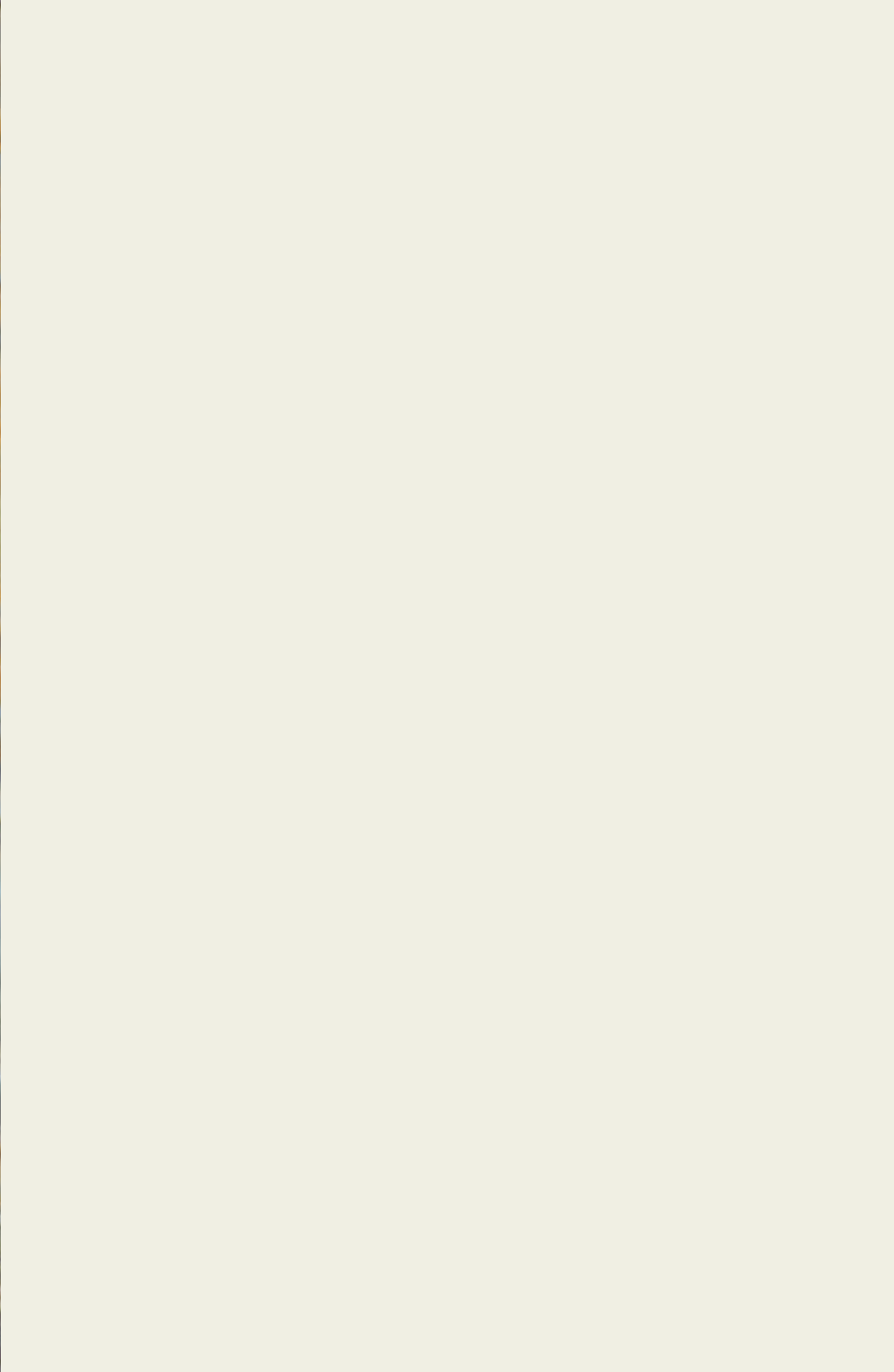


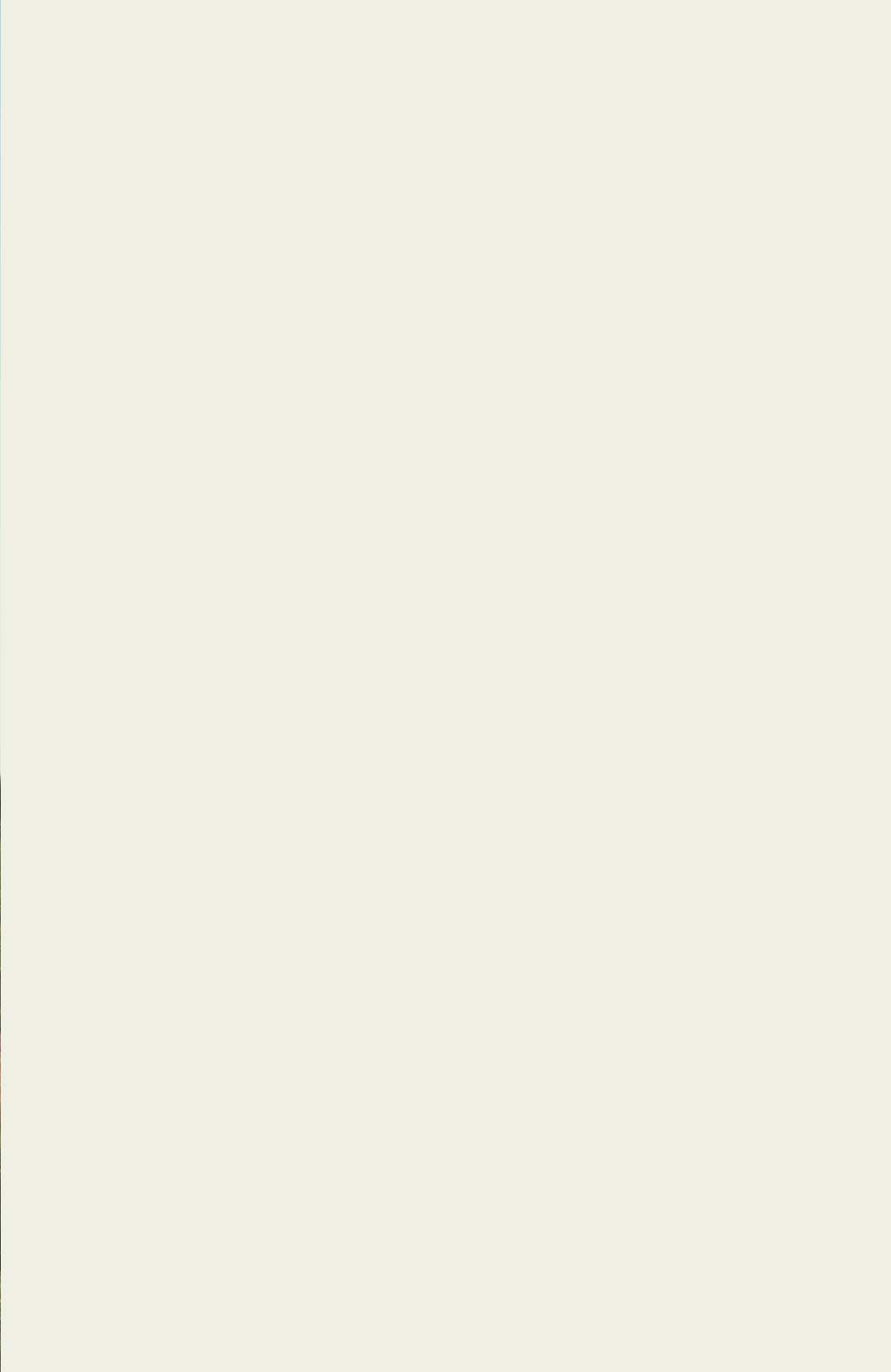


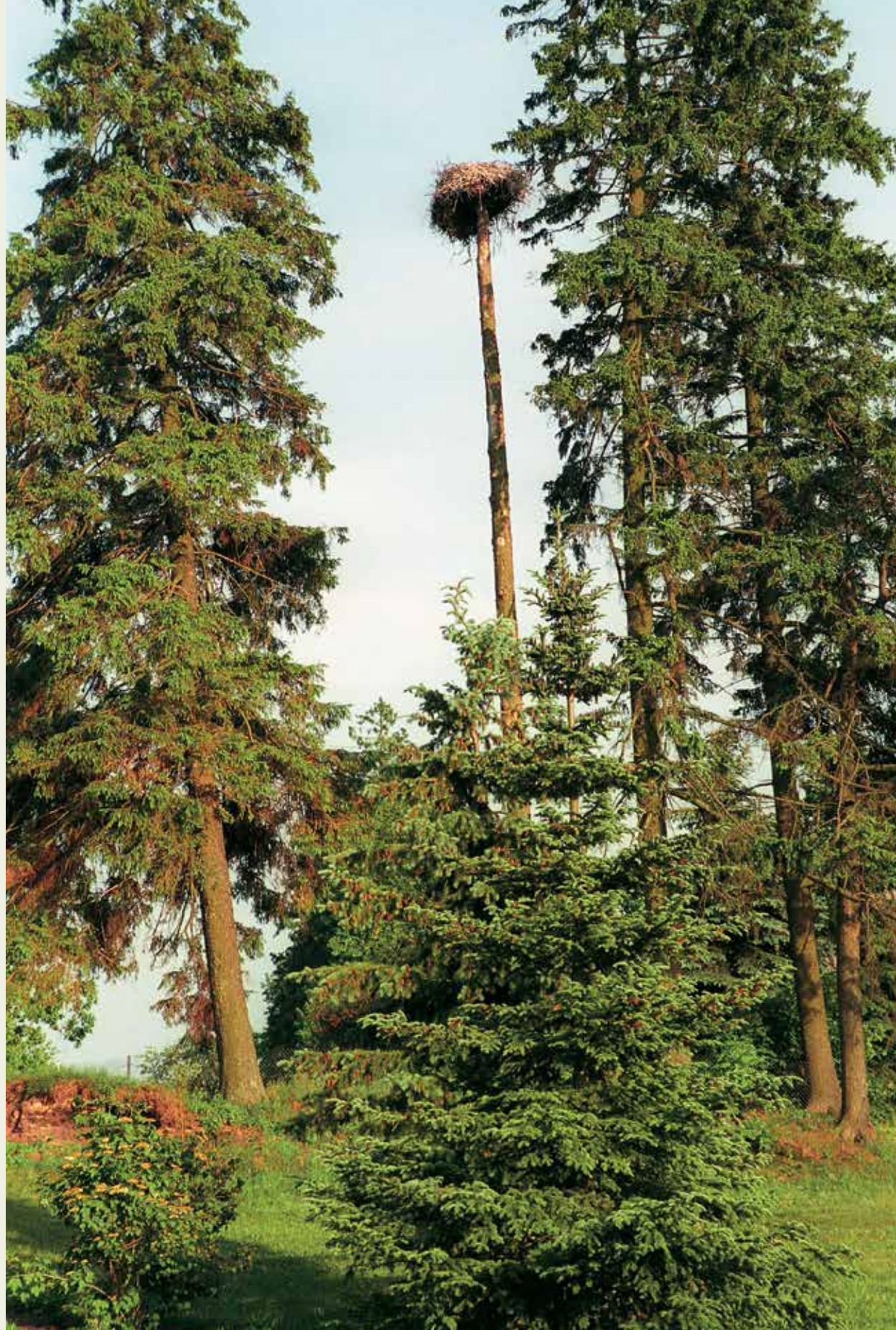


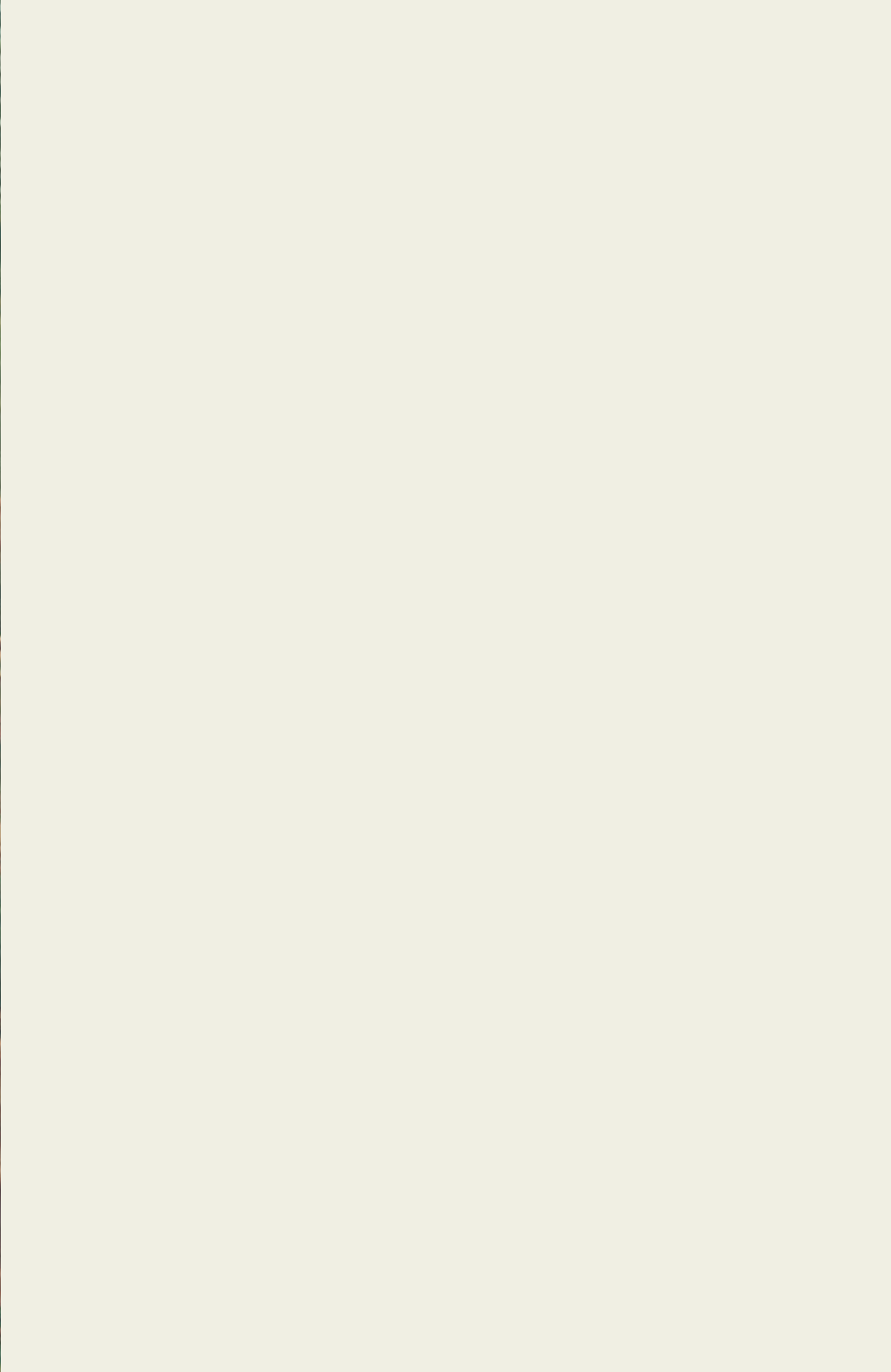


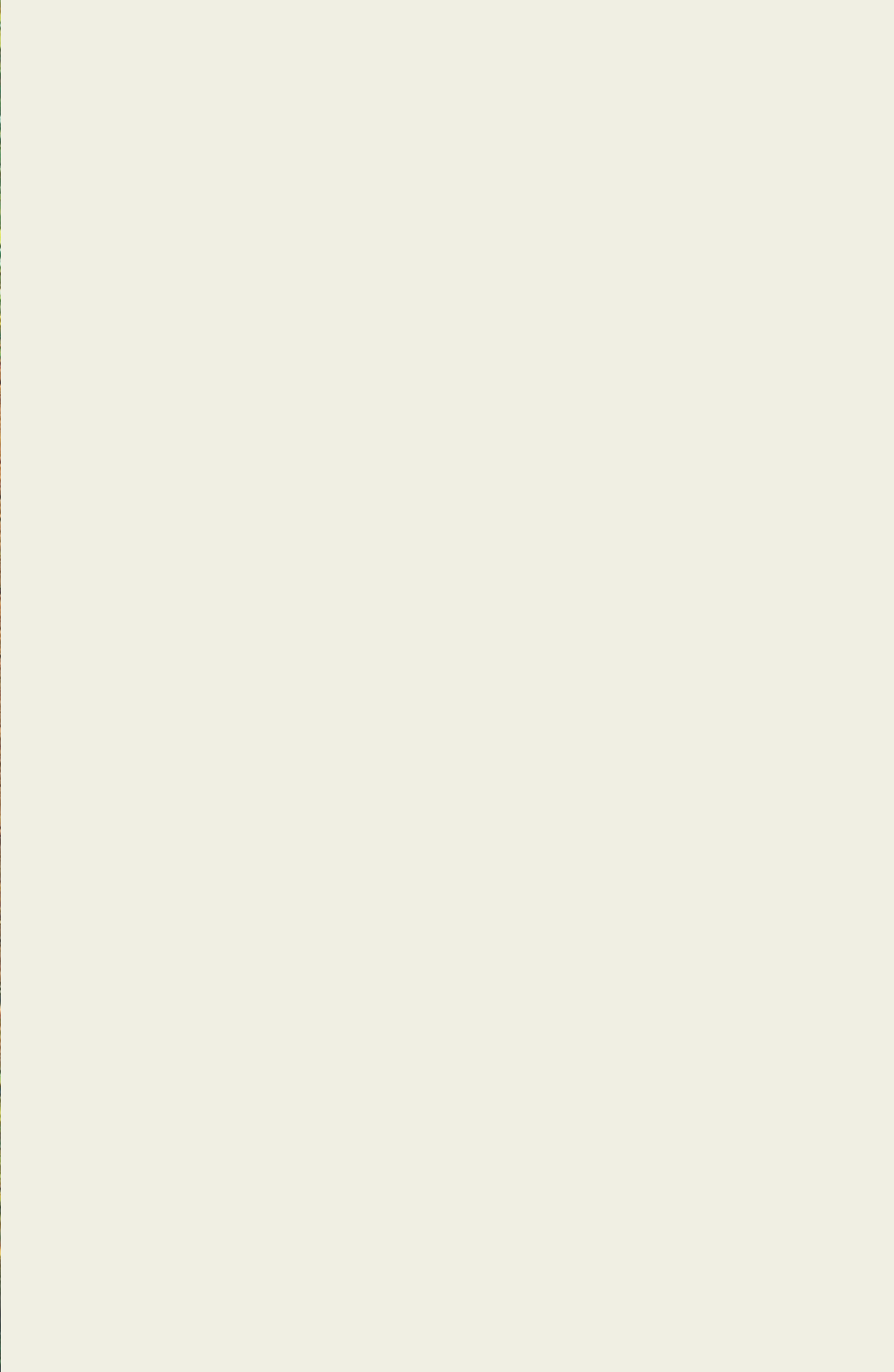


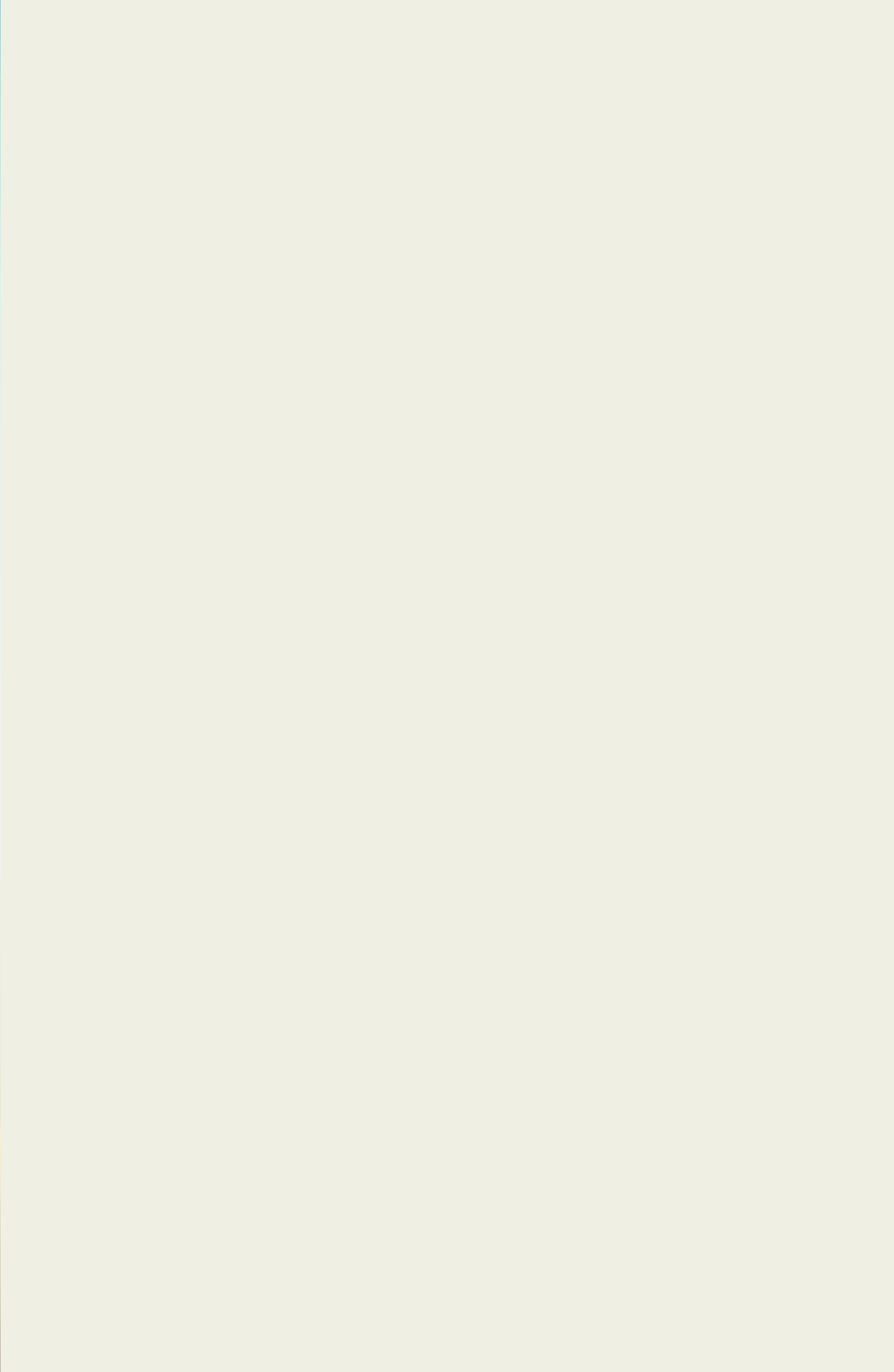


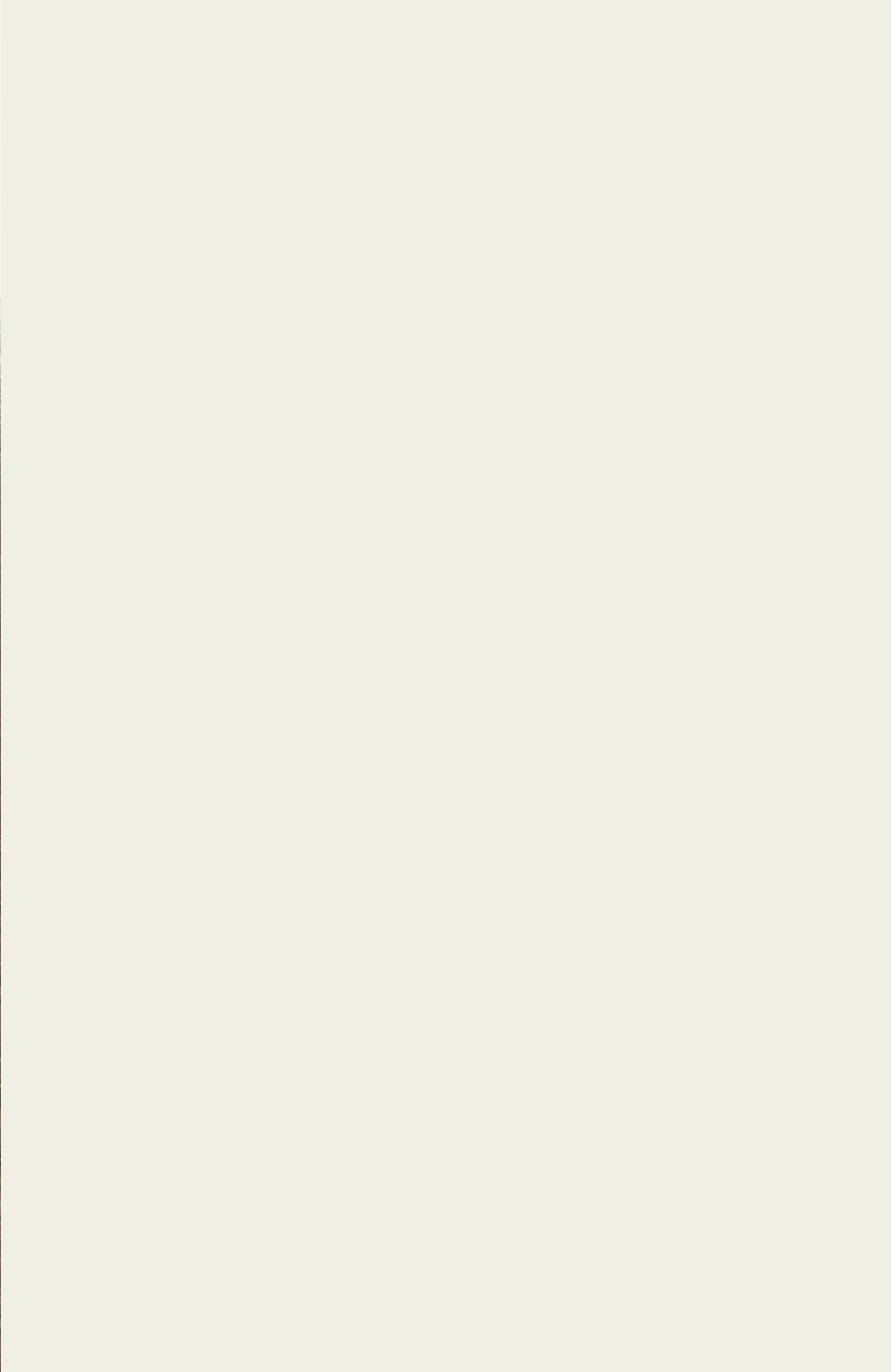


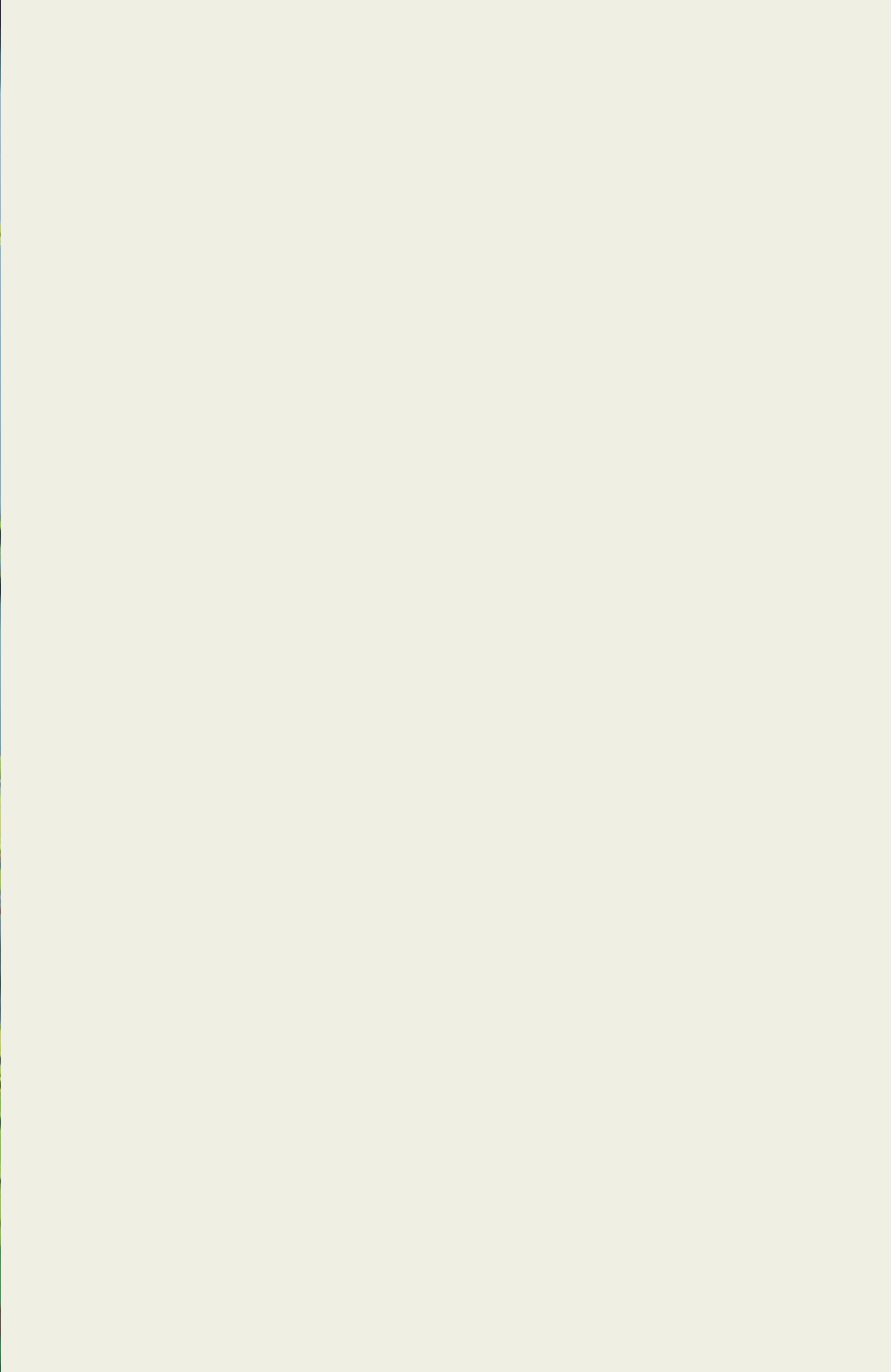


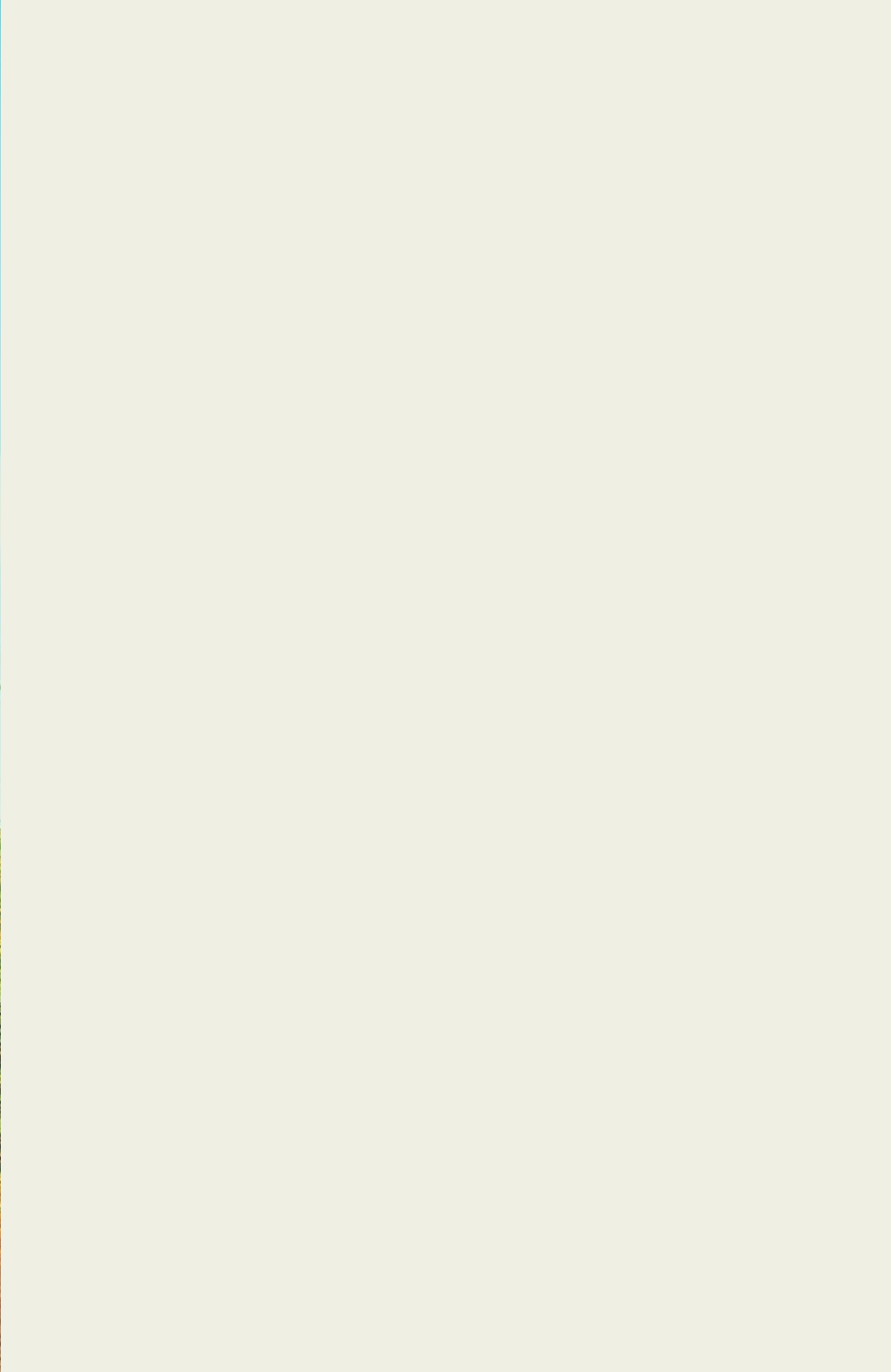


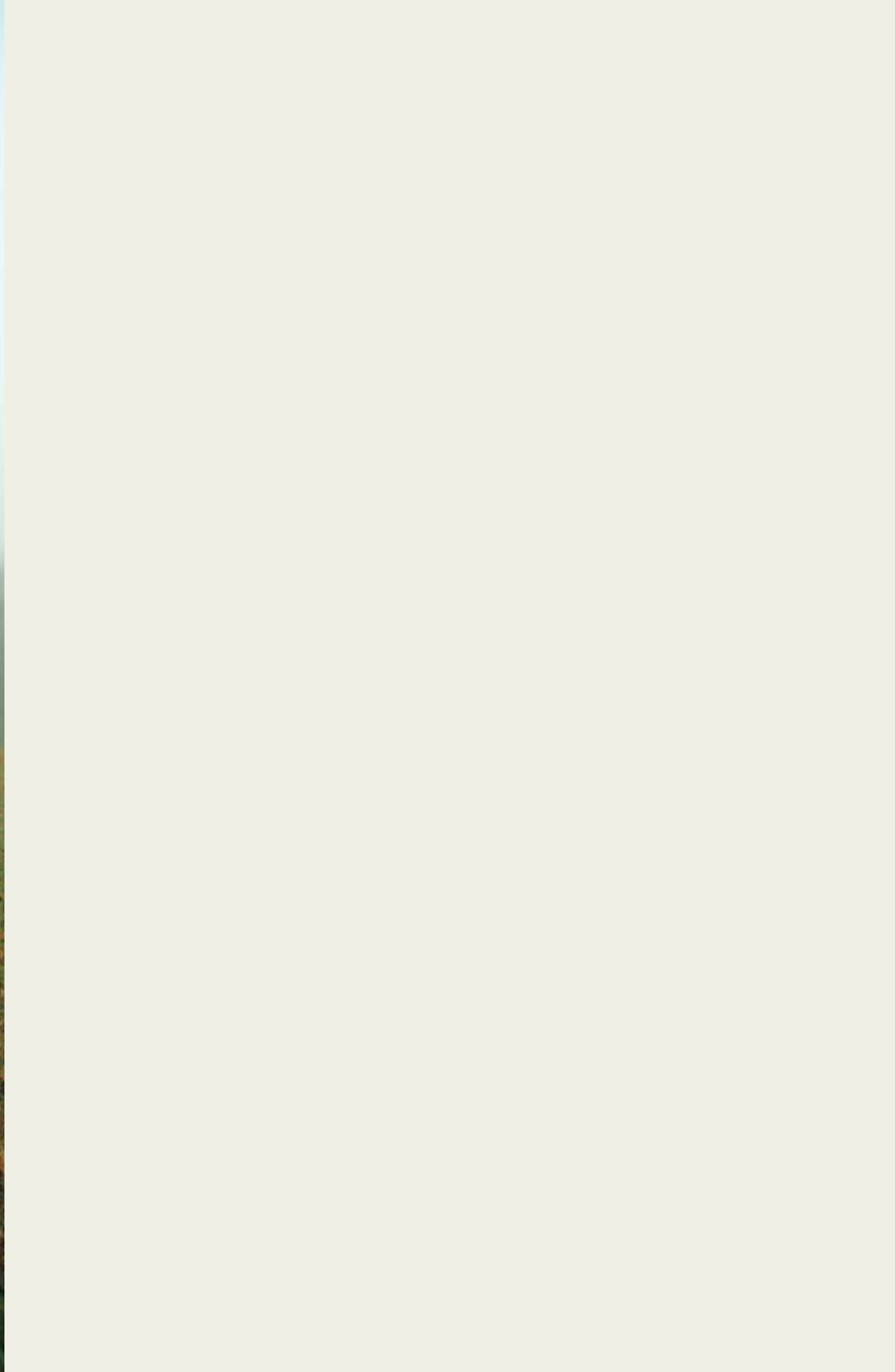


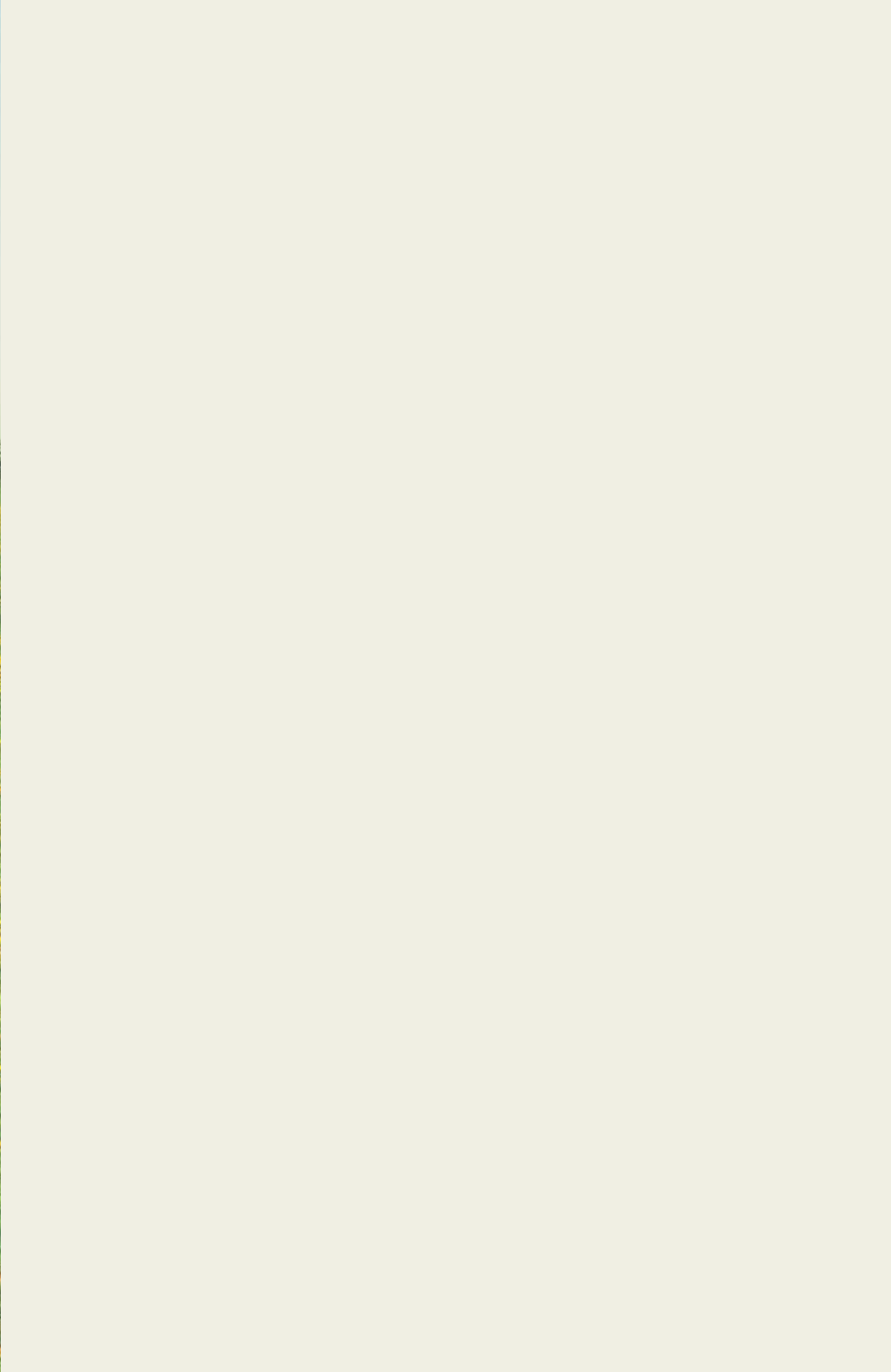




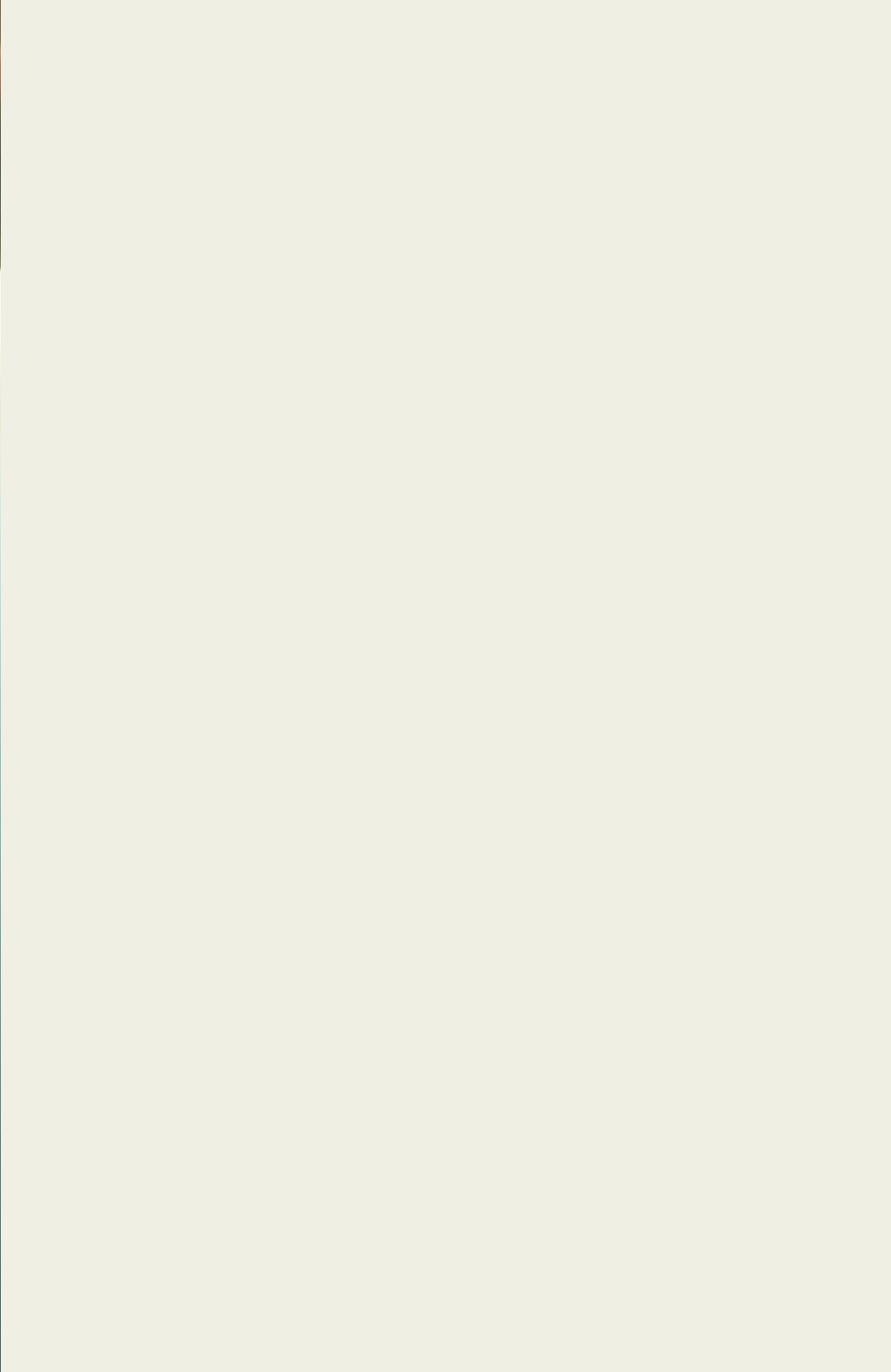


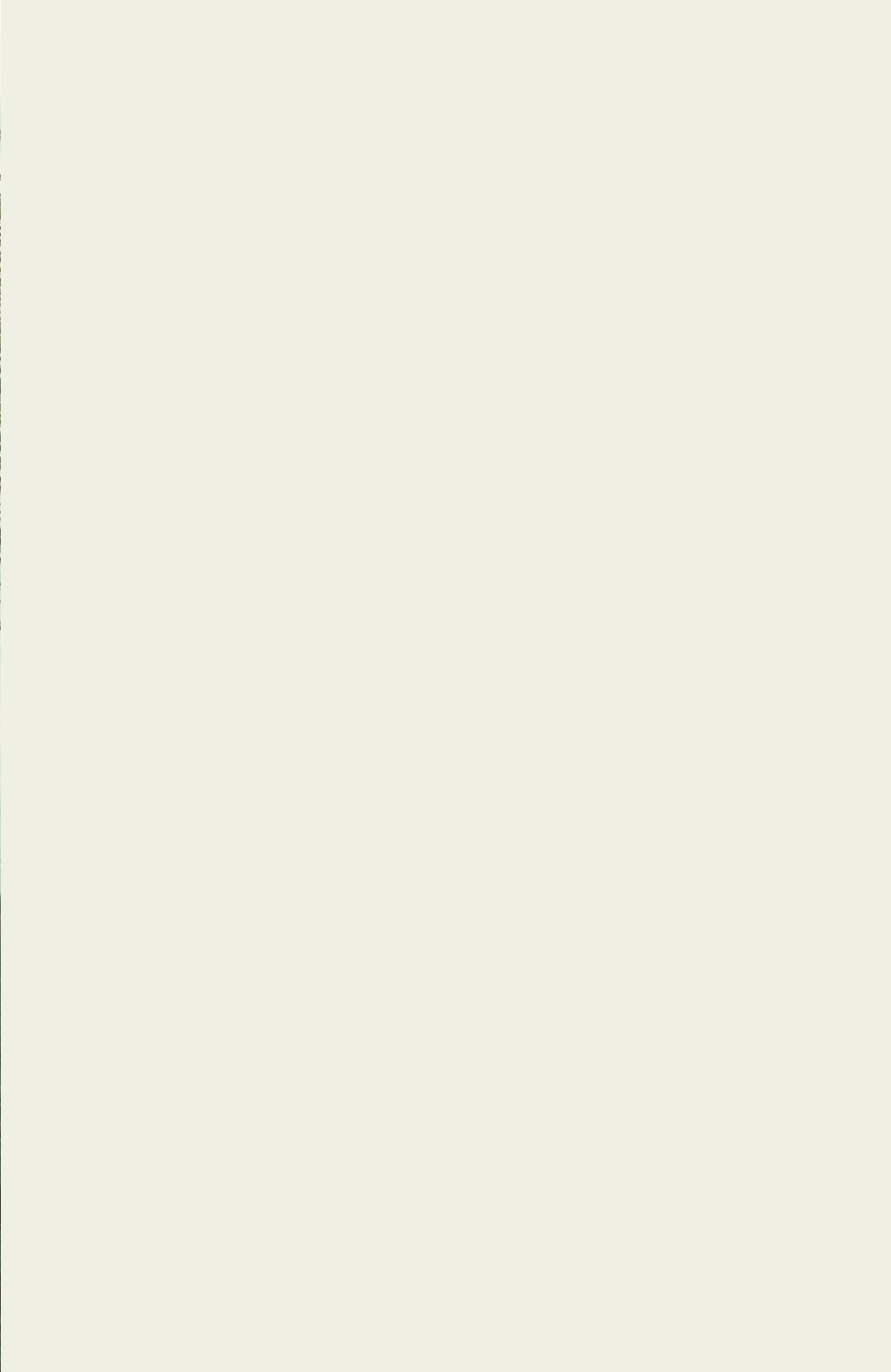


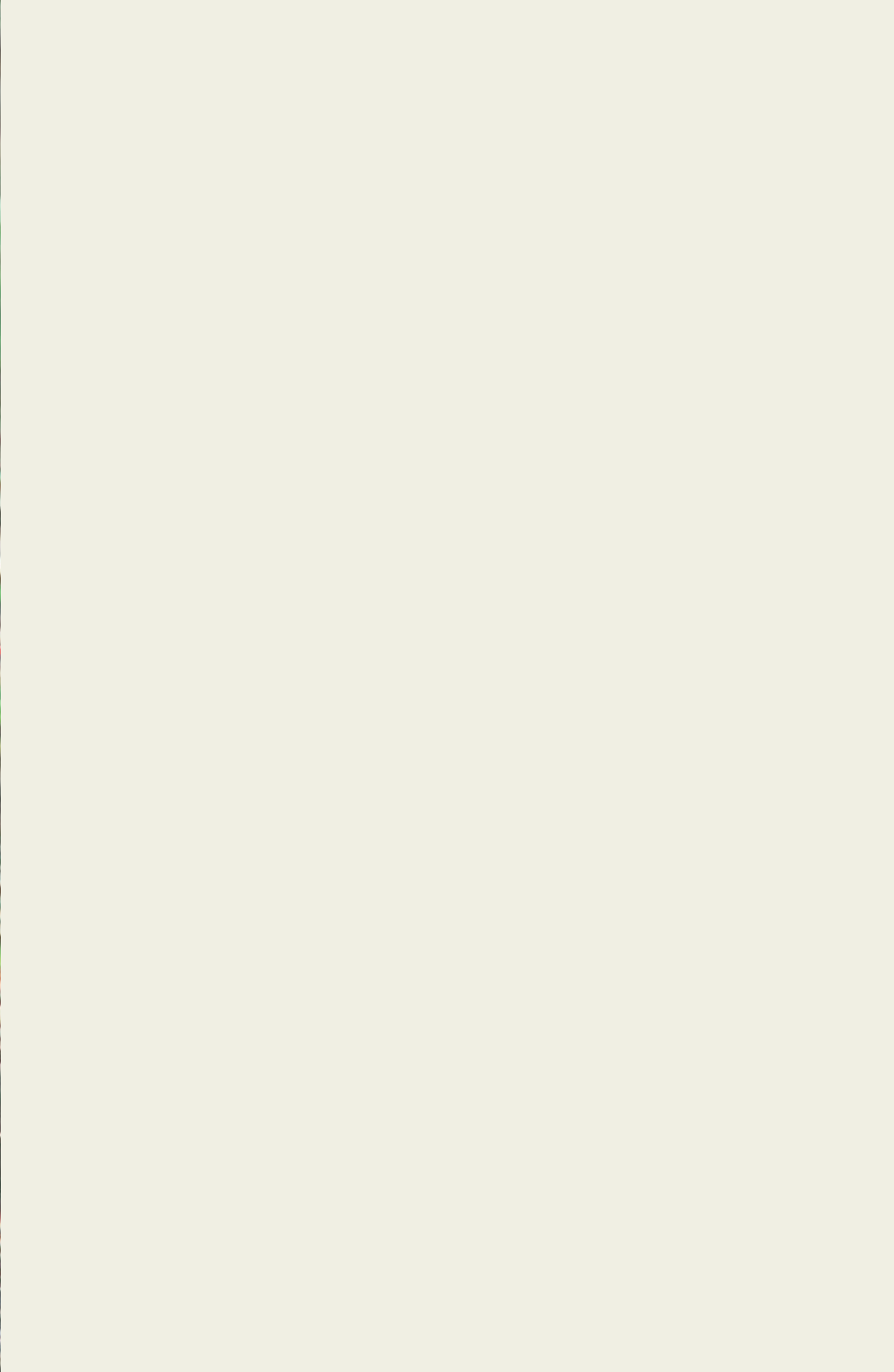


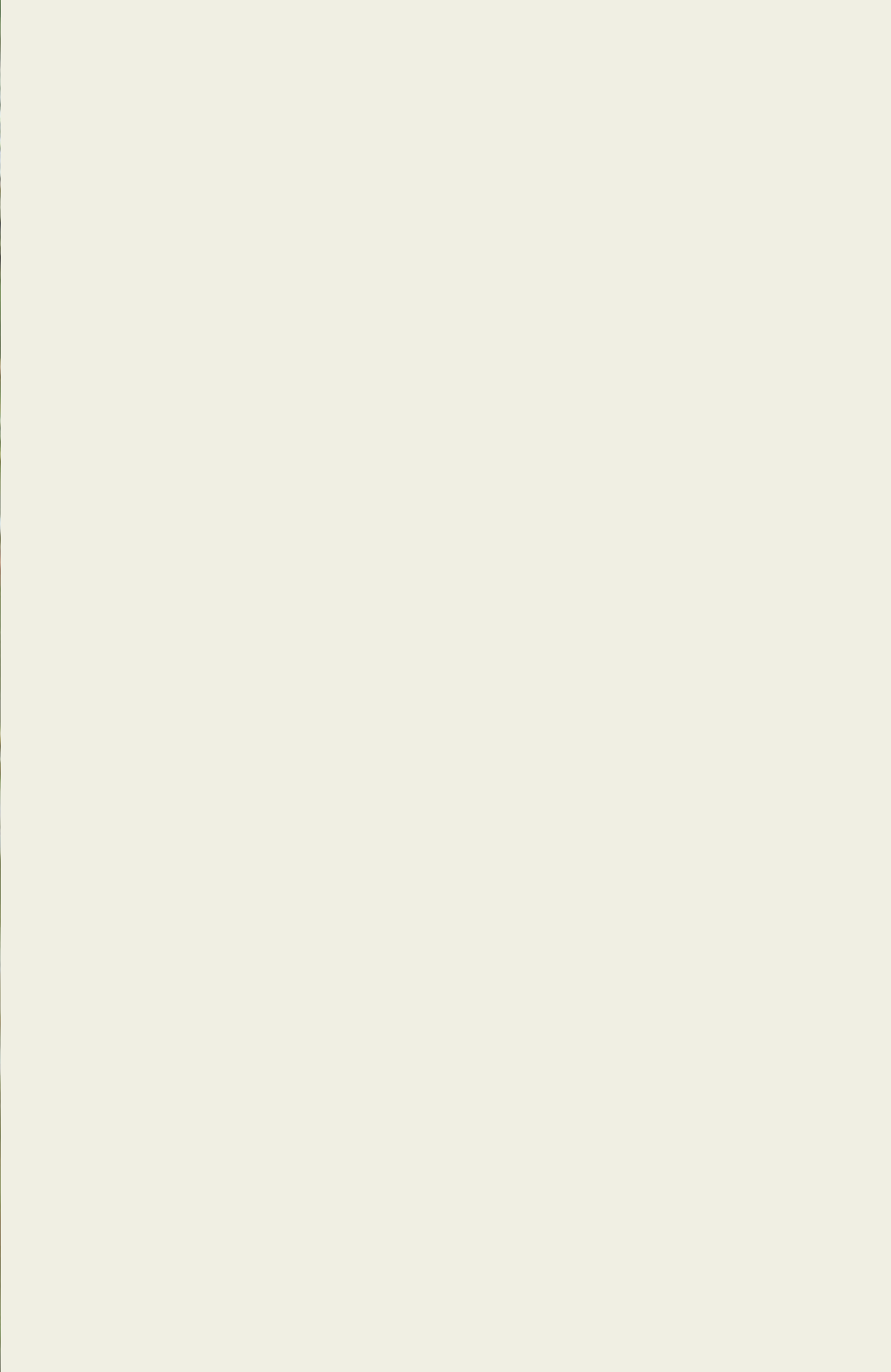


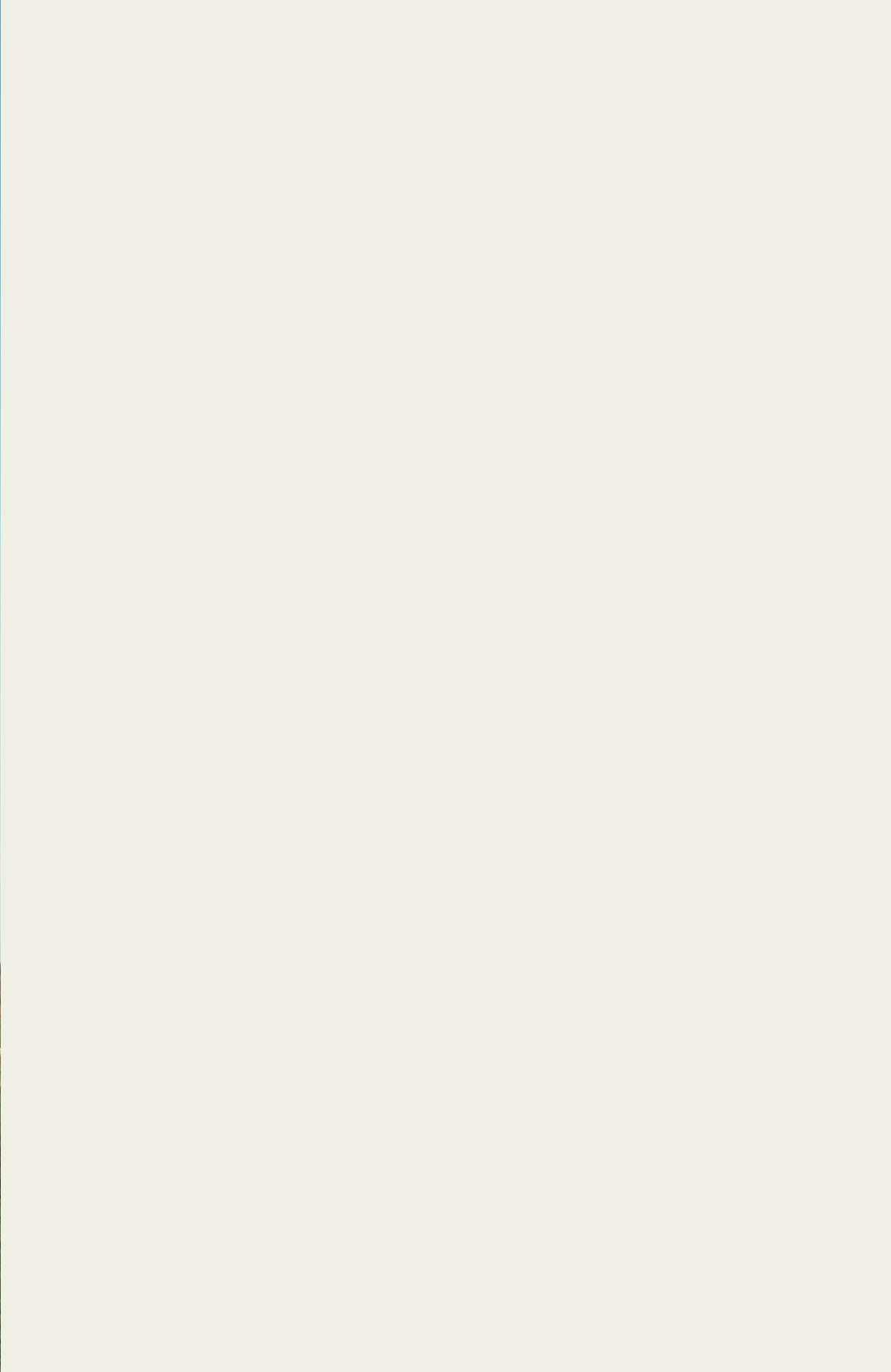


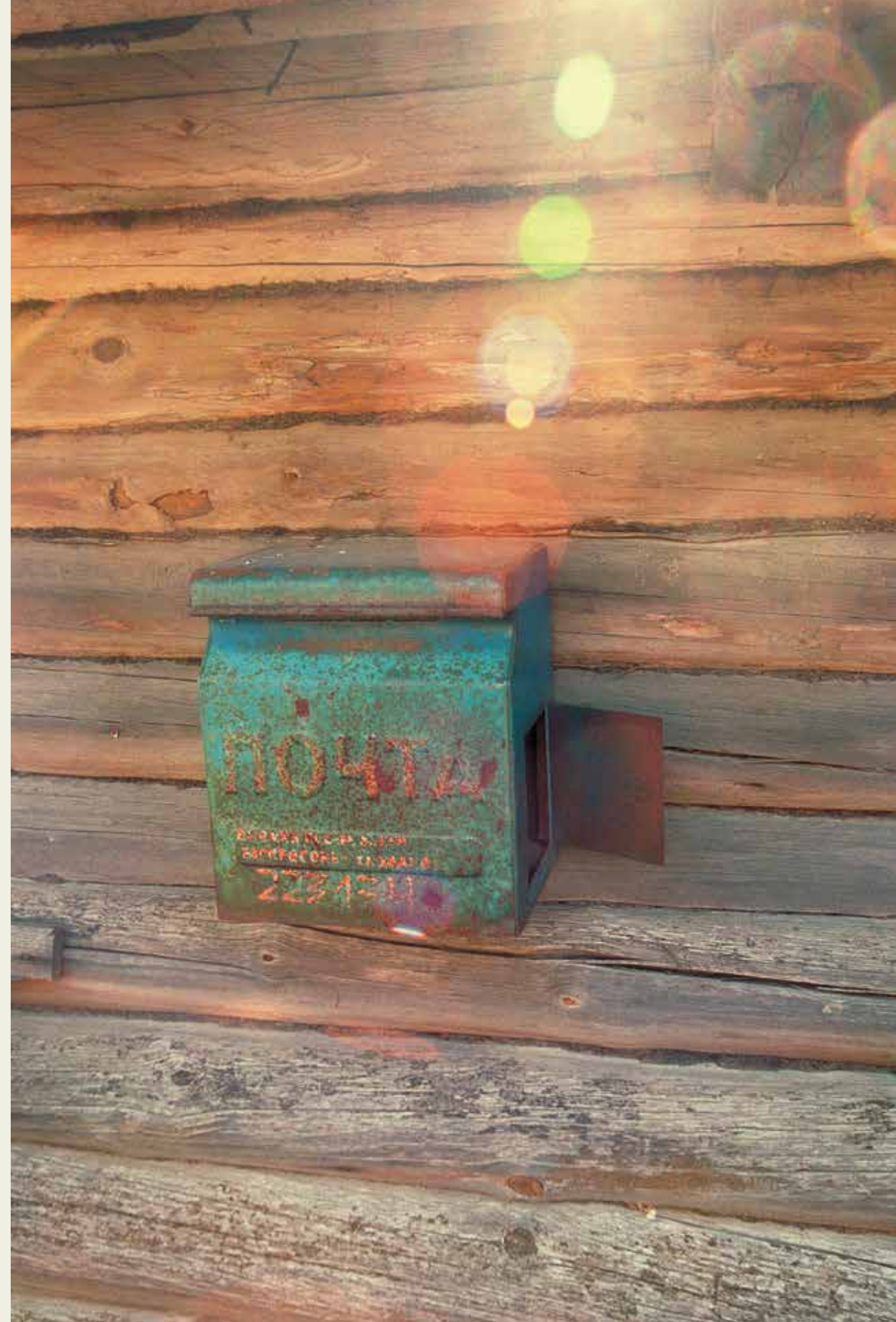


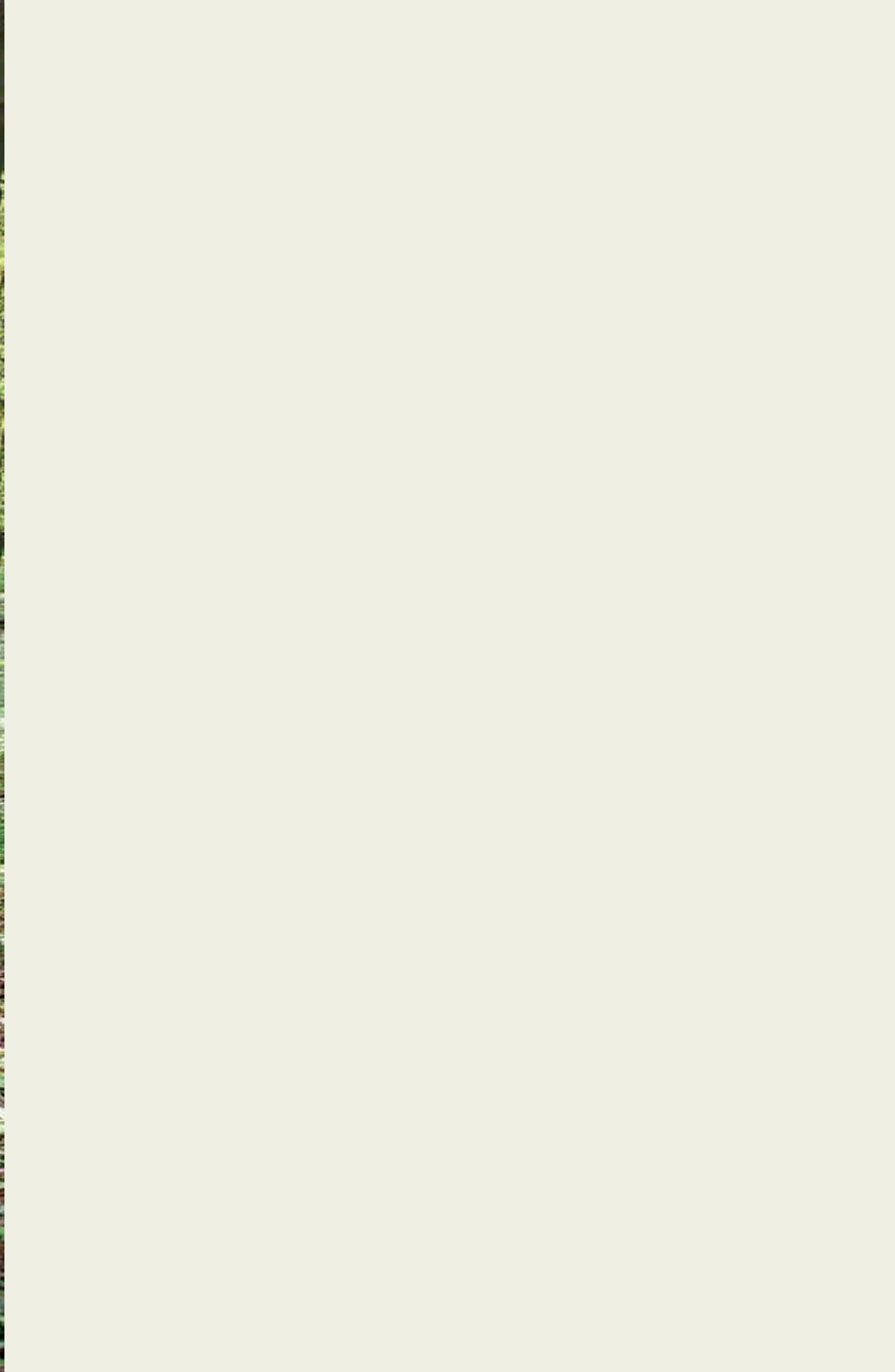


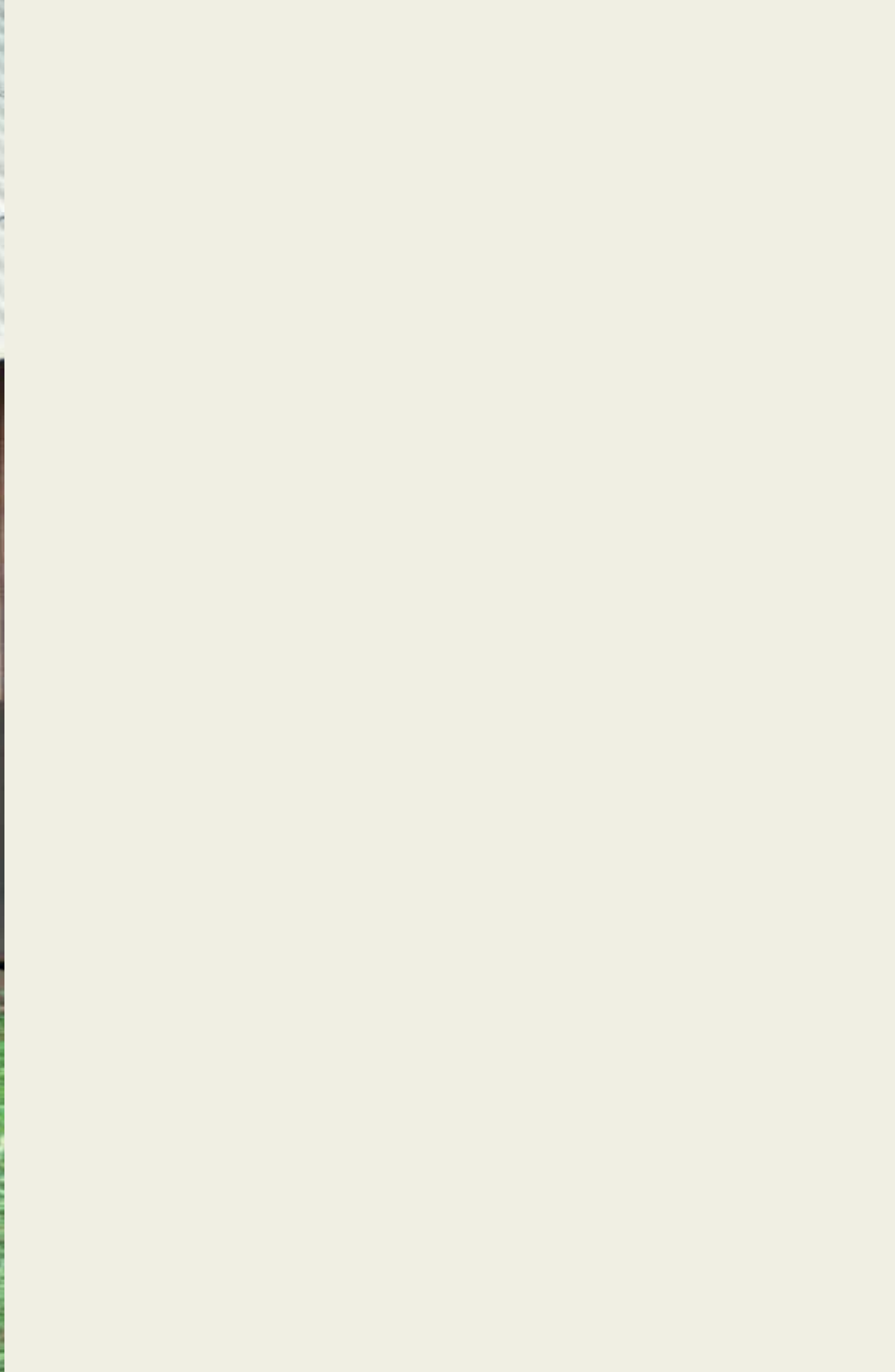


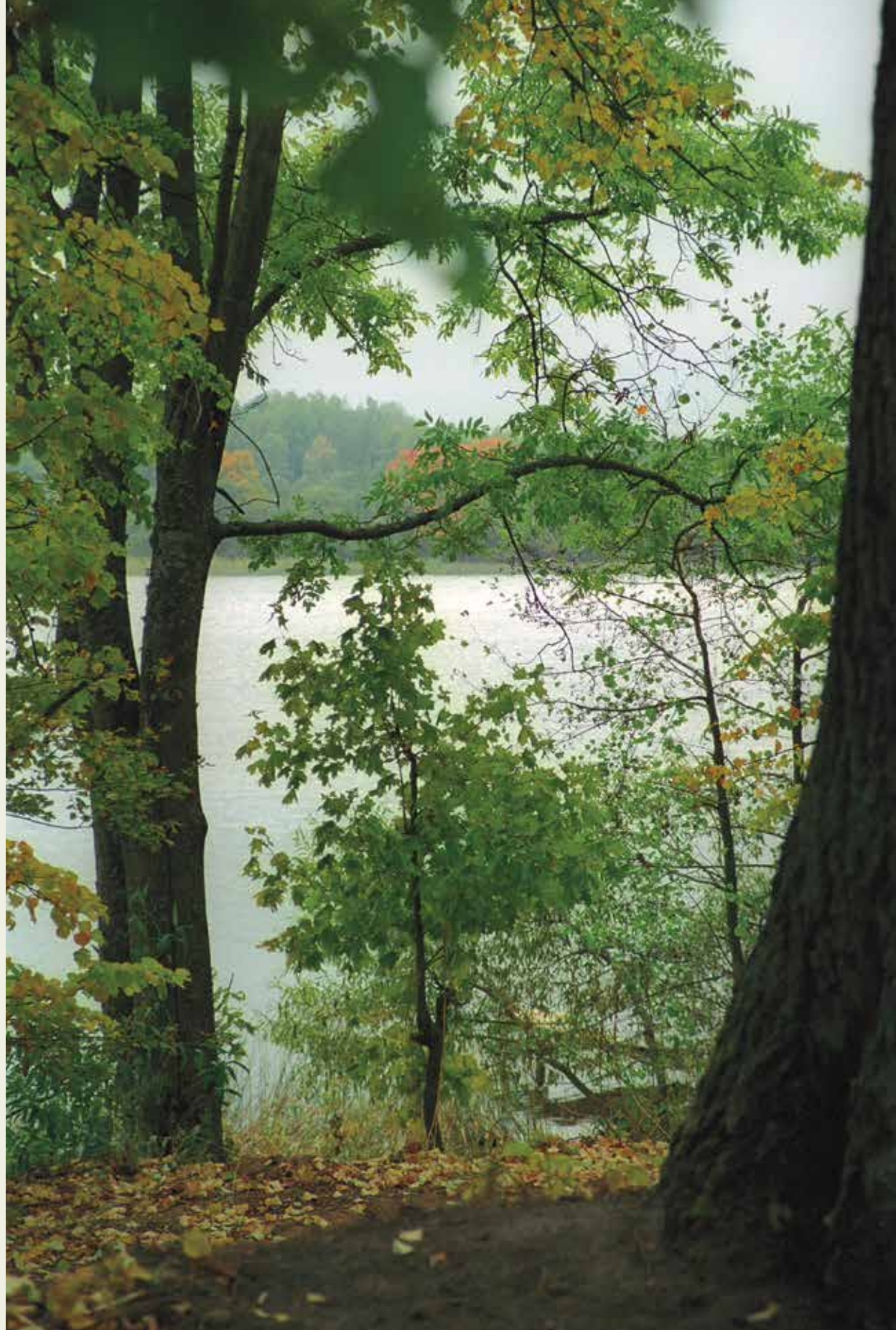
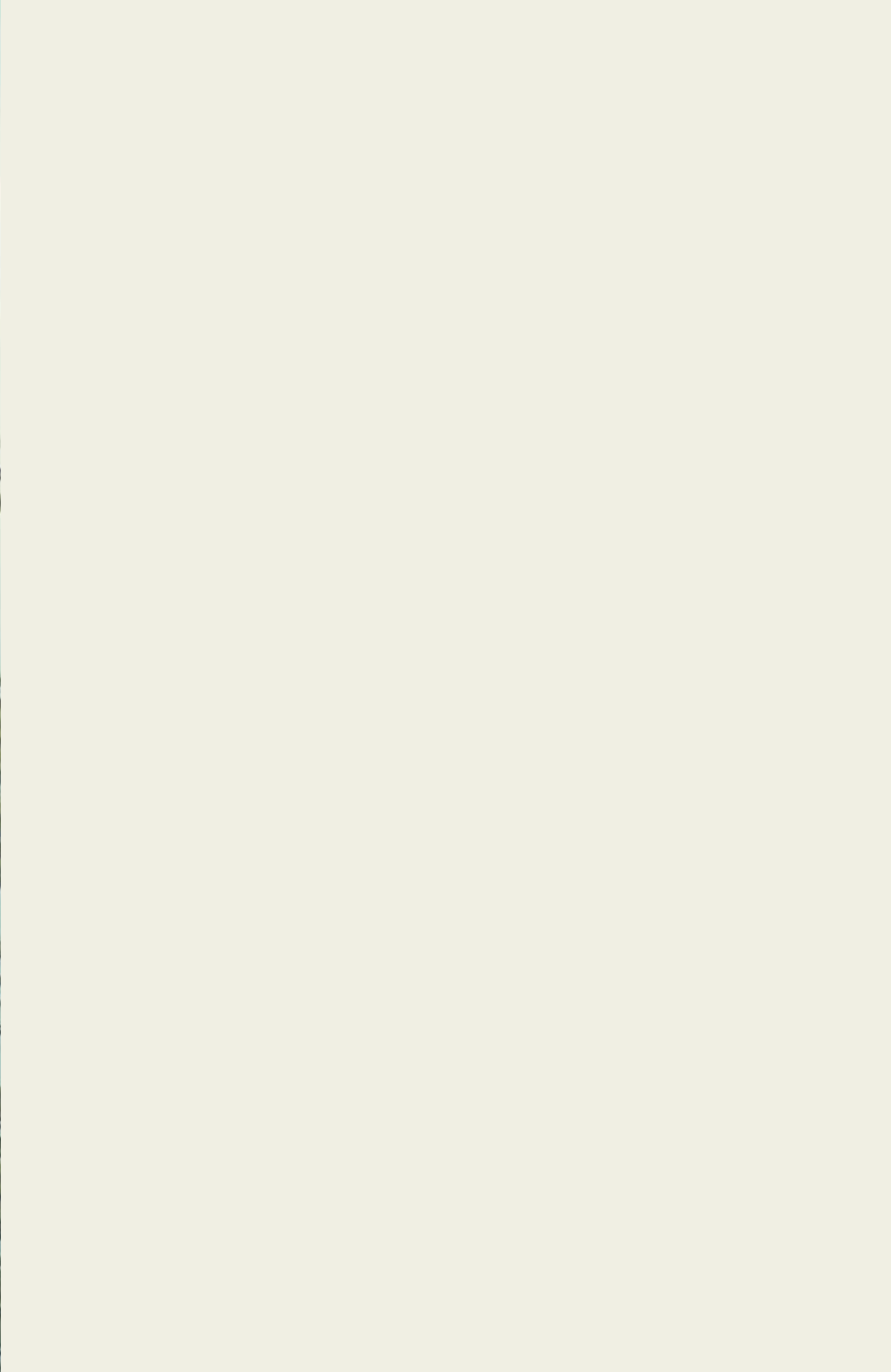


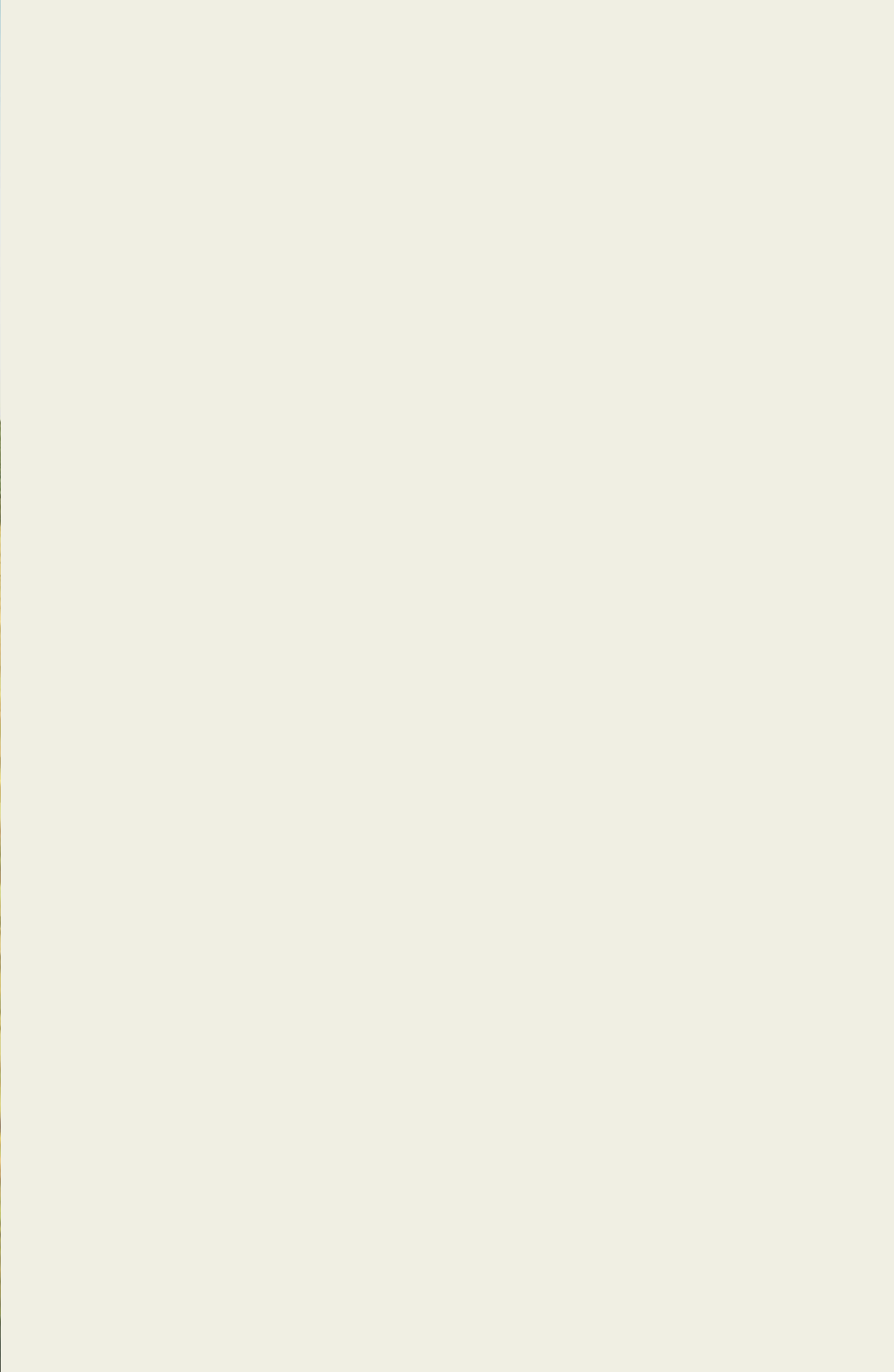


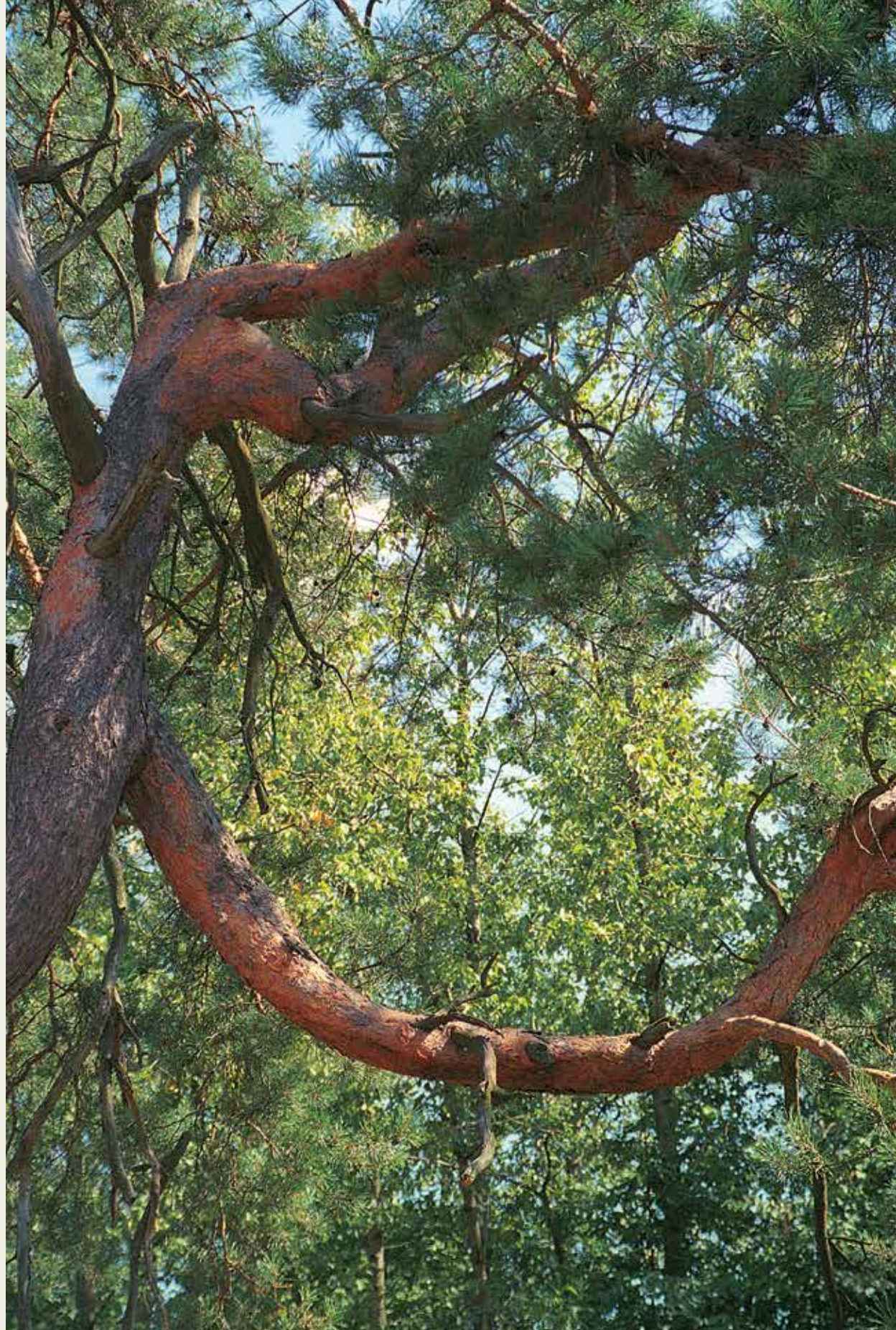
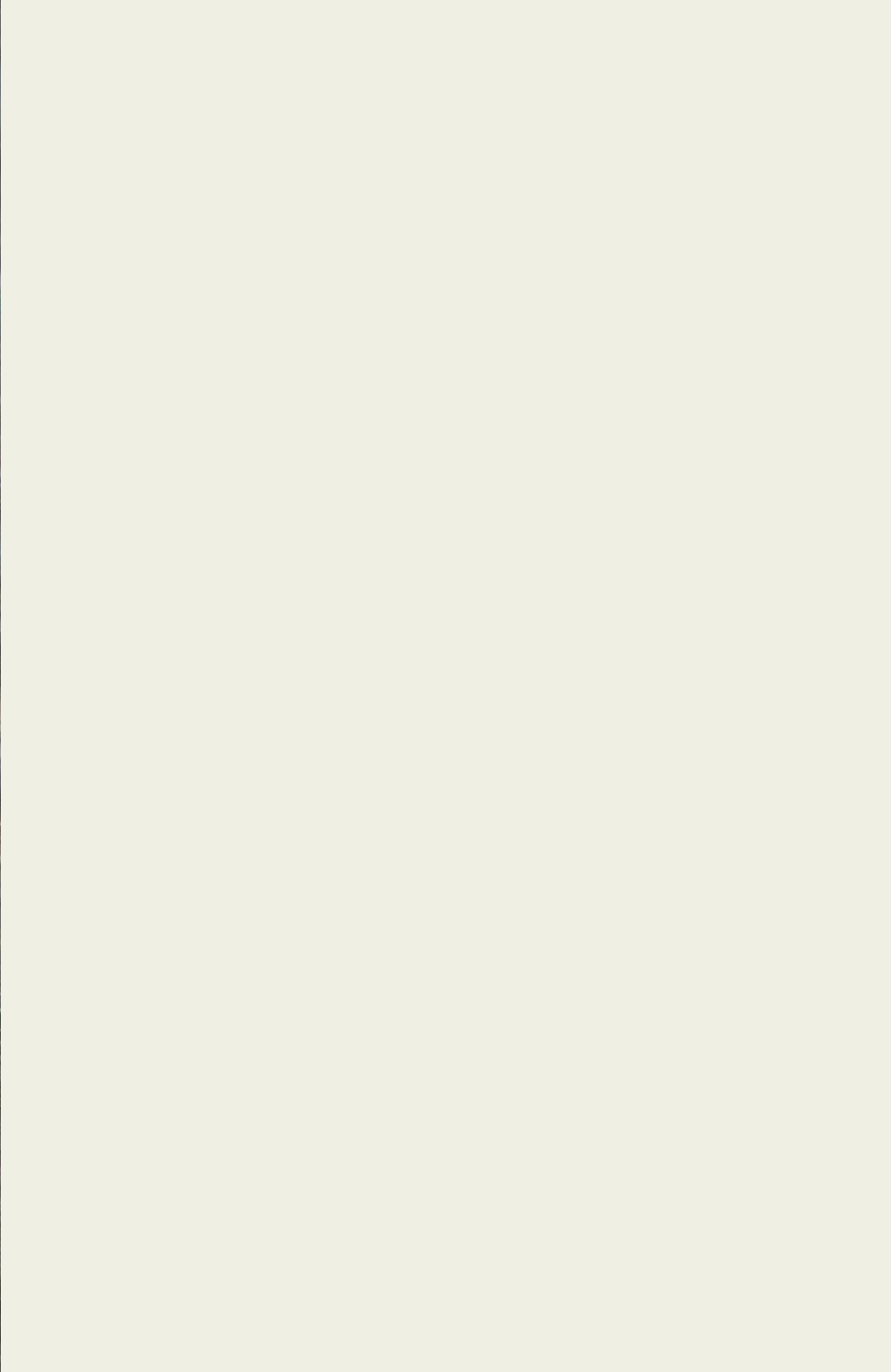




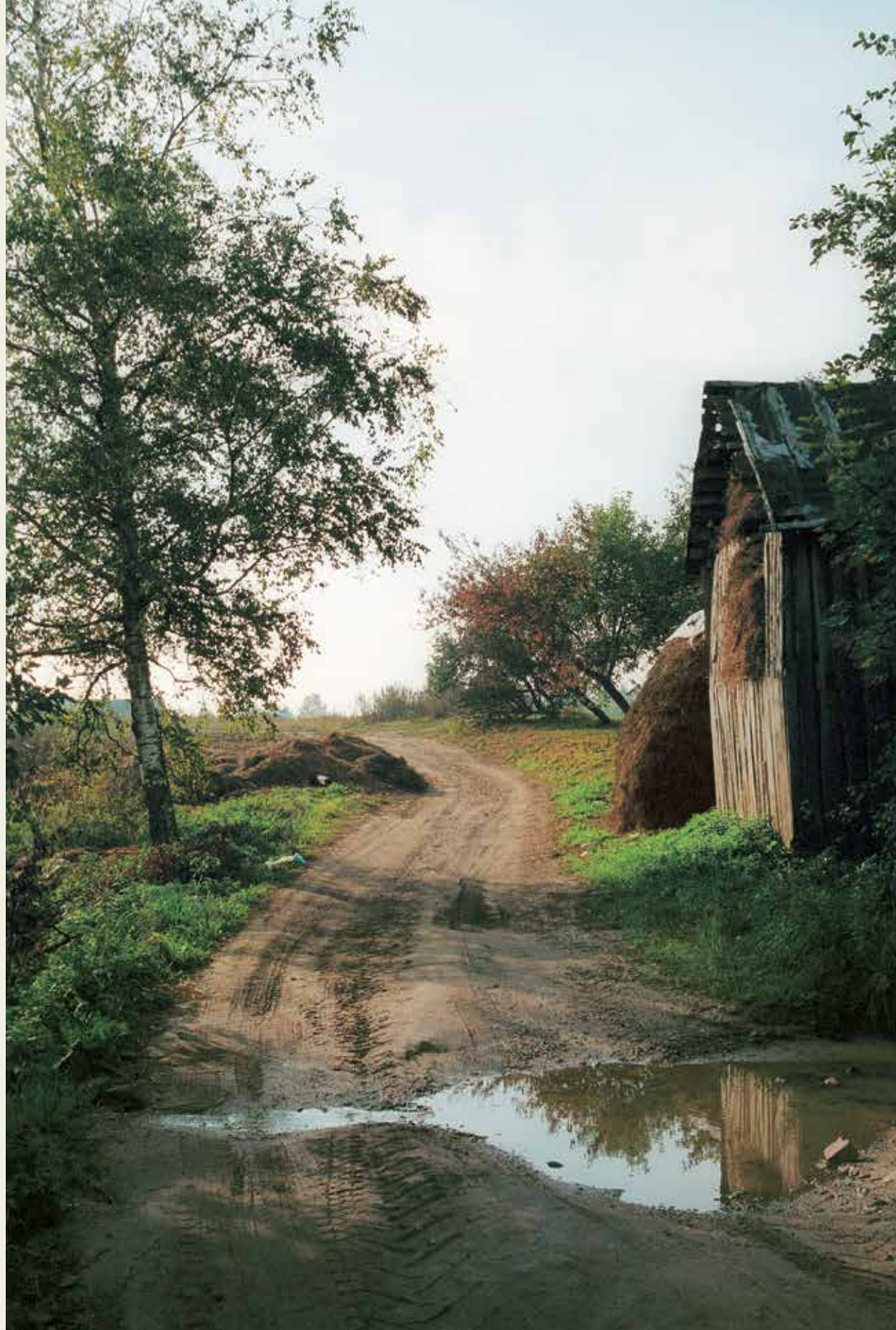
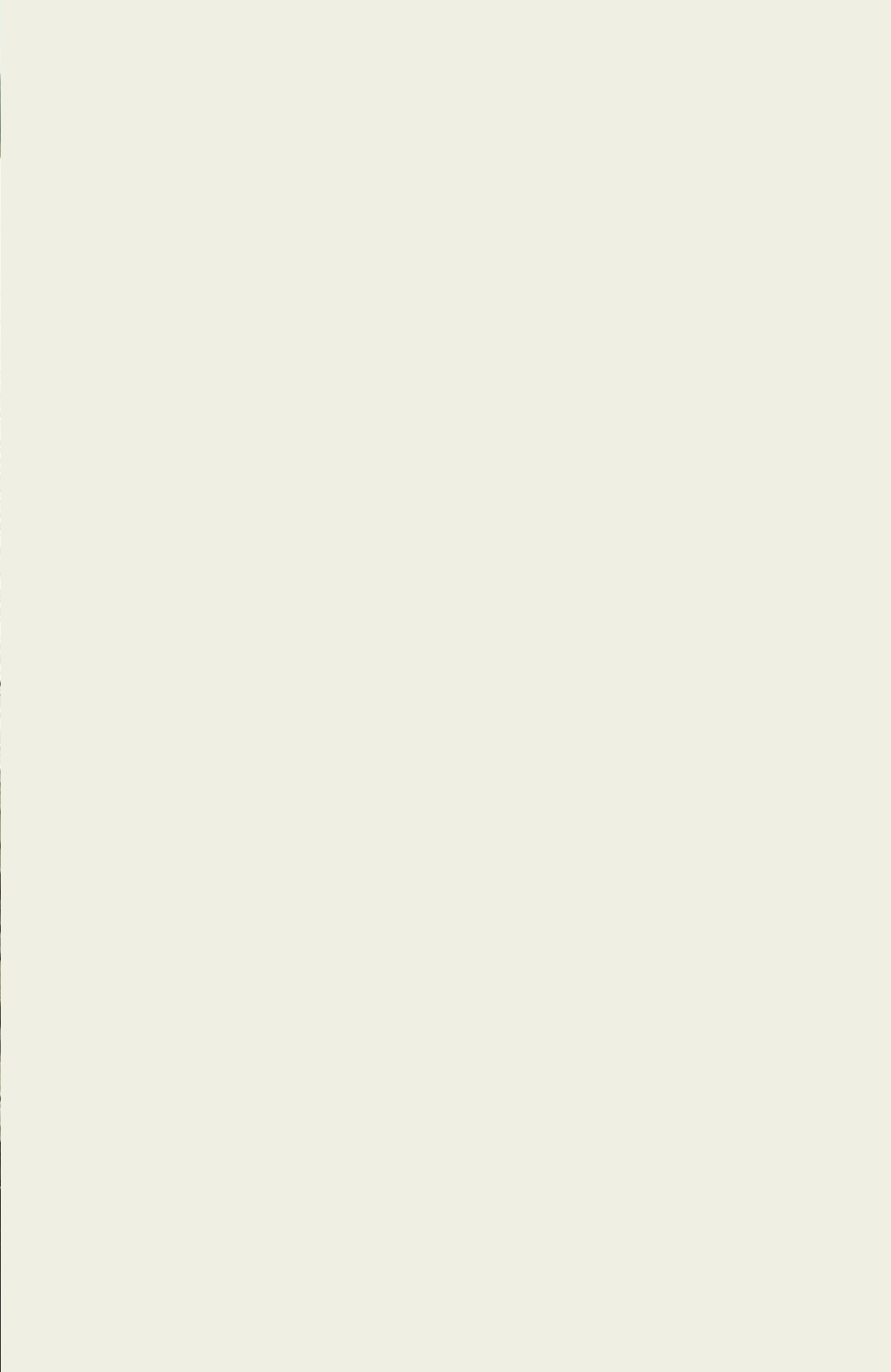


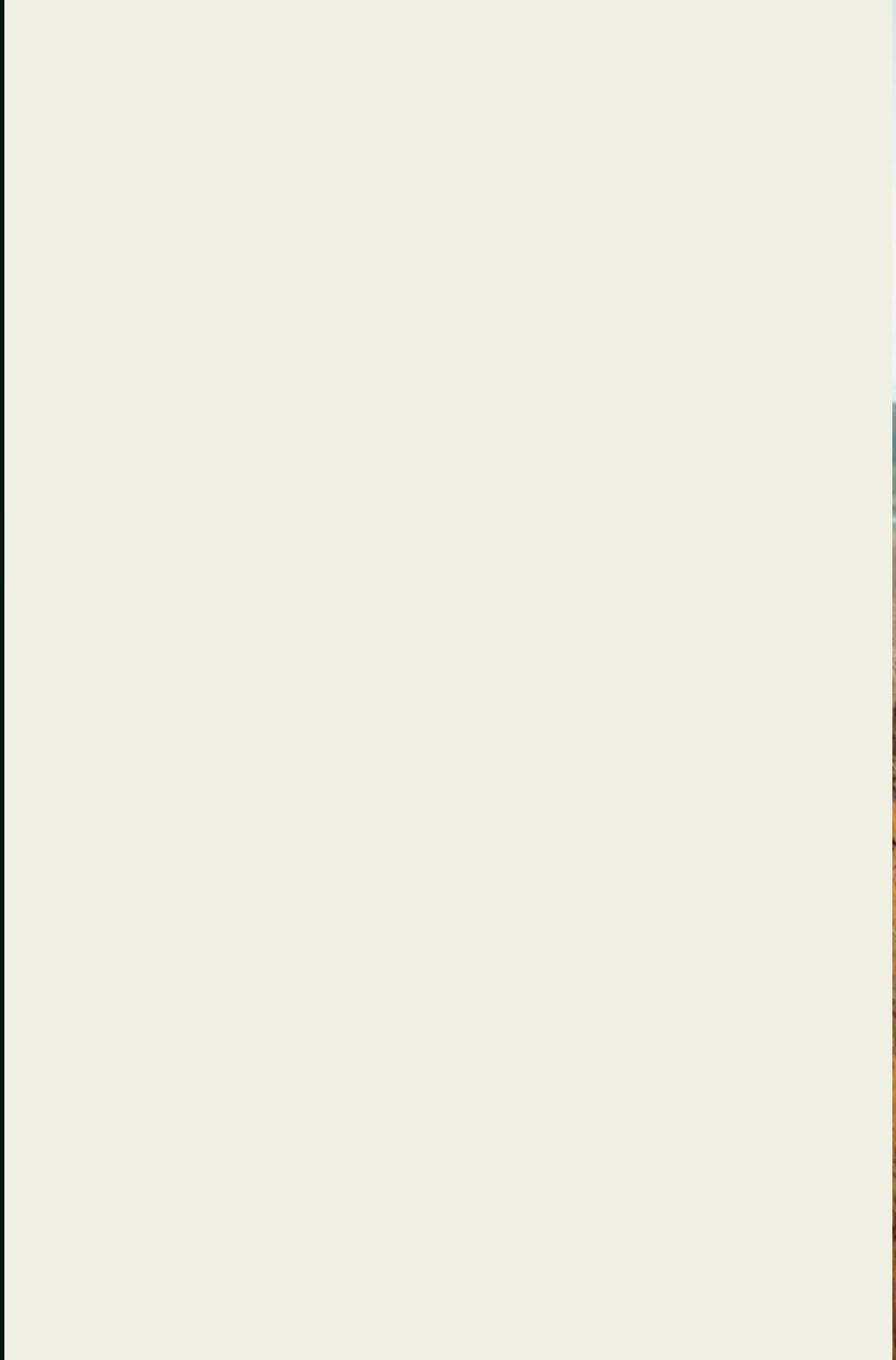


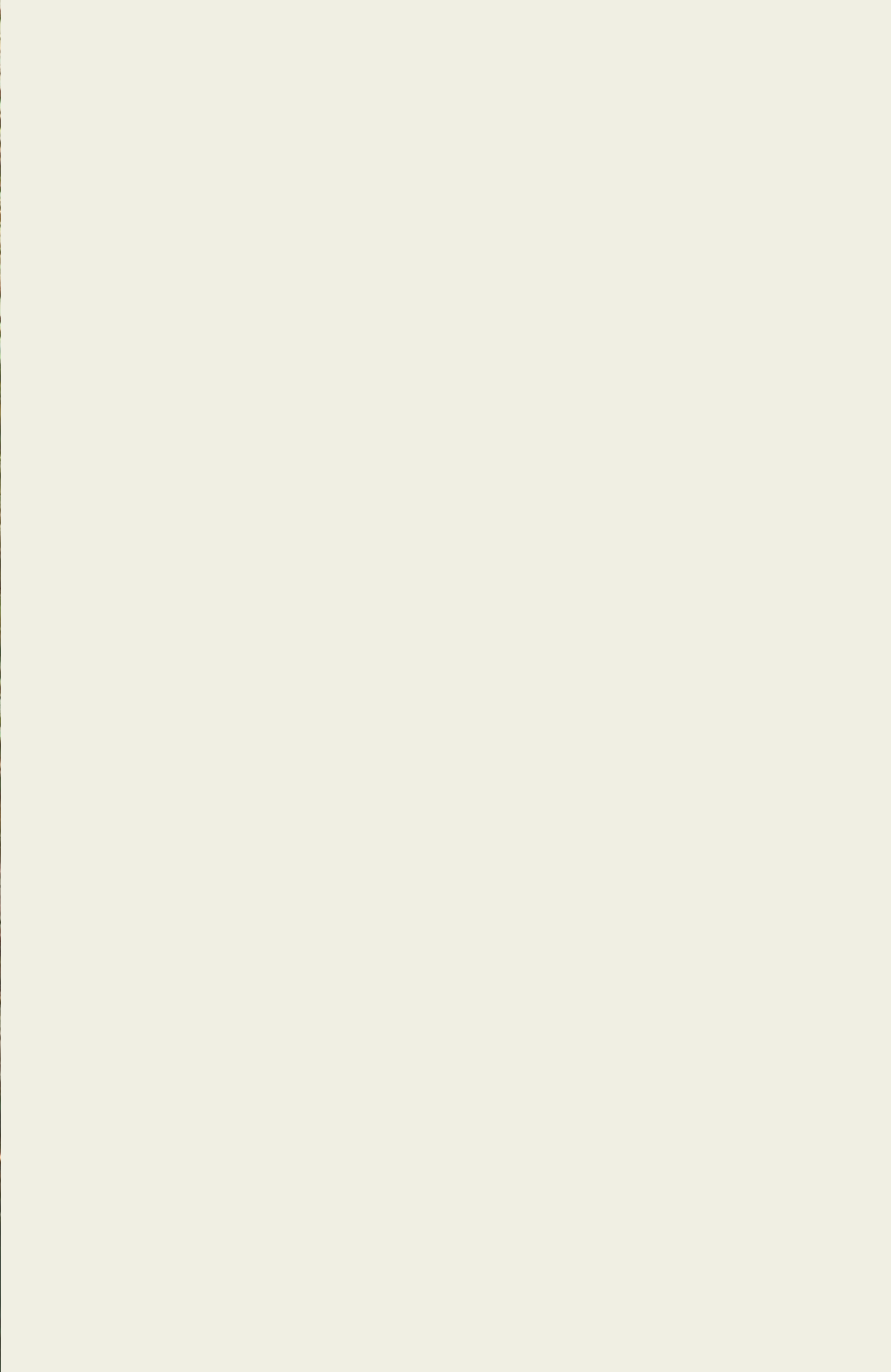


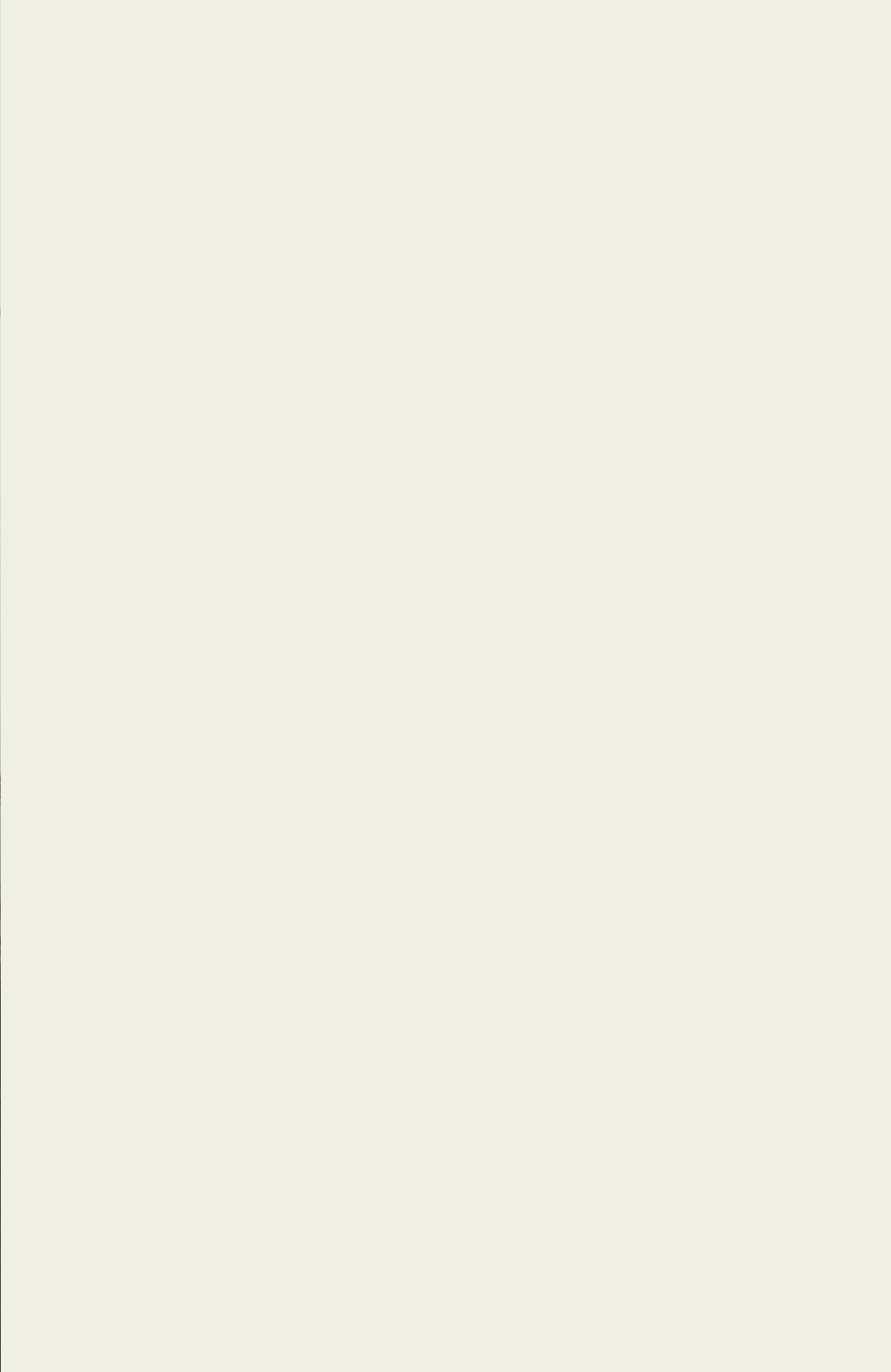


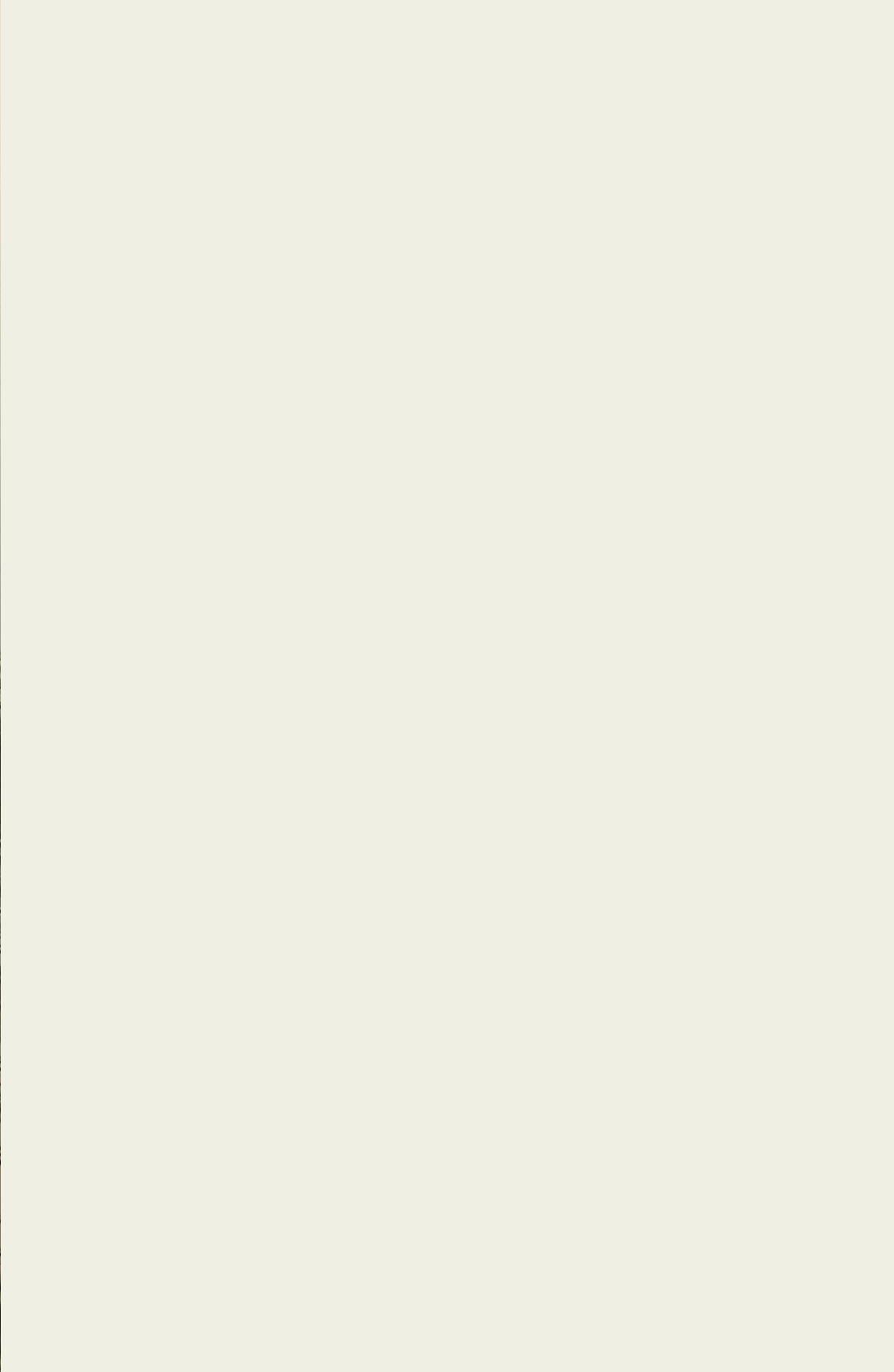


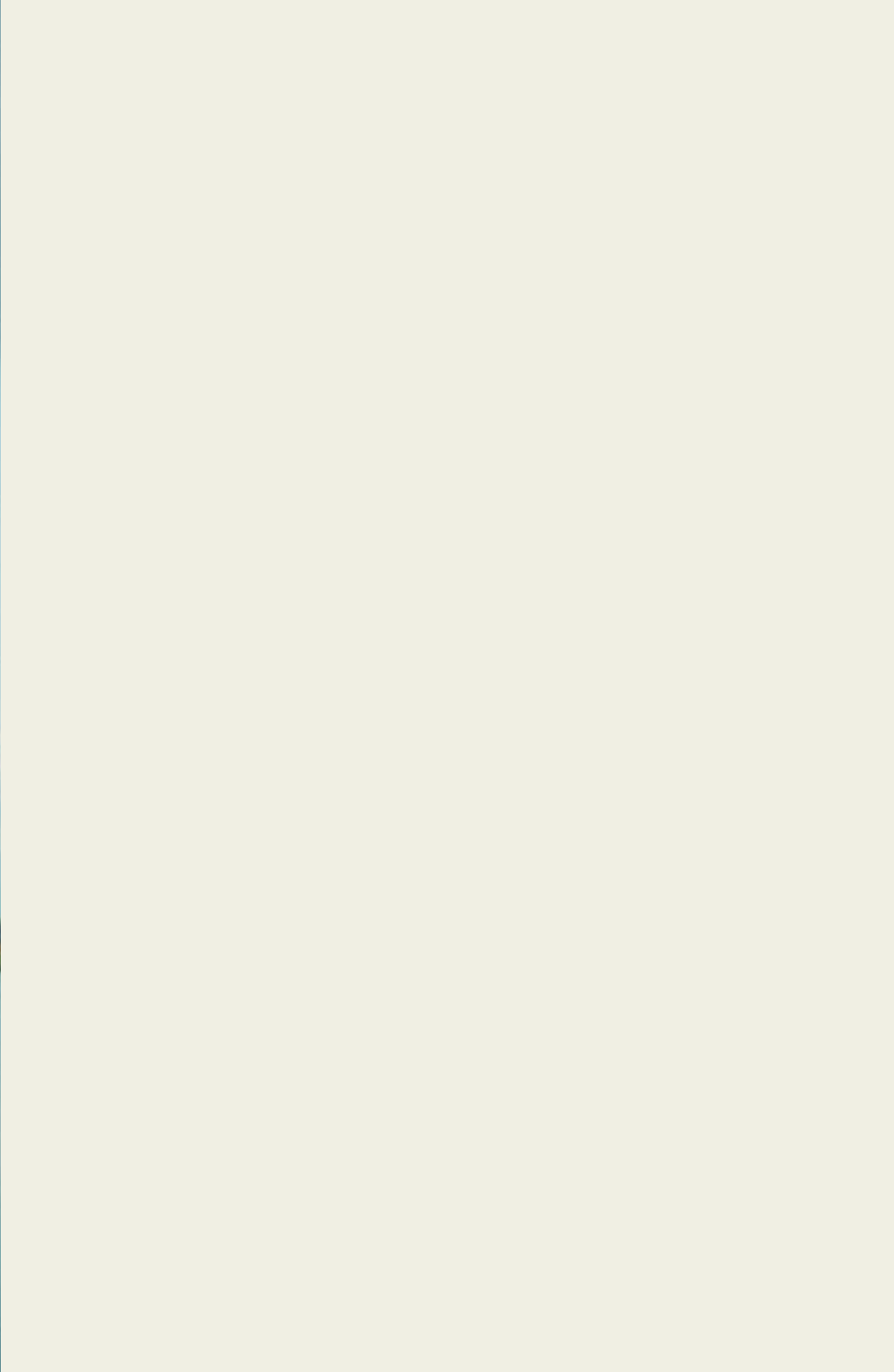


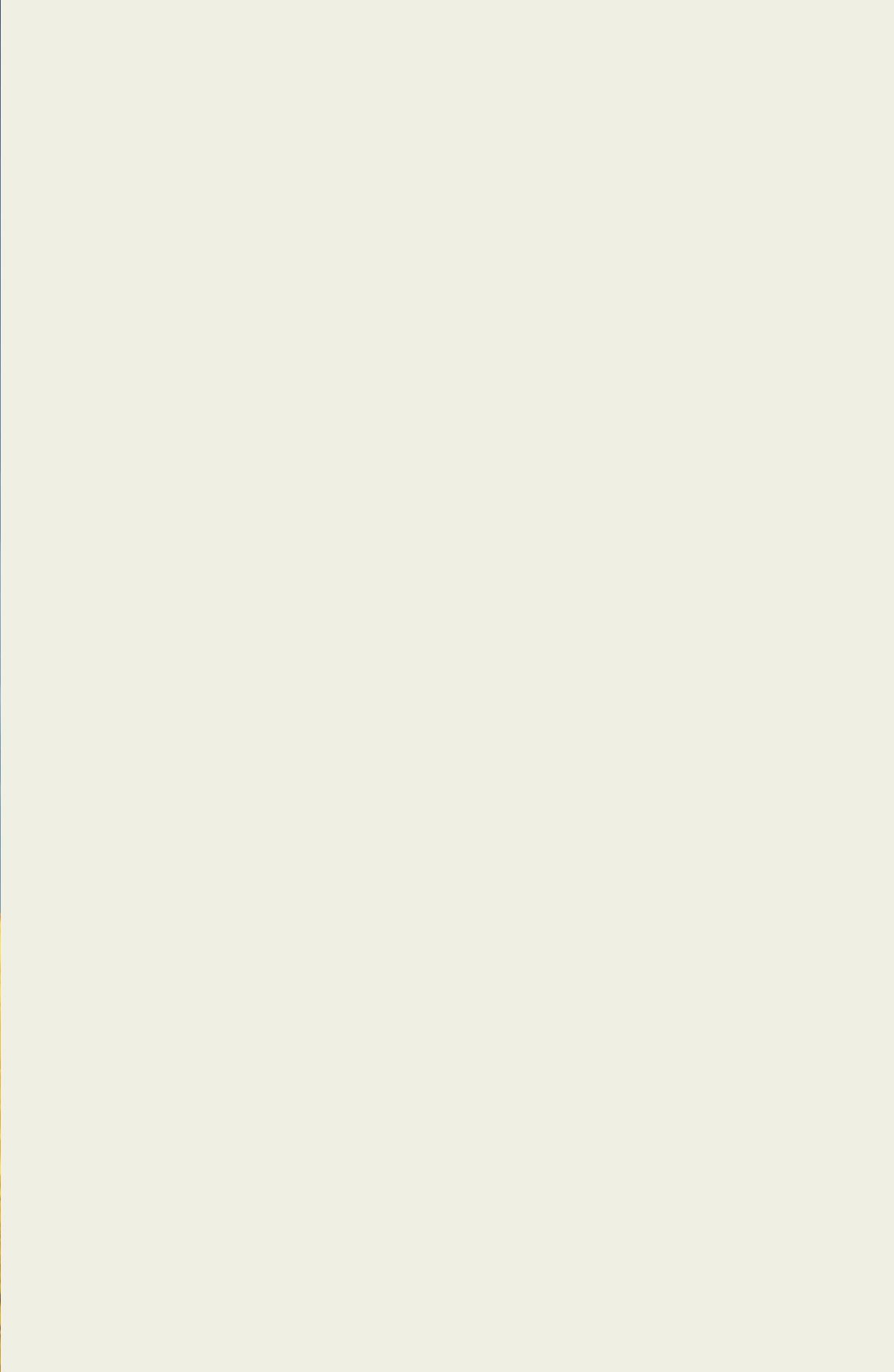


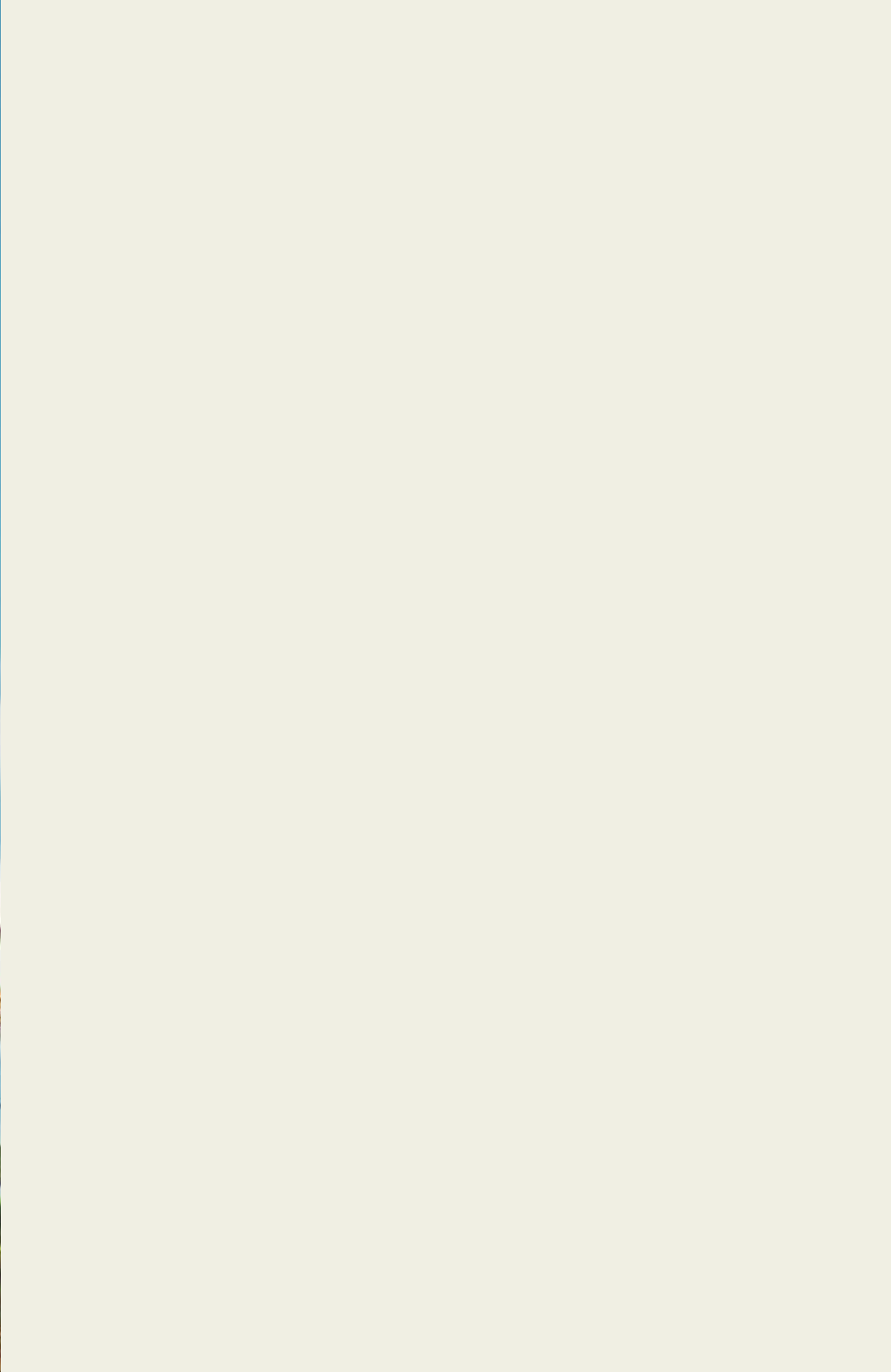




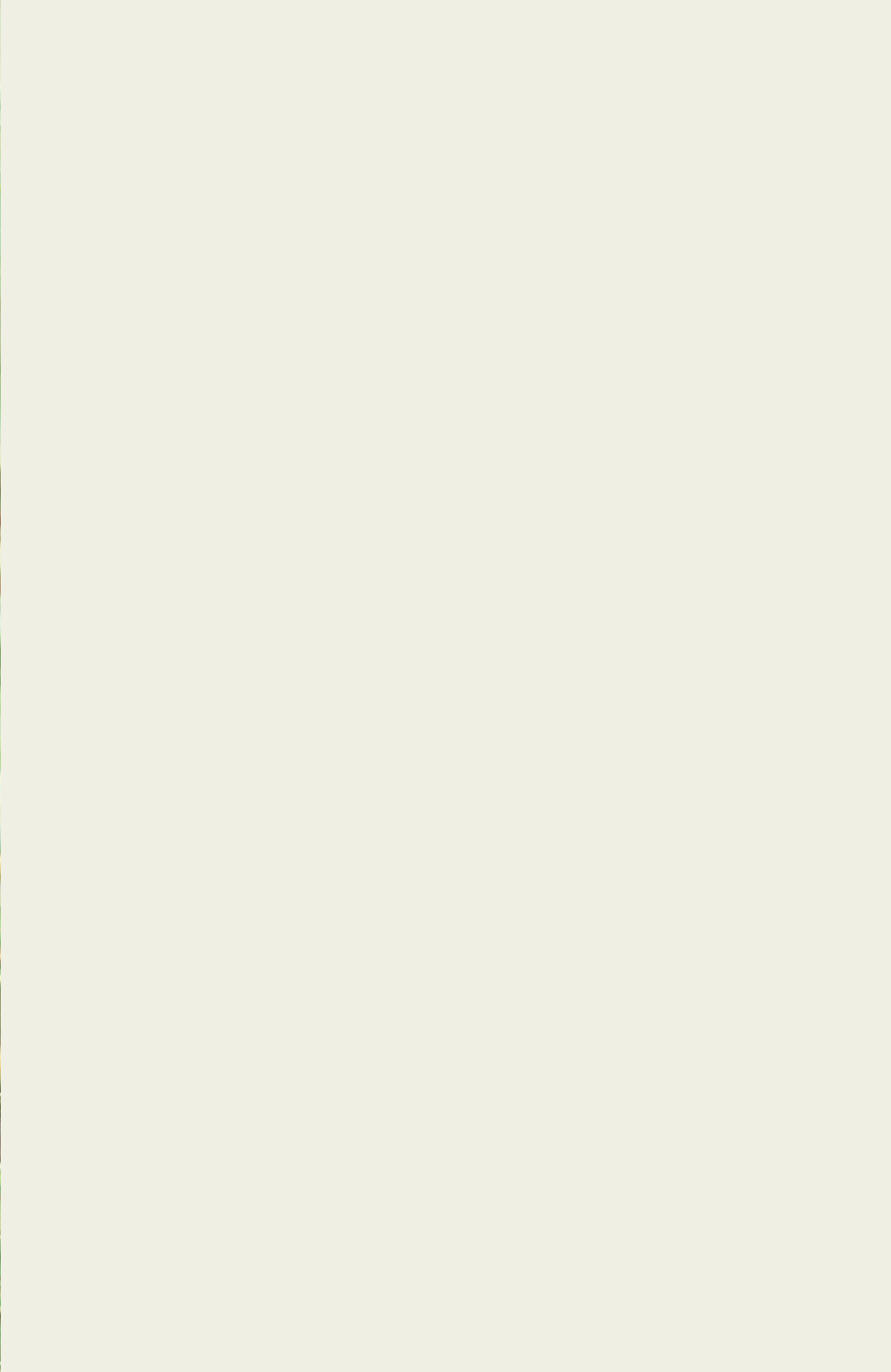


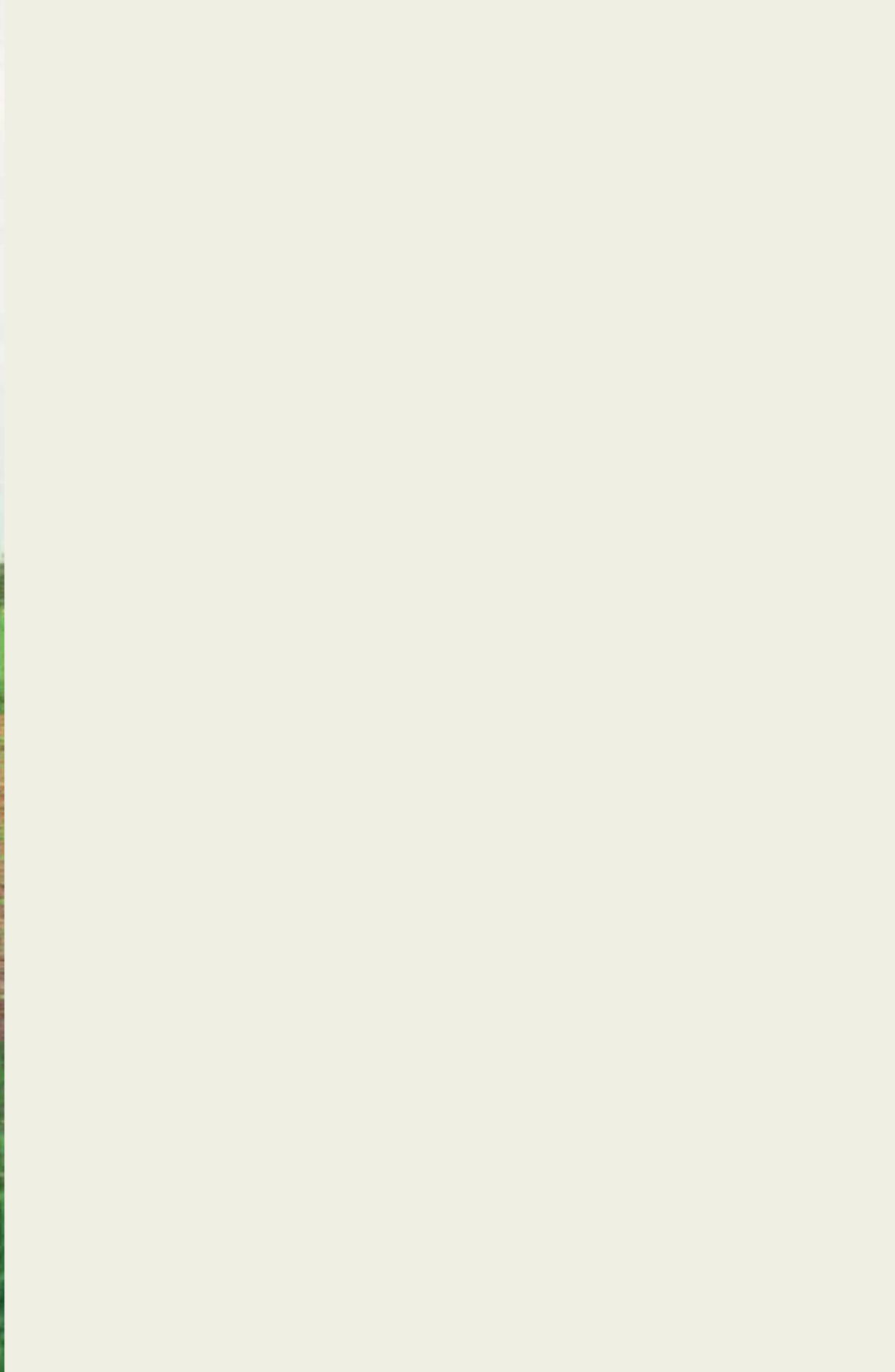


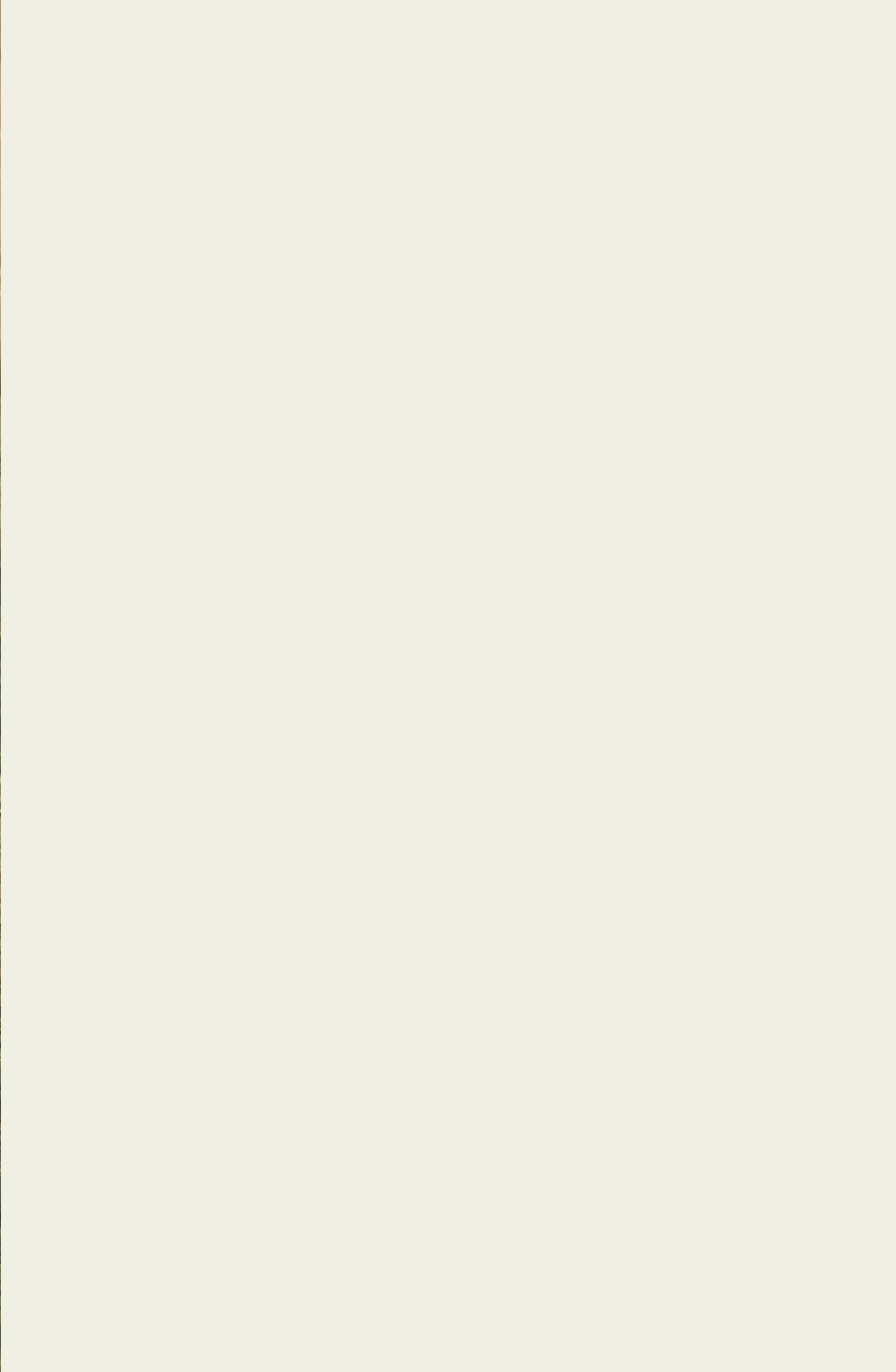


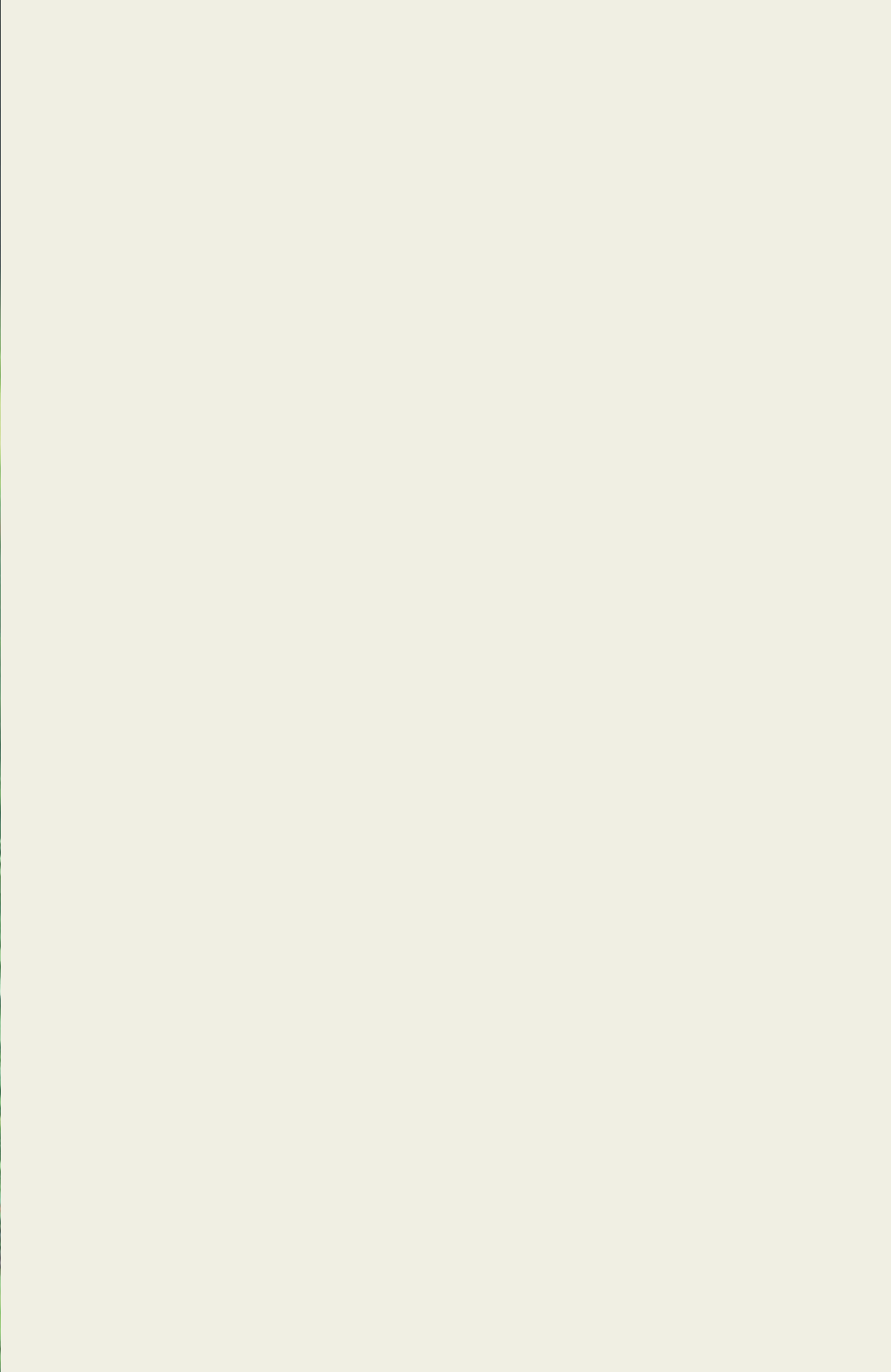


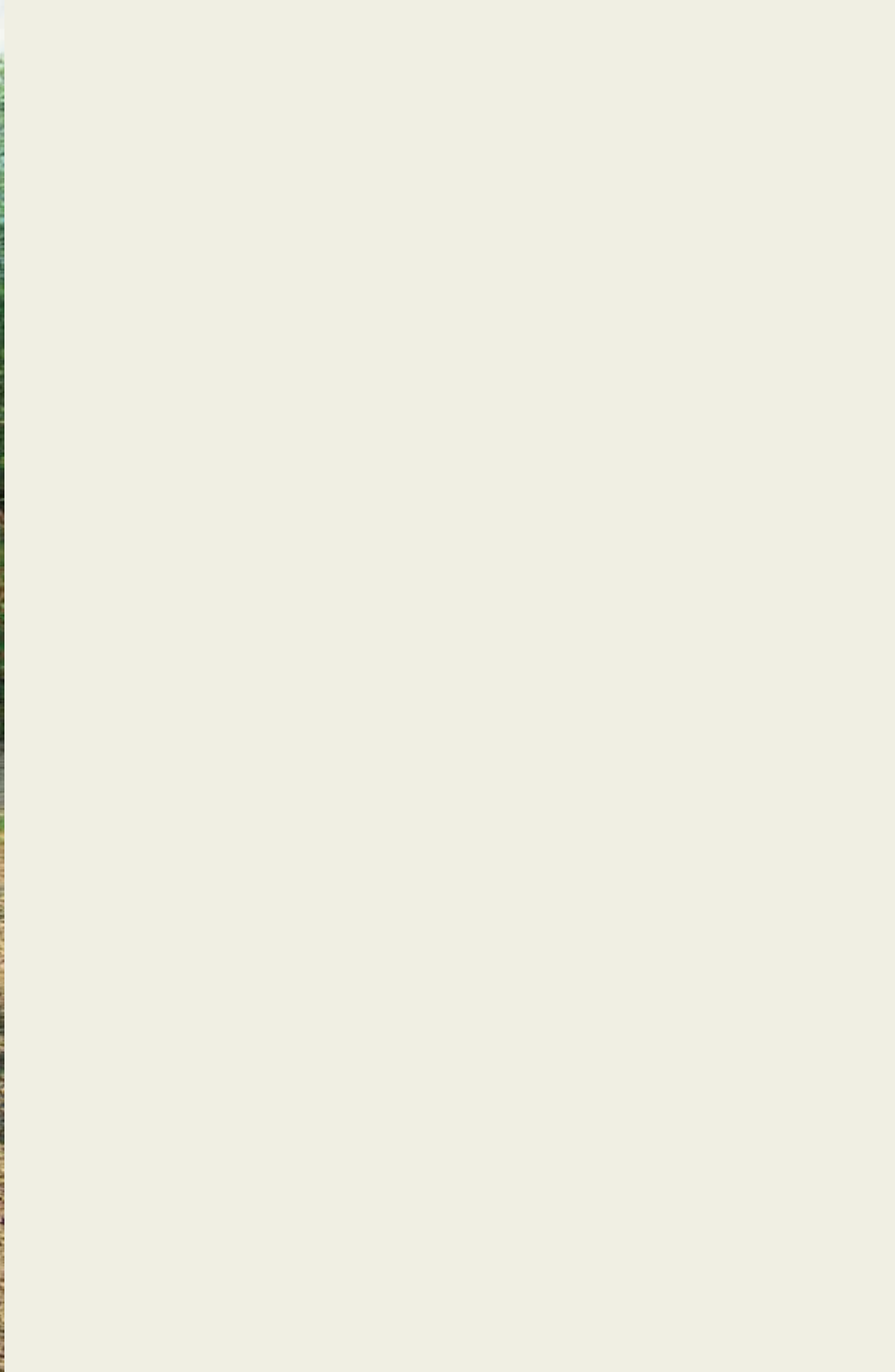


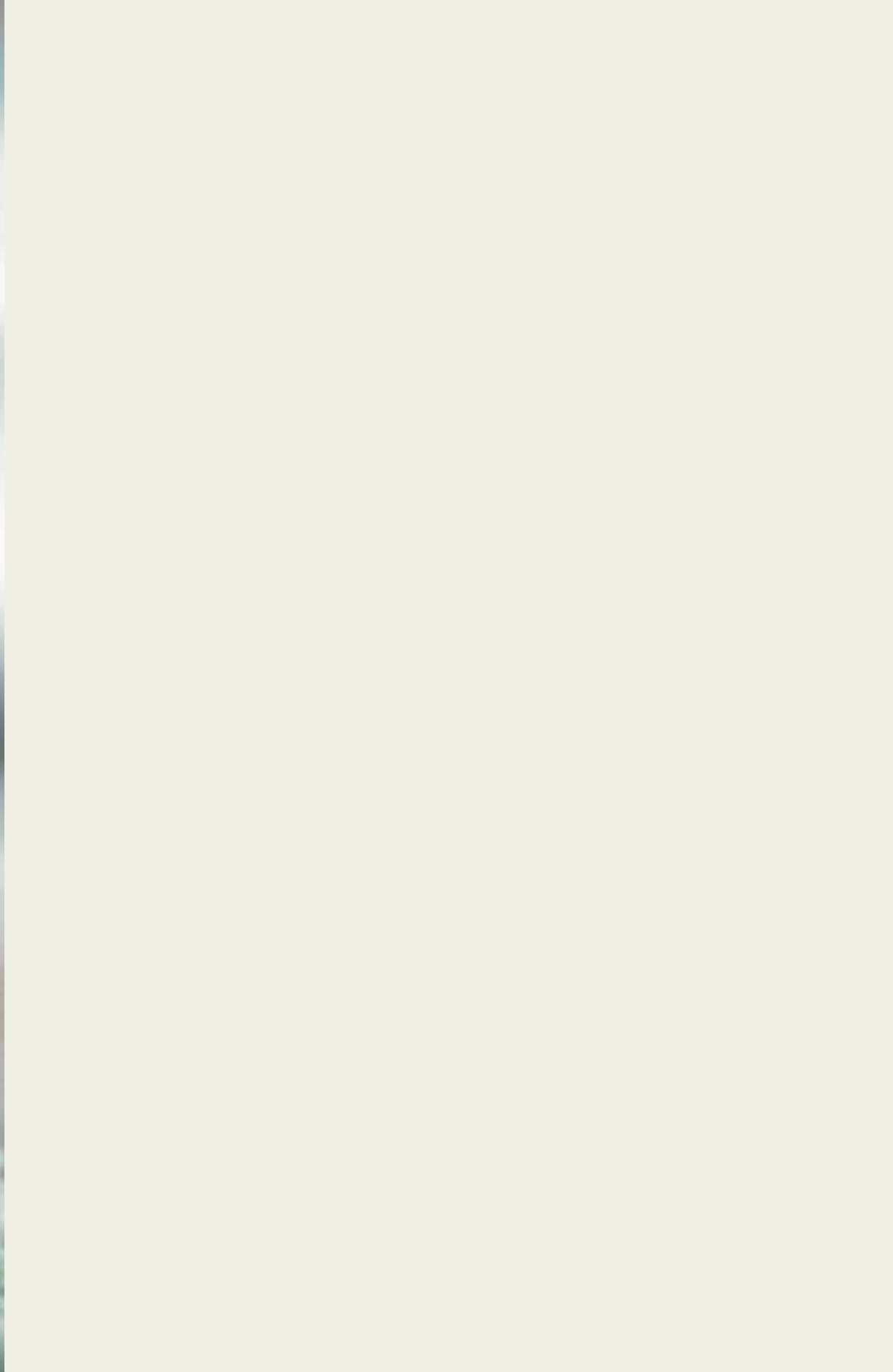


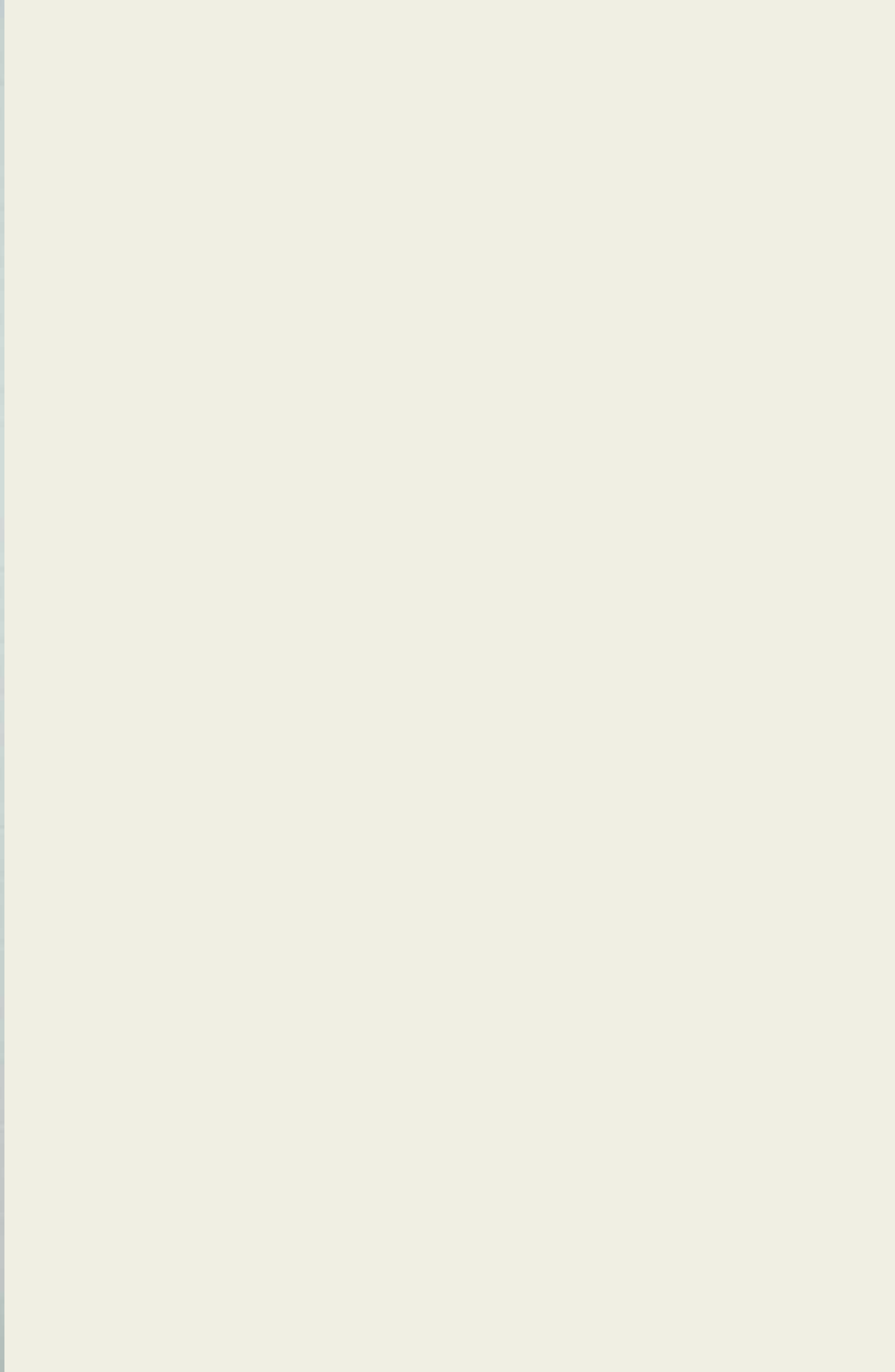


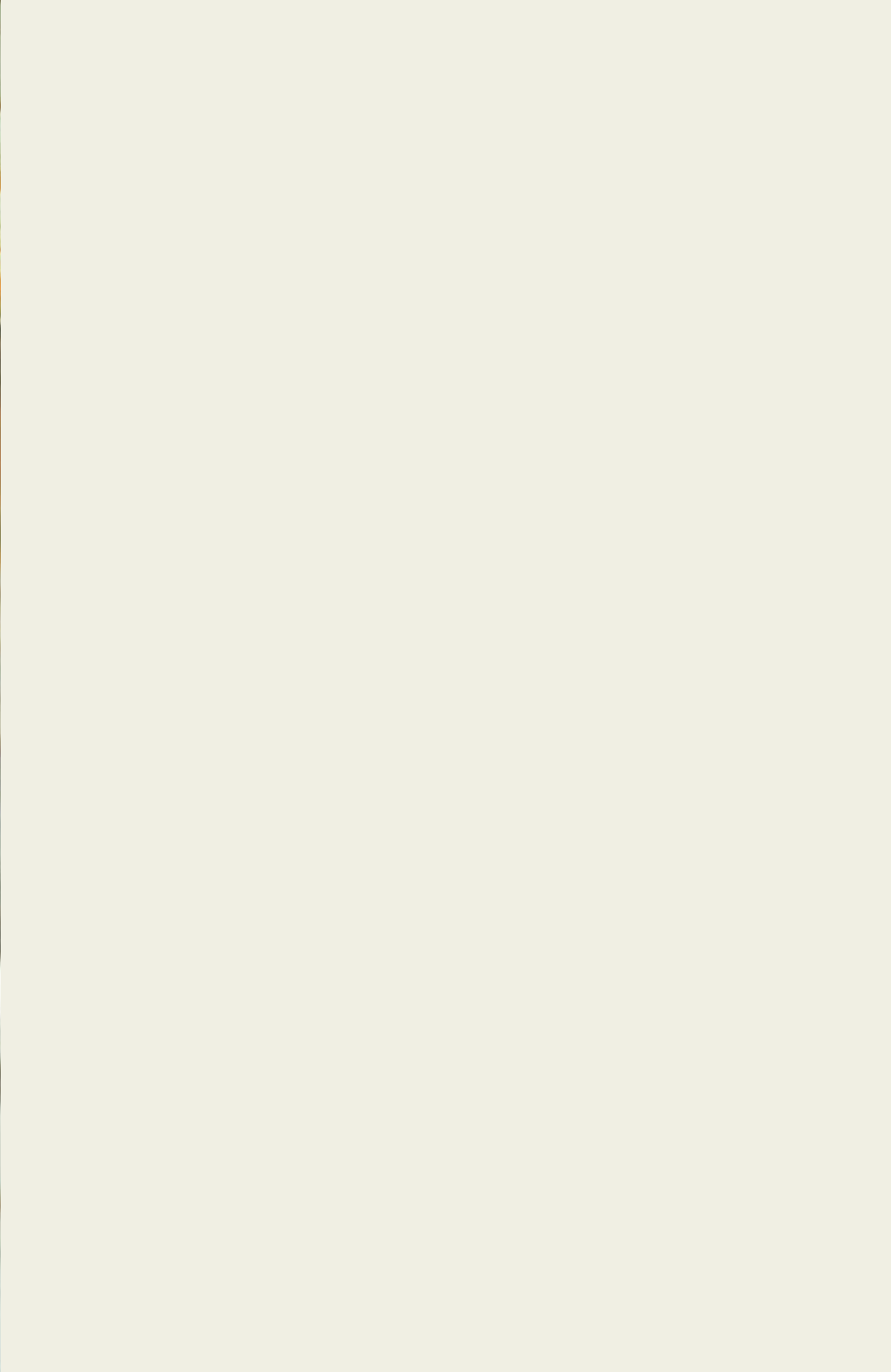


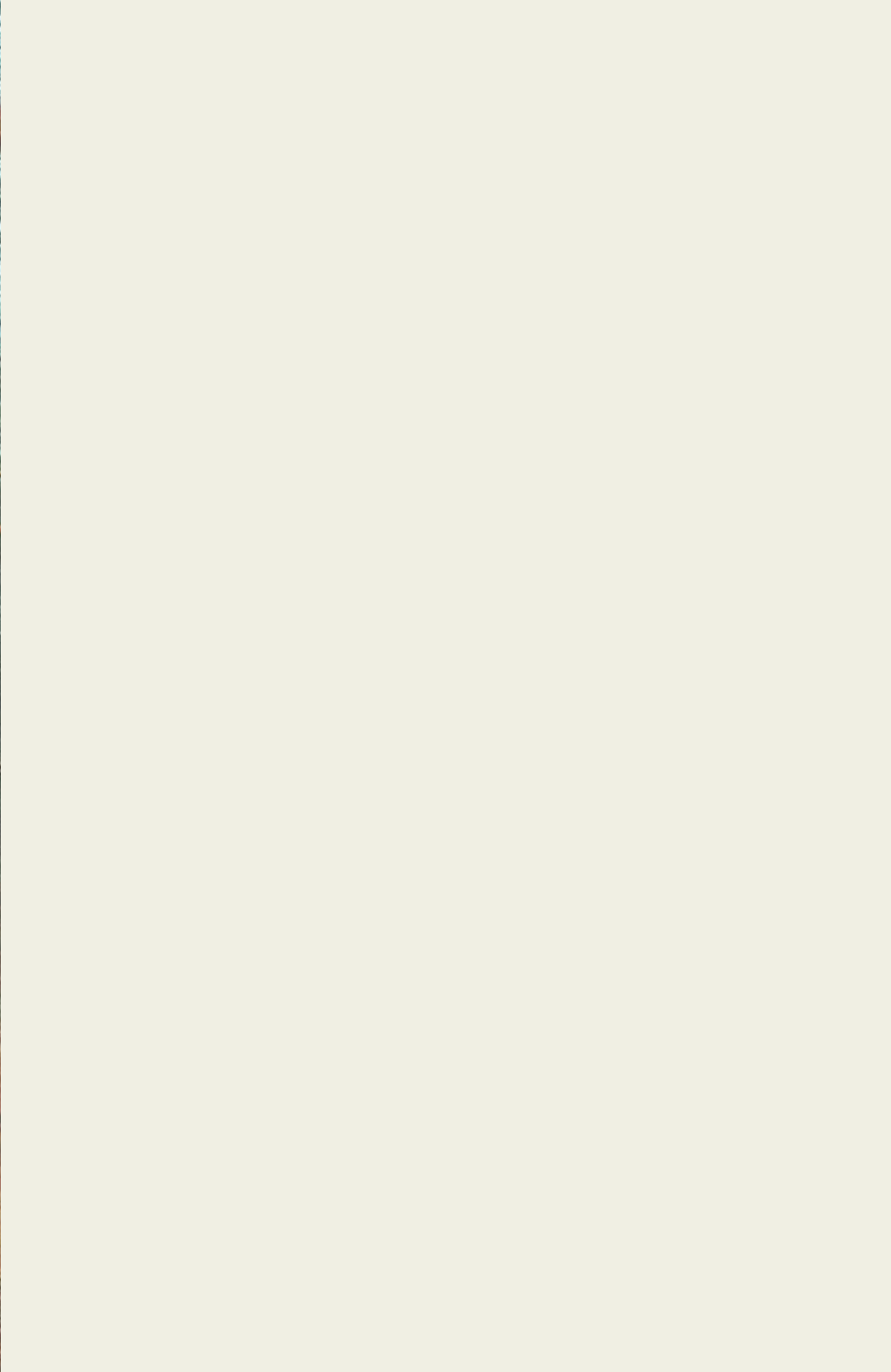


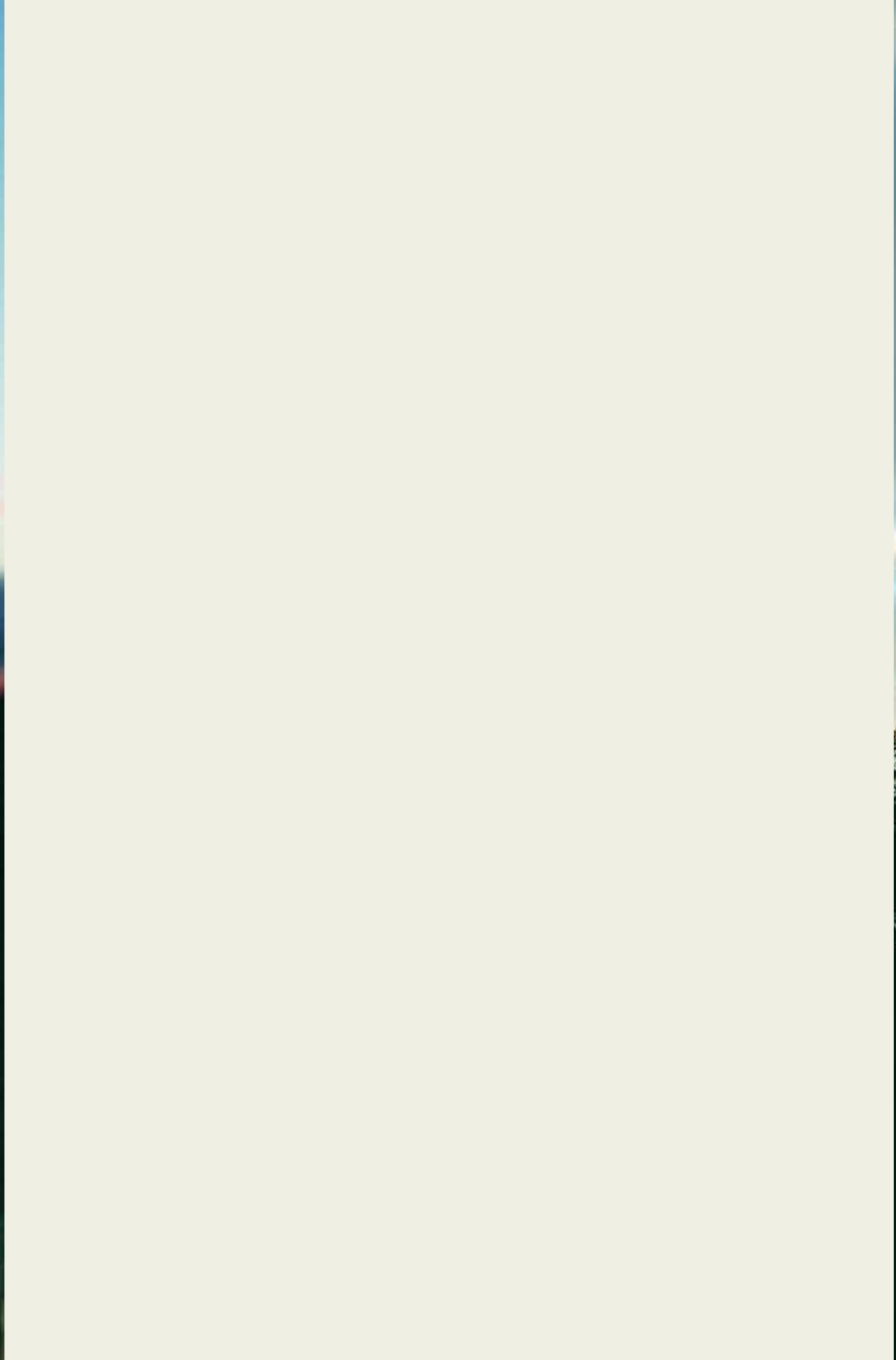


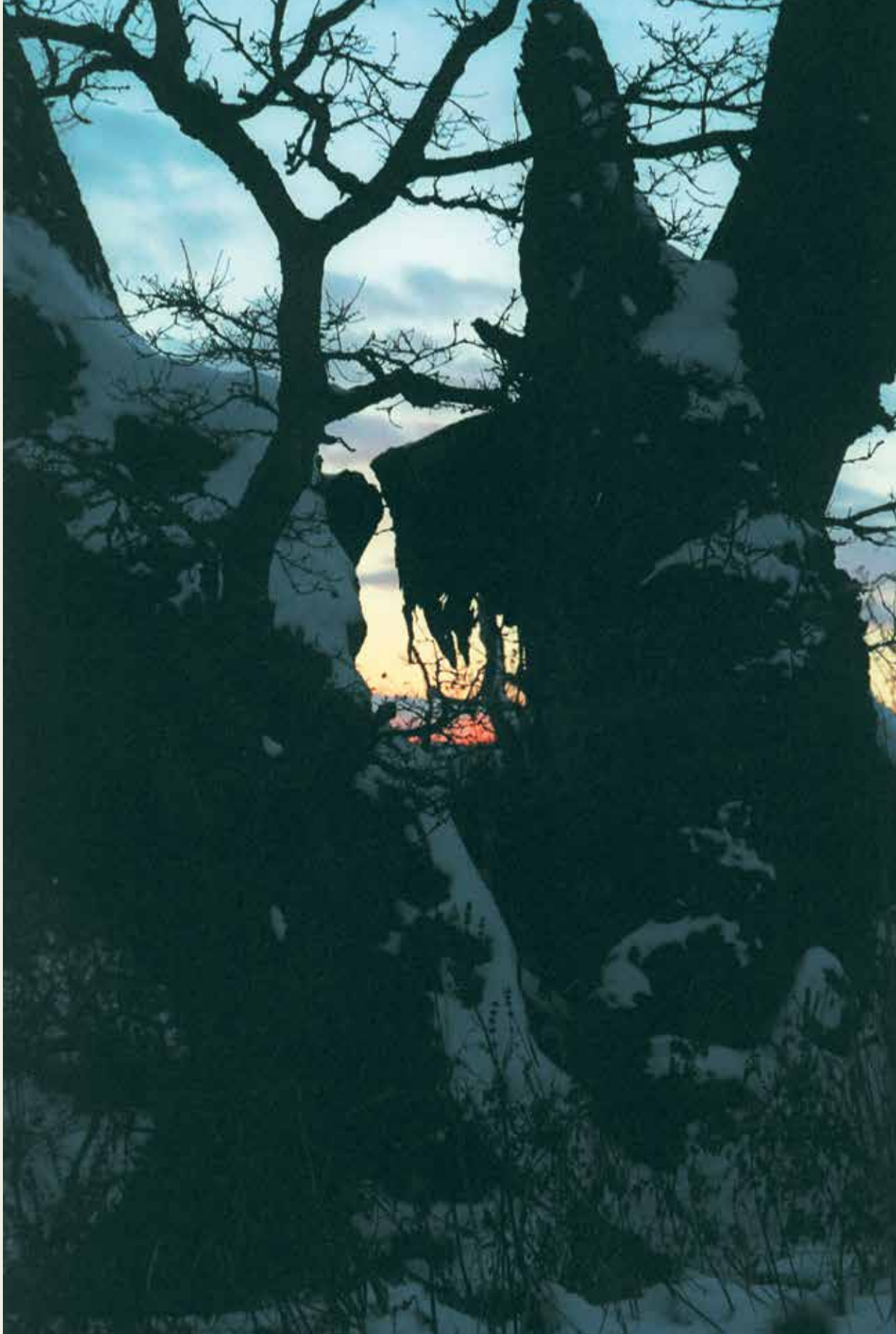
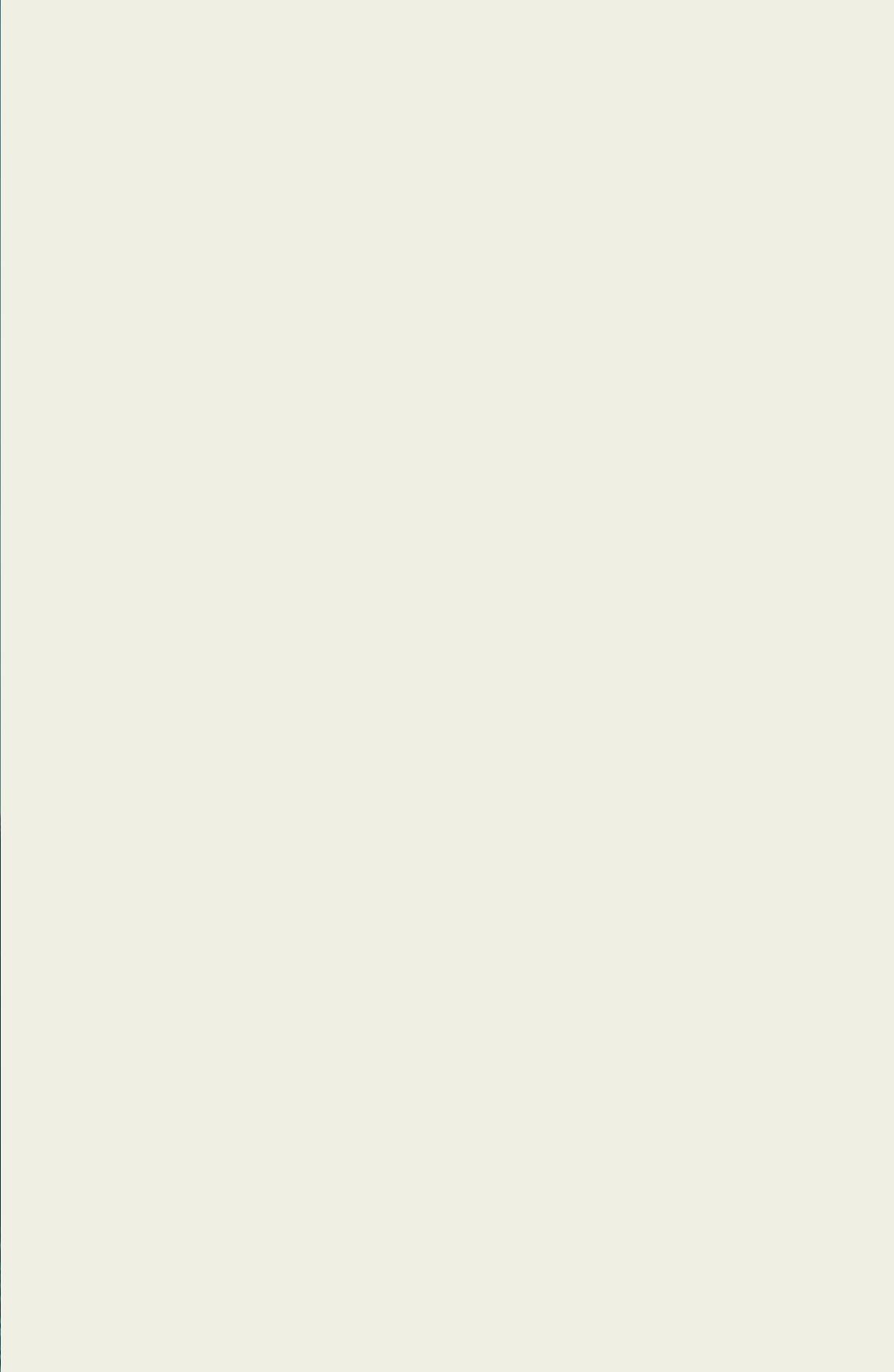


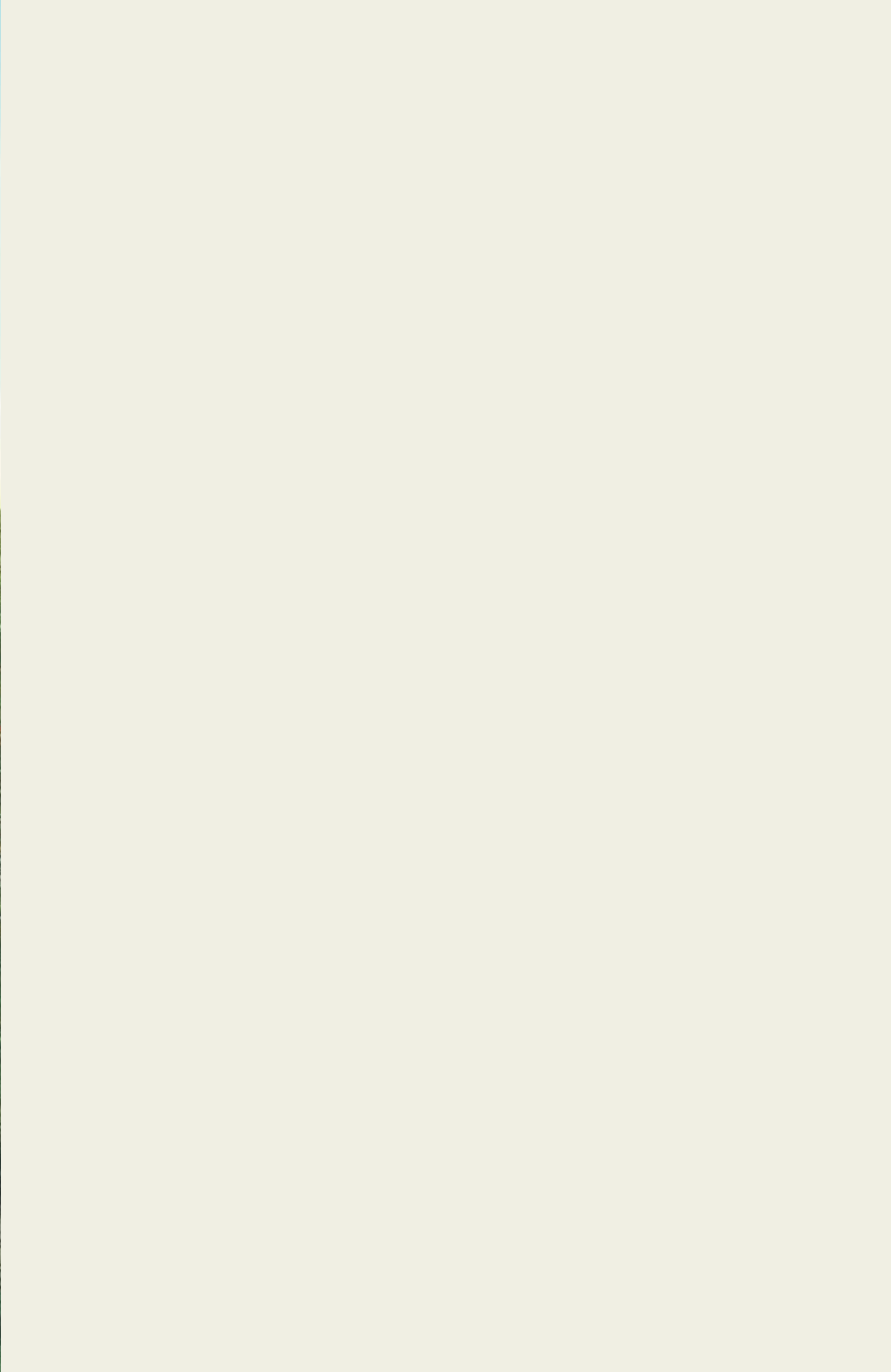


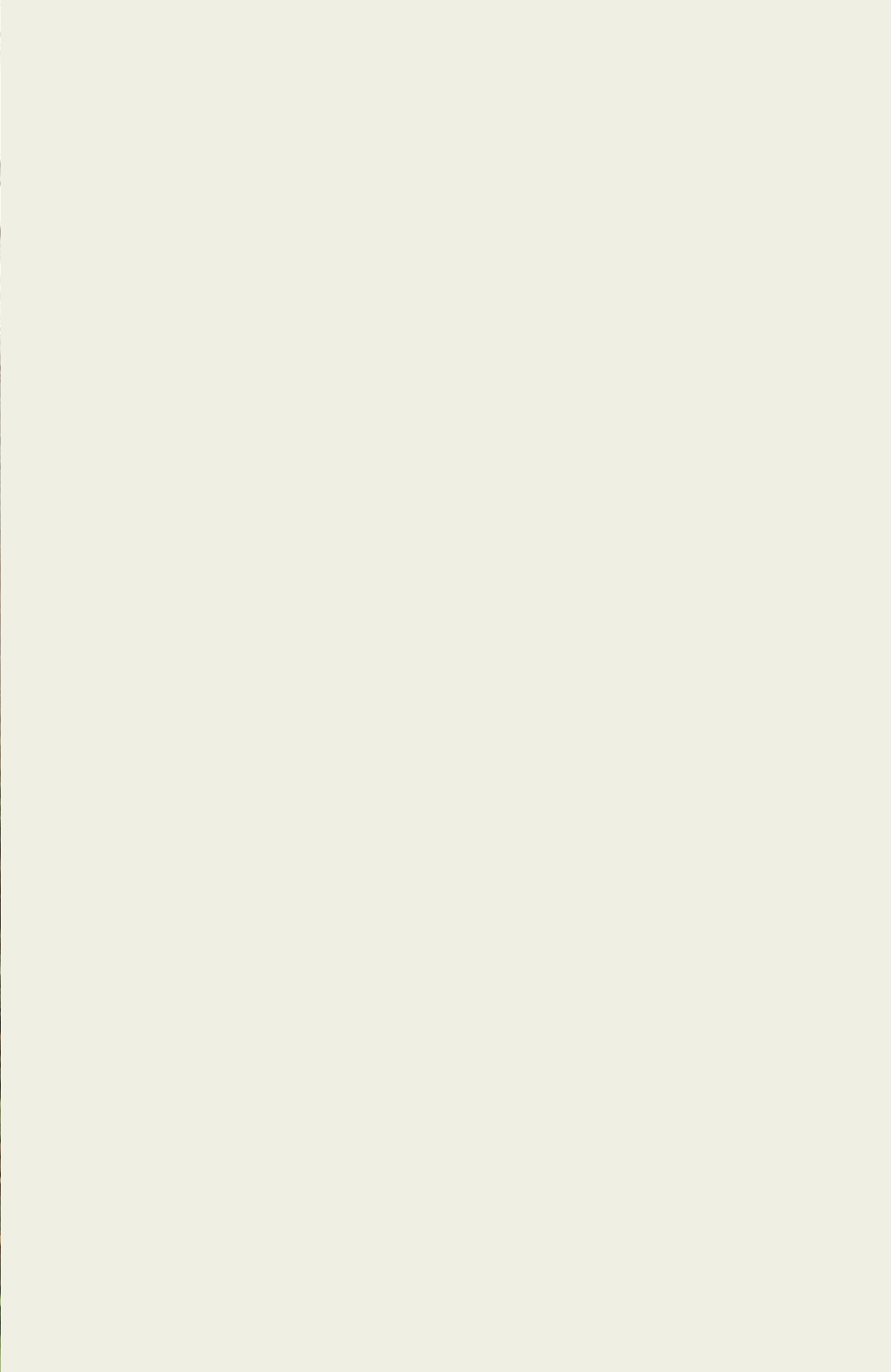


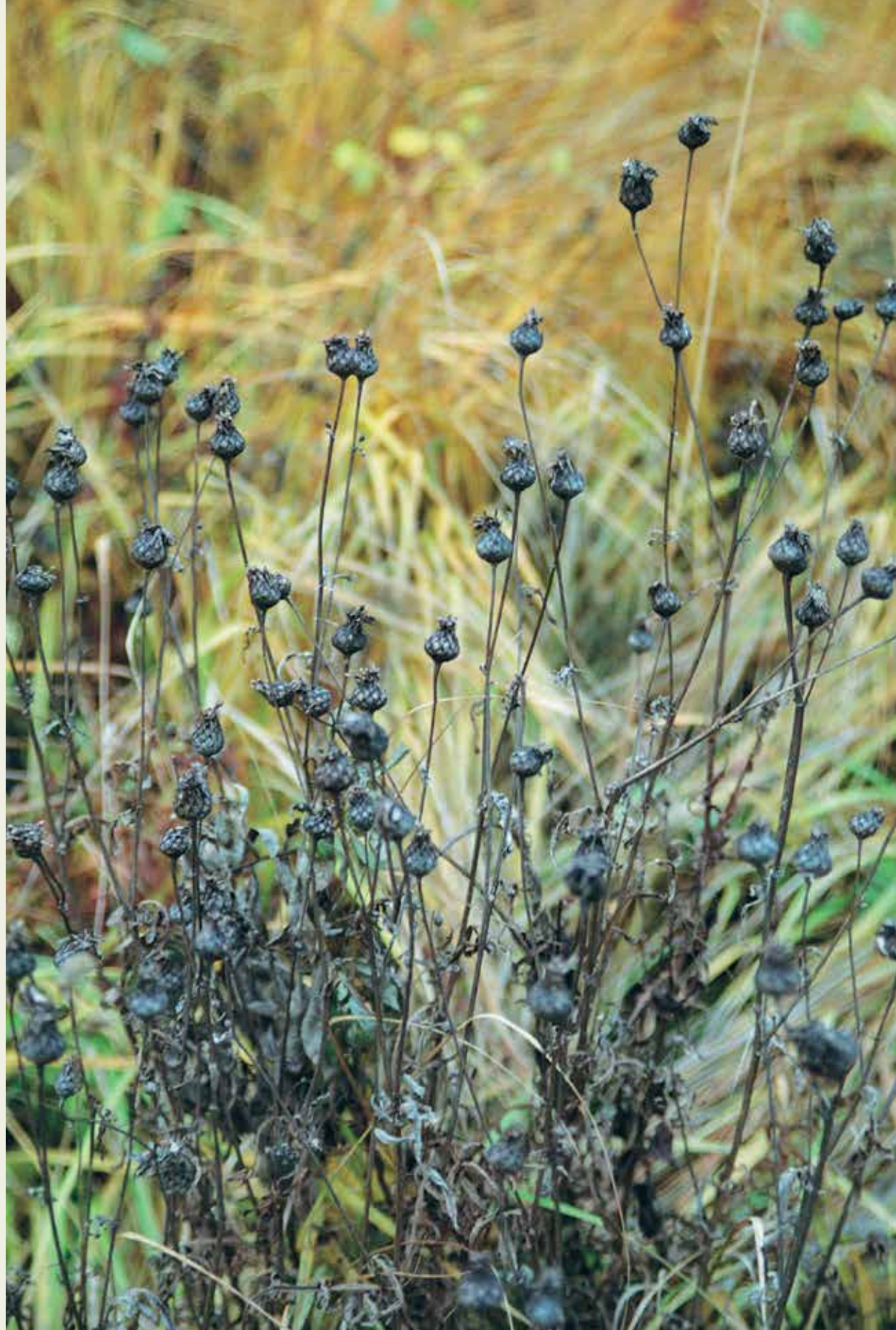
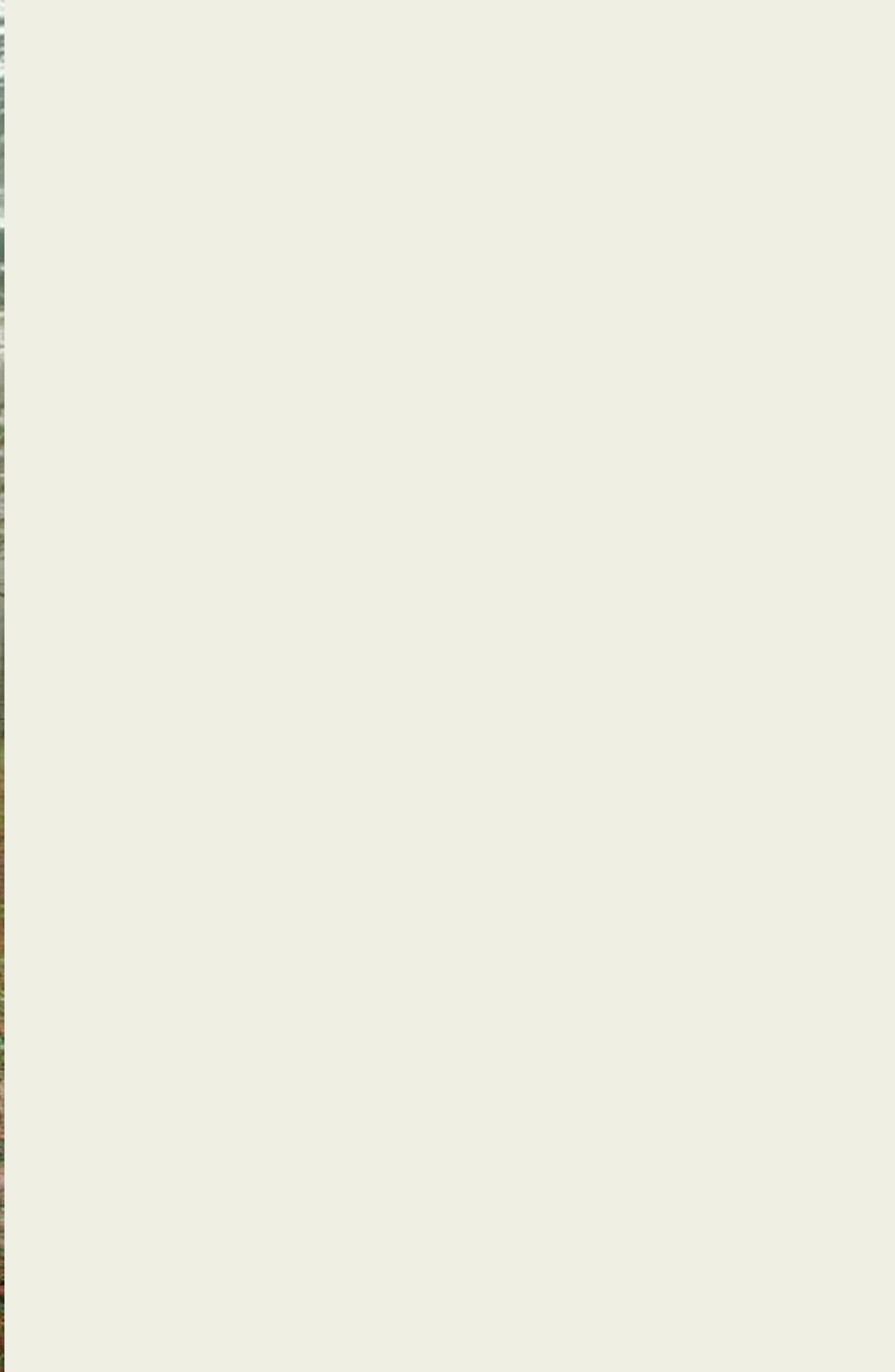


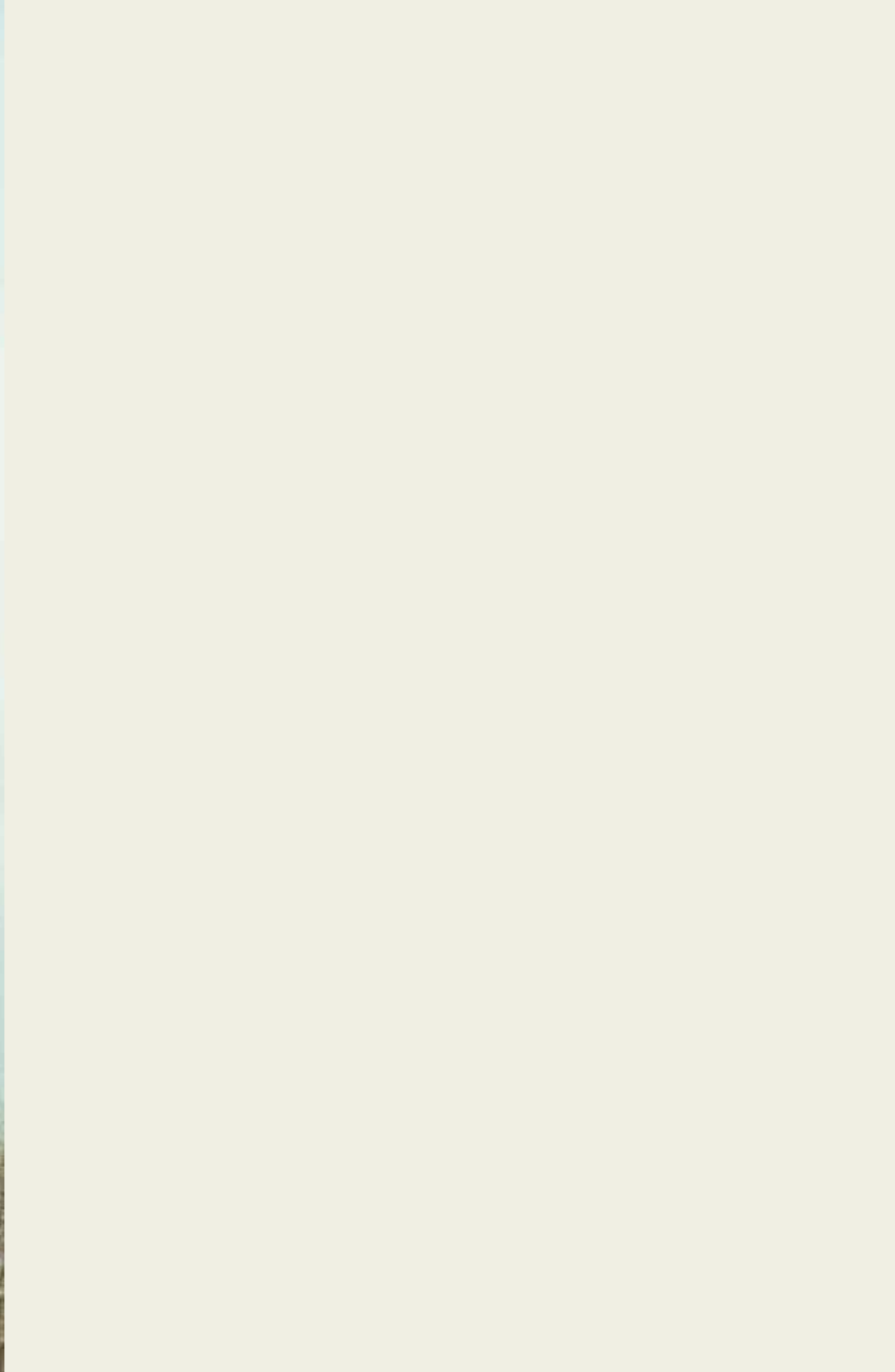


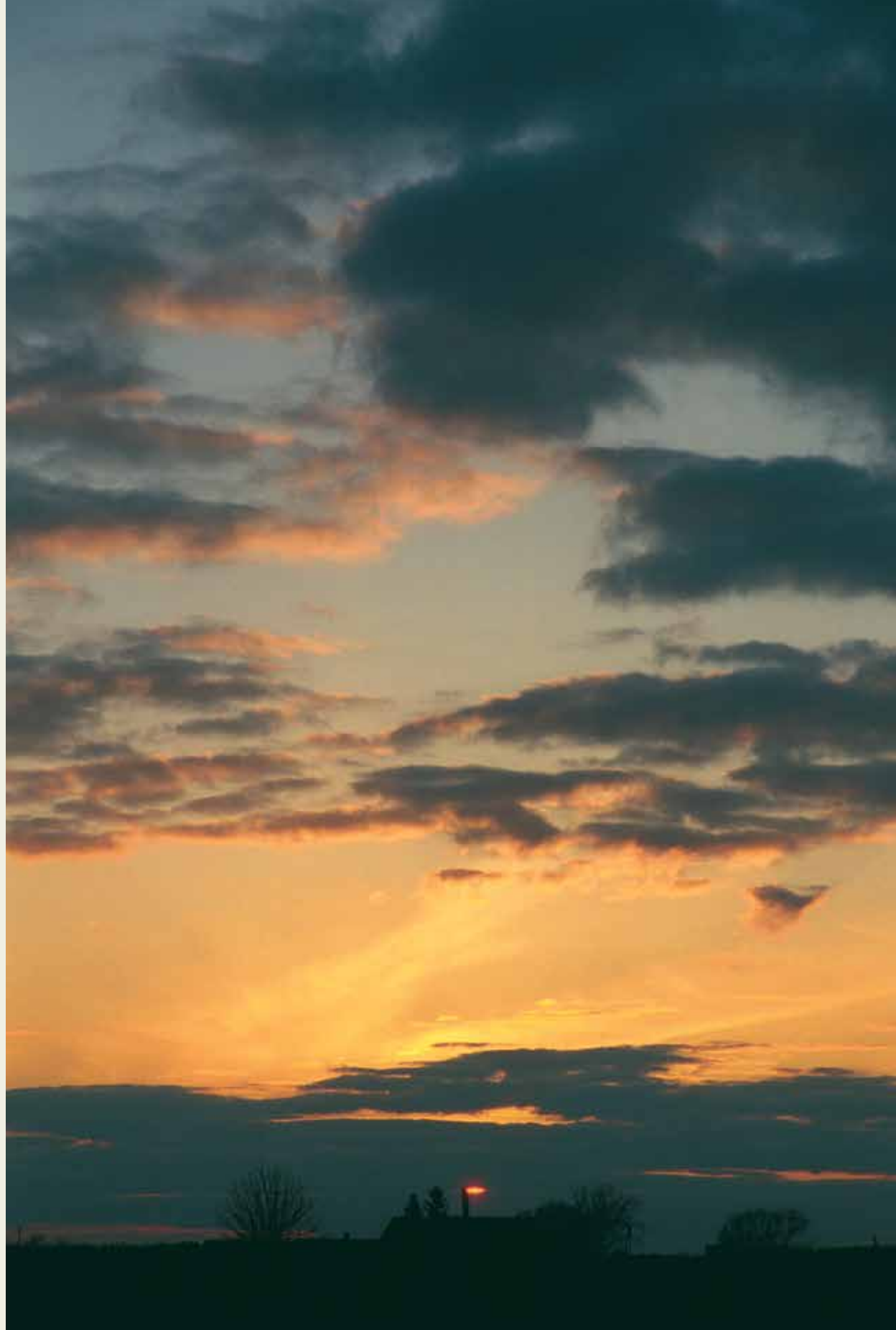
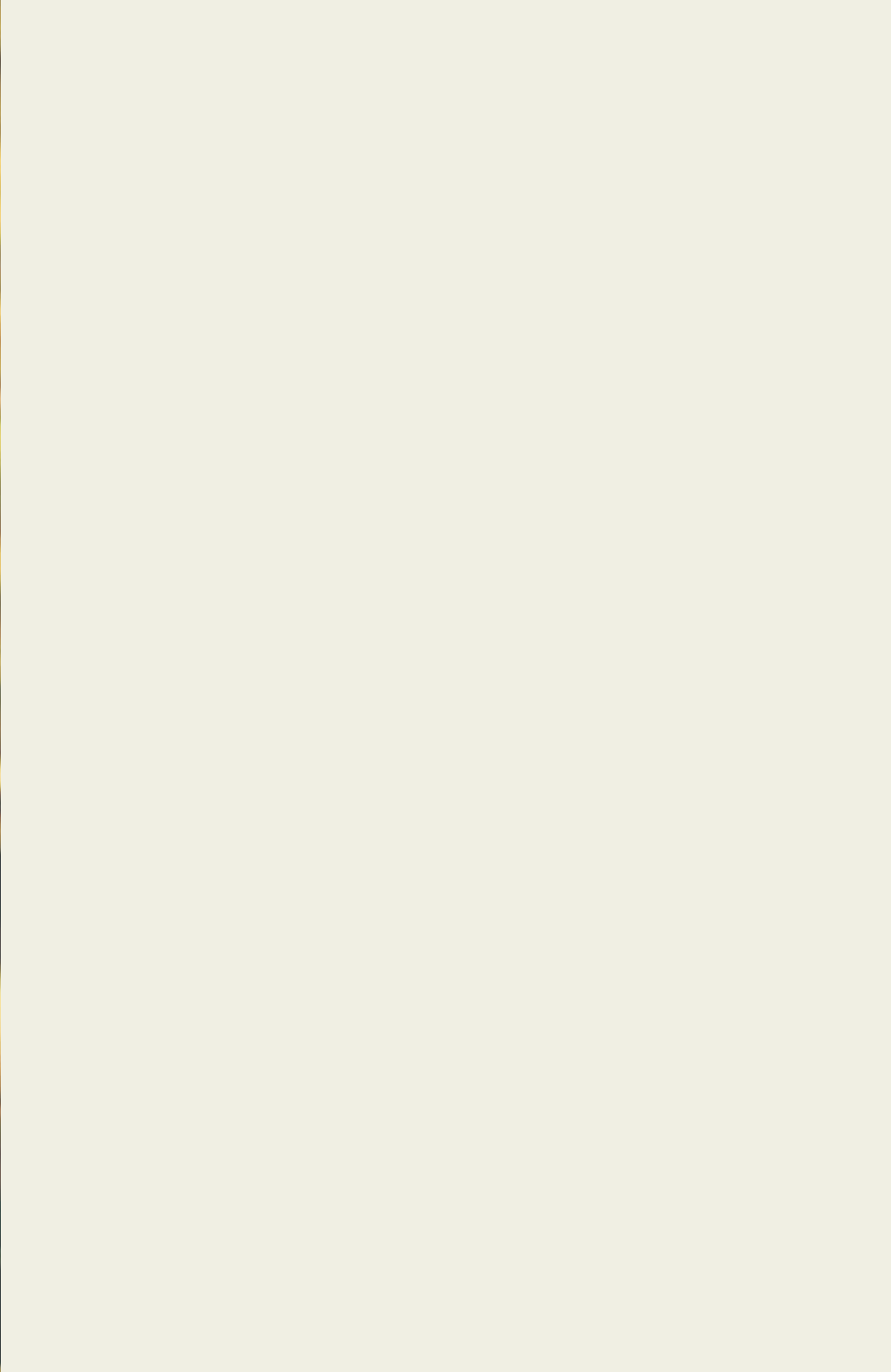


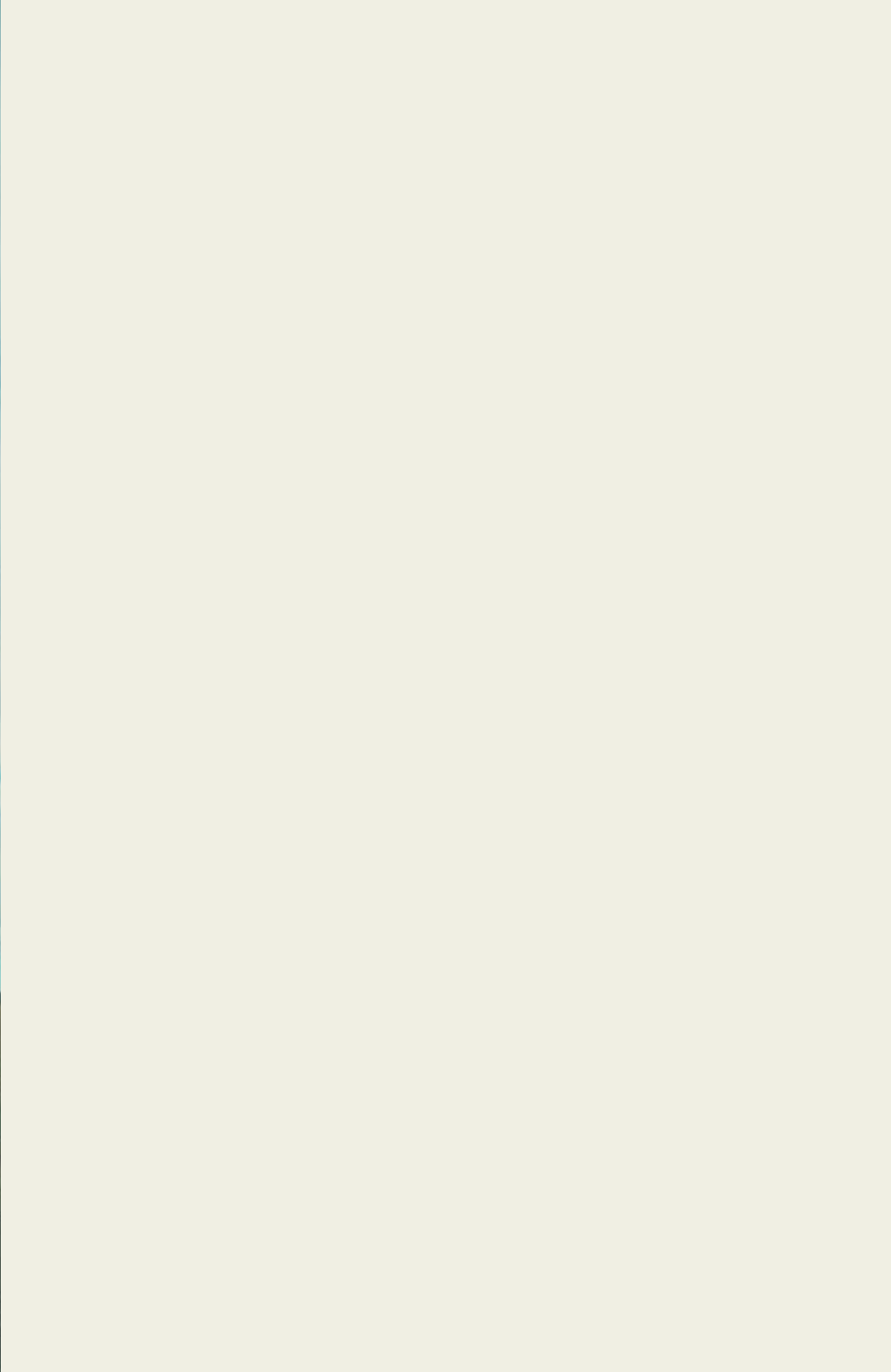


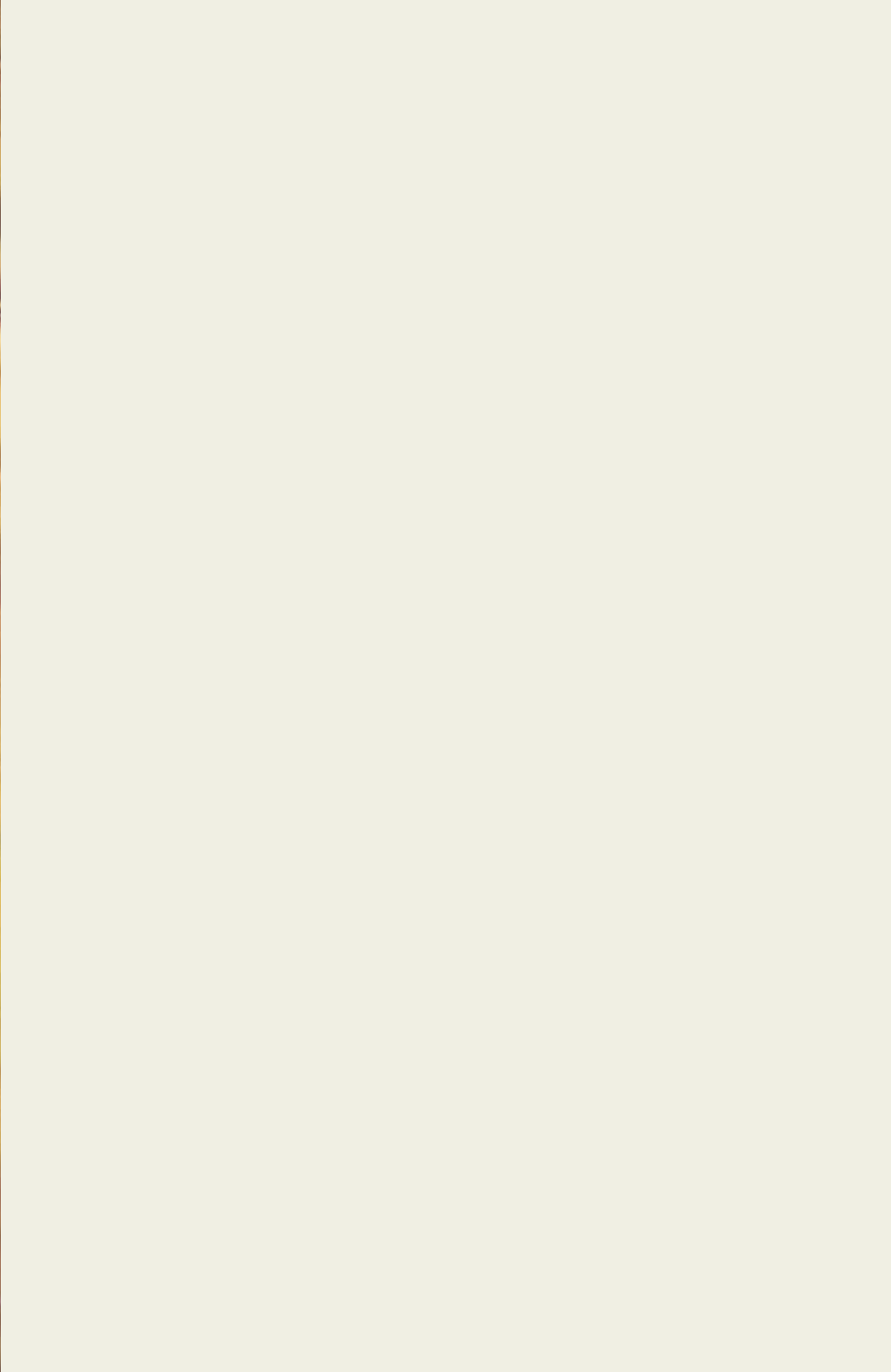


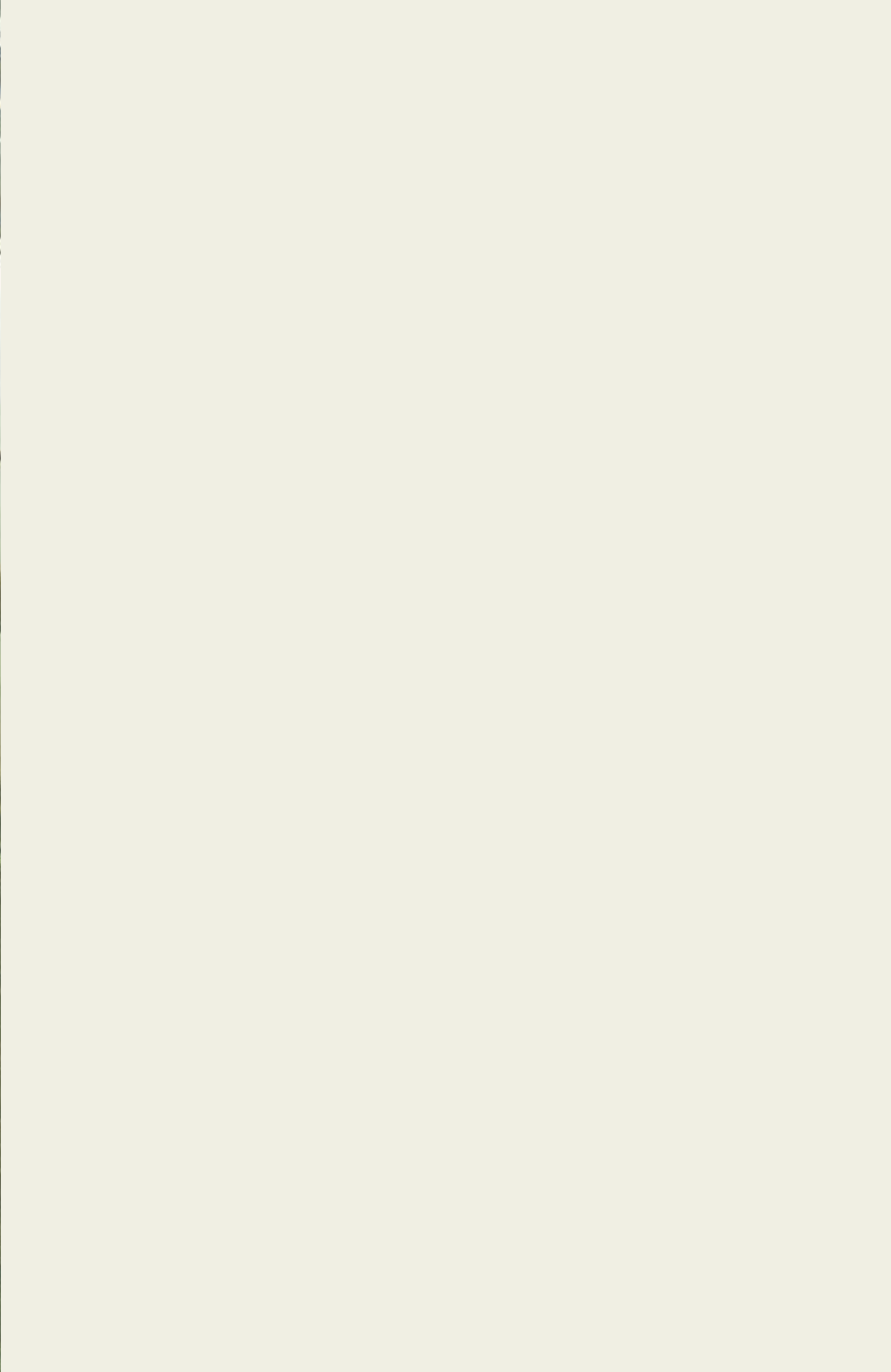


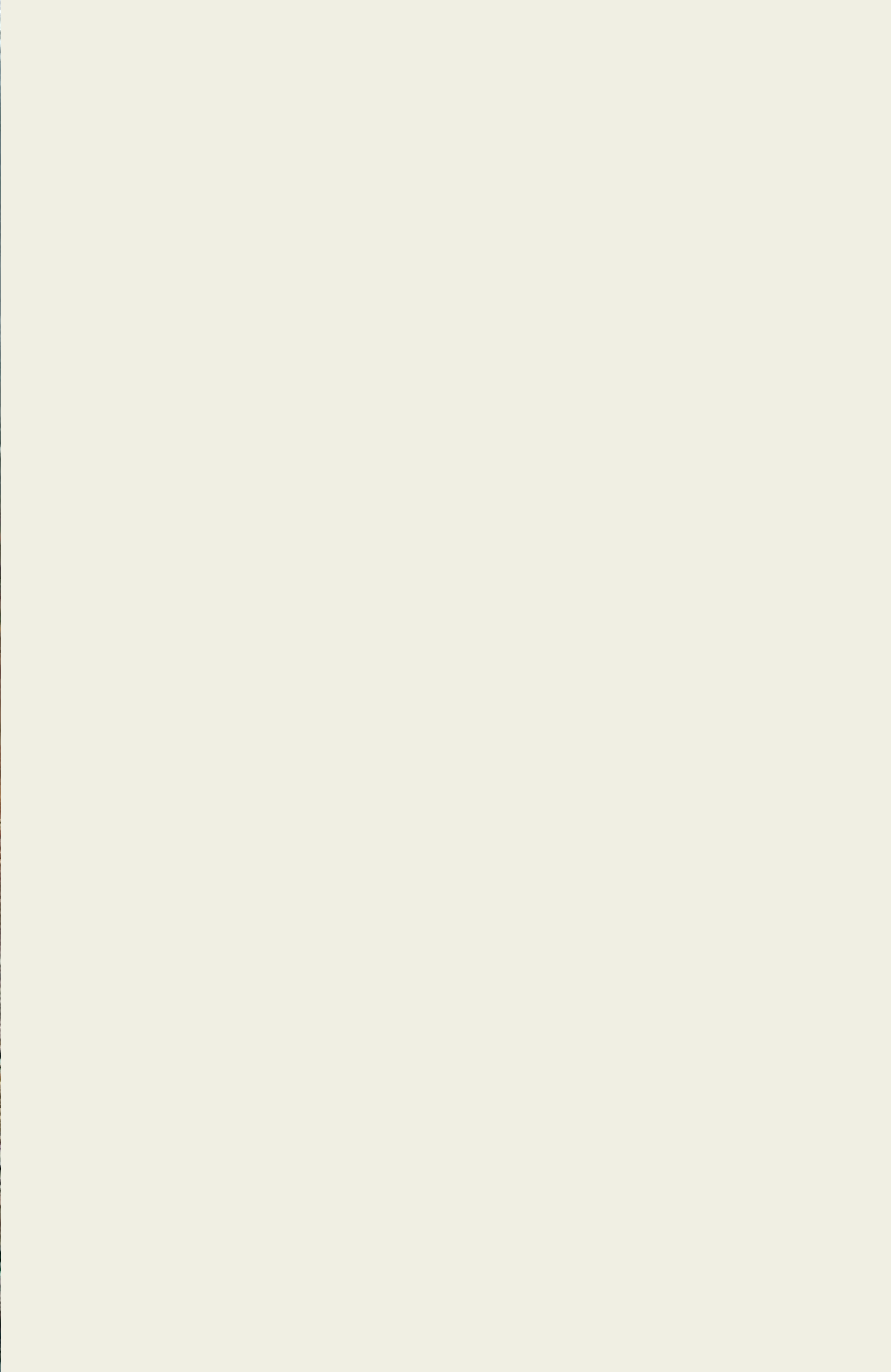


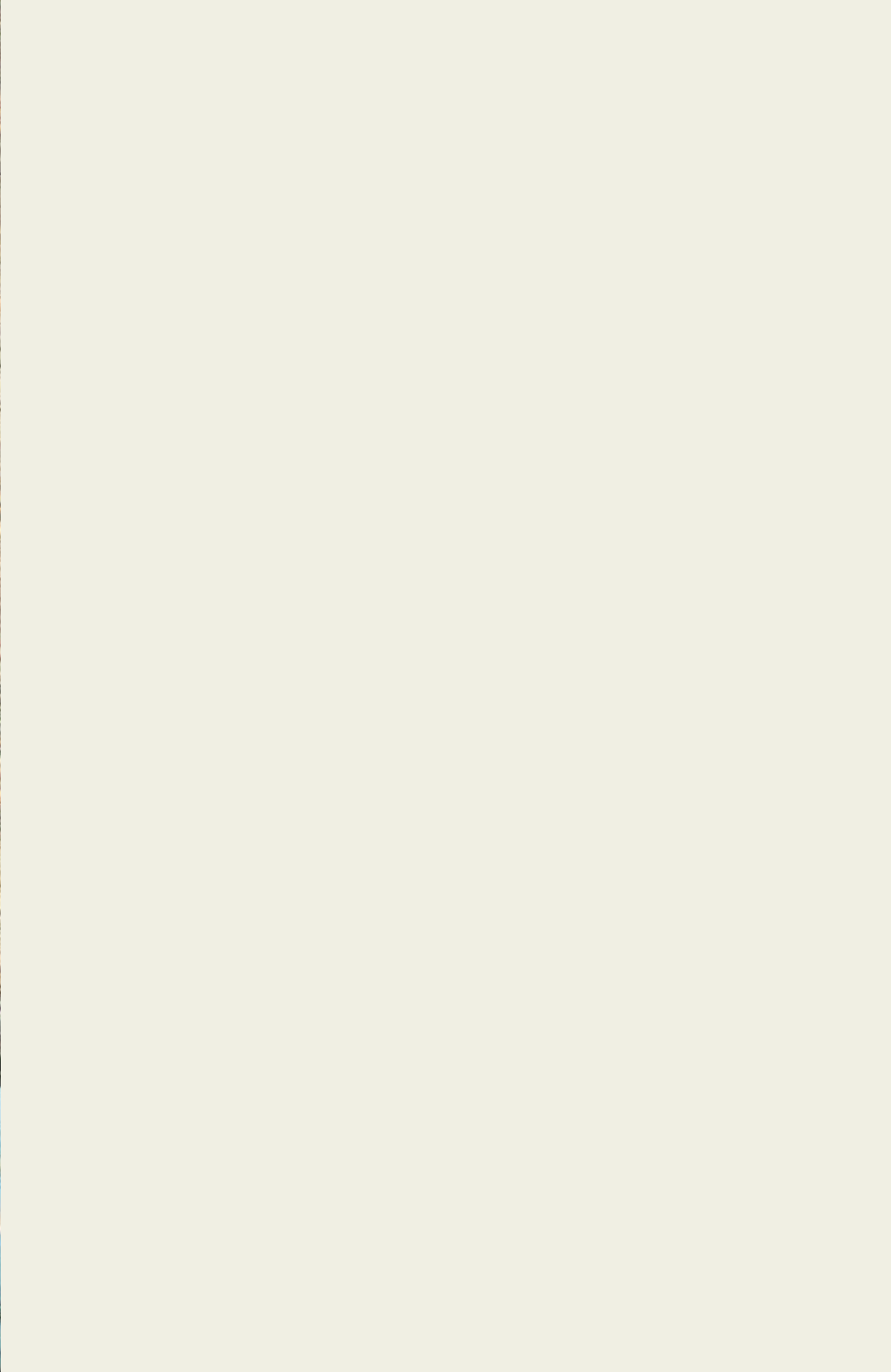
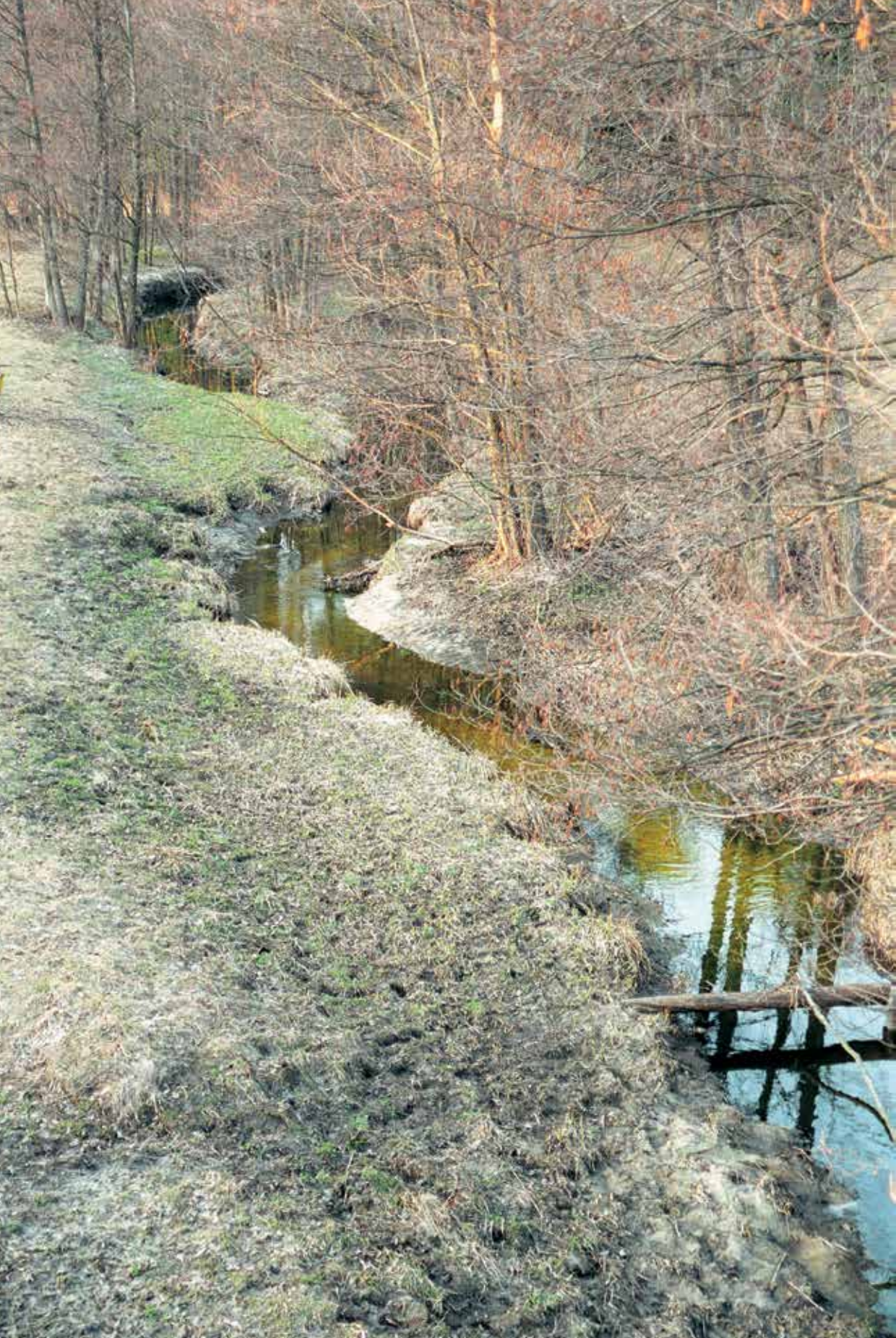












ДАГНАЦЬ ДУМКУ ВЕТРУ.

КРАЙ – ГЭТА ДЗЯРЖАВА ВЕЧНАЯ І НЕЗАЛЕЖНАЯ. ГЭТА ДЗЯРЖАВА ДУШЫ. ТОЛЬКІ КРАЙ МОЖНА НАЗВАЦЬ РОДНЫМ, А НЕ ТРАДЫЦЫЙНУЮ ДЗЯРЖАВУ. ДЗЯРЖАВЫ УЗЬНІКАЮЦЬ І ЗЬНІКАЮЦЬ, УЗБУЙНЯЮЦЦА І ДРАБНЕЮЦЬ, РАЗДАЮЦЦА Ё ПЛЯХОХ І ПАДЦІНАЮЦЬ ЧЭРАВА, ВАЮЮЦЬ АДНА З АДНОЮ ЗА ЗЕМАІ, ЗА ТЭРЫТОРЫІ ЎПЛЫВУ. МЕЖЫ ДЗЯРЖАВЫ АХОЎВАЮЦЦА, ПІЛЬНУЮЦЦА ТОЙ САМАЙ ЖА ЗБРОЯЙ ЗЬНІШЧЭНЬНЯ Й ЗАХОПУ.

КРАЙ. Ё Н АБЖЫТЫ ДУШАМІ ПРОДКАЎ, МЕЖЫ ЯГОНЫЯ АКРЭСЬЛЕНЫ НЕБАКРАЕМ. АШЧАДЖАЮЦЬ КРАЙ, СЬЦЕРАГУЦЬ СПАКОНВЕЧНЫЯ БОЖЫШЧЫ ПЯРУН І ВАДАДЫХ, ЛЯСУН І ХАТНІК, ЖОГАЛЬ І ХМАРАПАС.

КУДЫ Б ЧАЛАВЕКА НІ КІДАЎ ЛЁС, РОДНЫ КРАЙ У СЭРЦЫ ЯГОНЫМ ЖЫВЫ І НЕАЗМРОЧАНЫ. ДА СКОНУ.

ВЯЛІКІ КРЫВІЧ, КШЧОНЫ ПАГАНЕЦ УЛАДЗІМІР КАРАТКЕВІЧ ЛЮБІЎ СЬПЯВАЦЬ ПЕСЬНЮ ВАЯРОЎ КАСТУСЯ КАЛІНОЎСКАГА:

КРАЮ НАШ,
РАЮ НАШ...

У РОДНЫМ КРАІ ЁСЁ НЕЗВЫЧАЙНАЕ, ЁСЁ АСАБЛІВАЕ – ХМАРЫ Й ПАПЛАВЫ, КРЫНІЦЫ Й КРЫГАХОДЫ, ПУШЧЫ Й ВЕРАСЫ, КРАСКІ Й КАЛАСЫ, ПЧОЛЫ Й ШЭРСЬНІ, ТУМАНЫ Й ВАЛУНЫ...

ЖЫВАЯ ГАСПОДА, ЗЯЛЁНАЯ ЎВЕСНУ, ЗАЛАТАЯ ЎВОСЕНЬ, ХАЛОДНАСРЭБРАЯ ЎЗІМКУ – БАЖНІЦА, ДЗЕ МОЛІЦЦА ДУША, СПАВЯДАЕЦЦА, КАЕЦЦА, СПОДЗЕВУ ПРОСІЦЬ. УБАЖНІЦЫ ДЫХАЮЦЬ СЬЦЕНЫ ДАЛЯГЛЯДУ, НАСТРОЙ СВОЙ МЯНЯЕ НЕБАДЫХ, ХАВАЕЎСЬМЕШКУ ЖЫВАДОЛ, БО КАРАНІ КАЗЫЧУЦЬ.

КАРАНІ ПАГАНСТВА. ІМІ МЯНОЎНА Й ТРЫВАЛІЦЦА КРЫВІЦКАЯ ДУША. ПАГАНСТВА ДАЕНЯСХІБНАСЬЦЬ І НЯЗЛОМНАСЬЦЬ КРЫВІЦКАМУ РОДУ.

УБАЧЫЦЬ ЗЯМНУЮ КРАСУ Й КАСЬМІЧНУЮ НЕПАЎТОРНАСЬЦЬ, ЗАГАДКАВУЮ ЗАДУМЕННАСЬЦЬ Й ДАВЕРЛІВУЮ СПАГАДУ РОДНАГА КРАЮ ДАДЗЕНА НЯ КОЖНАМУ. ГЭТА ПА СІЛЕ ТОЛЬКІ ШЧЫРАМУ СЭРЦУ, ЗАКАХАНАМУ Ё ДЗЕДЗІНУ, ЎБАЦЬКОЎШЧЫНУ. СЕРЦУ, ЯКОМУ РЫТМ ДАЎ РОДНЫ КРАЙ.

ВАДЗІМ ГРУДЗЬКО Ё СЭРЦЫ НОСІЦЬ РОДНЫ КРАЙ, КРЫВІЦКІ КРАЙ.

ВОЧЫ МАСТАКА БАЧАЦЬ ТОЕ, ШТО ТОІЦЦА АД АБЫЯКАВАГА ПОЗІРКУ. ВАДЗІМАЎ КРАЙ КАНКРЭТНЫ ДА КАЗКАВАСЬЦІ, КАЗКАВЫ ДА МРОЙЛІВАСЬЦІ.

ДУША ВАДЗІМАВА БАРОНІЦЦА АД ЦУГЛЯЎ ПОБЫТАВЫХ ДЫ ІДЫЯЛЯГІЧНЫХ. ЯНА ХОЧА БЫЦЬ ВОЛЬНАЮ, ТАМУ Ё РОДНЫ КРАЙ НА ФОТААБРАЗКАХ ВАДЗІМАВЫХ ПАЧУВАЕ СЯБЕ НА ВОЛІ.

ВАДЗІМУ ГРУДЗЬКУ – ЗАКАХАНАМУ Ё КРЫВІЦКІ КРАЙ І МОЙ ВЕРШ «ЦУГЛІ».

ЖАРАБЯ ІМЧЫЦЬ НАЎСКАПЫТА,
СТЫЛЫ ДОЛ ПАДКОВАЎ ШАЛ АБВУГЛІЎ,
НА ЗУБАХ ЖАЛЕЗНЫ ПРЫСМАК ЦУГЛЯЎ,
ВОЧЫ ЗАСЬЦІЦЬ ЗОРНАЯ СЛАТА.

ЖЭРАБЯ З МУРОЖНАЙ ДАЛАНІ
ЖАРАБЯ ЦЯГНУЛА ЦІ НЯ ЎЧОРА.
СЁНЬНЯ МАЛАДАЯ НЕПАКОРА
ЦЬВЕЛІЦЬ – ДУМКУ ВЕТРУ ДАГАНІ!

ЦУГЛІ ГНУЛІ, КАБ АКРЭСЬЛІЦЬ ЗАОСЬЦЬ,
ЗУБЫ ЎПАРШІЎ ГНЕЎ, КАБ ЦУГЛІ ГРЫЗЬЦІ.
ВОЛІ ЦІ НІКОЛІ, ЦІ КАЛІСЬЦІ НЕ БЫВАЕ –
ВОЛЯ ЁСЬЦЬ І ЁСЬЦЬ!

У ГЛУХОЙ ЦІ Ё РАДАСНАЙ СЬЛЯЗЕ,
ПОКУЛЬ ЗЬНІЧКІ СМУТКУ НЕ АТУХЛІ,
ЗАБАРОНАЙ ВЫГНУТЫЯ ЦУГЛІ
КОЖНЫ ЎПОТАЙ АД СЯБЕ ГРЫЗЕ.

РЫГОР БАРАДУЛІН.

CATCHING THE THOUGHT OF WIND

HOMELAND IS A COUNTRY THAT IS FOREVER AND INDEPENDENT. IT IS A COUNTRY OF SOUL. IT IS A LAND THAT CAN BE CALLED NATIVE, NOT A TRADITIONAL STATE. STATES EMERGE AND DISAPPEAR, EXPAND AND SHRINK, GROW BIGGER SHOULDERS AND TIGHTEN UP, FIGHT EACH OTHER FOR TERRITORIES OF INFLUENCE. THE FRONTIERS ARE DEFENDED AND WATCHED OVER WITH THE SAME ARMS WHICH ARE USED FOR DESTRUCTION AND OCCUPATION.

HOMELAND. SOULS OF ANCESTORS INHABIT IT, HORIZONS OUTLINE ITS FRONTIERS. ANCIENT GODS – THE THUNDERER (PIARUN) AND THE WATER-SPIRIT (VADADYKH), THE FOREST-SPIRIT (LIASUN) AND THE HOUSE SPIRIT (KHATNIK), THE FIRE SPIRIT (ZOHAL) AND THE CLOUD-HERD (KHMARAPAS) – PROTECT AND GUARD THEM.

HOMELAND WILL LIVE, UNBLEMISHED, IN MAN’S HEART UNTIL THE END OF HIS DAYS, WHEREVER DESTINY TAKES HIM. THE GREAT KRYVICH AND TRUE PAGAN ULADZIMIR KARATKEVICH LIKED TO SING THE SONG OF WARRIORS BY KASTUS KALINOUSKY:

OUR LAND,
OUR PARADISE...

HOMELAND IS DISTINCTIVE AND SPECIAL – ITS CLOUDS AND WATER-MEADOWS, SPRINGS AND ICE-DRIFTING, THICK FORESTS AND MOORS, COLOURS AND EARS OF RYE, BEES AND HORNETS, FOG AND ROCKS... A LIVING HOUSEHOLD – GREEN IN SPRING, GOLDEN IN AUTUMN, COLD AND SILVERY IN WINTER – IS AN ICON AT WHICH THE SOUL KNEELS TO PRAY, CONFESSES, REPENTS AND ASKS FOR FORGIVENESS. THE WALLS OF SPACE BREATHE IN THE ICON, THE SPIRIT OF HEAVEN CHANGES ITS MOOD, THE LIVING MOOR HIDES ITS SMILE FOR ROOTS TICKLE IT.

THE ROOTS OF PAGEANTRY. IT IS THESE ON WHICH THE KRYVICHYS SOUL IS GROUNDED. PAGEANTRY MAINTAINS THE FIRMNESS AND SOLIDITY OF THE KRYVICHYS NATION. NOT EVERYONE IS CAPABLE OF SEEING THE GRACE OF EARTH AND SPACE. MYSTERIOUS DREAMINESS AND TRUSTFUL COMPASSION. IT IS THE SINCERE HEART THAT IS ABLE TO DO THAT. THE HEART THAT LOVES THE FATHERLAND AND BEATS INSPIRED BY ITS HOMELAND.

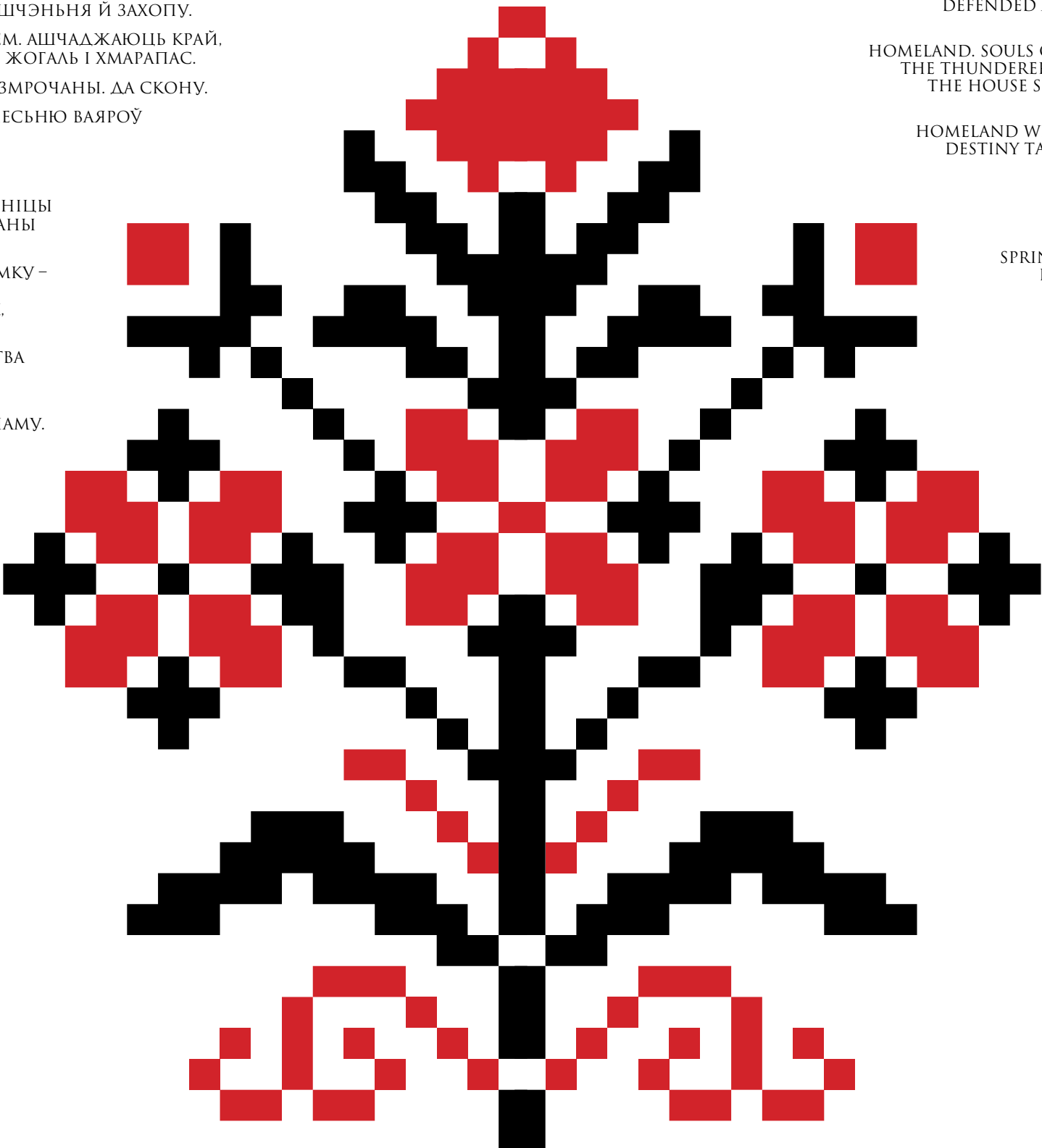
VADZIM HRUDZKO KEEPS THE HOMELAND OF KRYVICHY IN HIS HEART. THE EYES OF THE ARTIST SEE WHAT IS HIDDEN FROM AN INDIFFERENT GLANCE. VADZIM’S HOMELAND IS AS DEFINITE AS A FAIRYTALE AND AS MYSTERIOUS AS A DREAM. VADZIM’S SOUL GUARDS ITSELF FROM EVERYDAY AND IDEOLOGICAL BRIDLES. IT LONGS TO BE FREE: THAT IS WHY HOMELAND IN VADZIM’S PHOTOGRAPHS FEELS FREE.

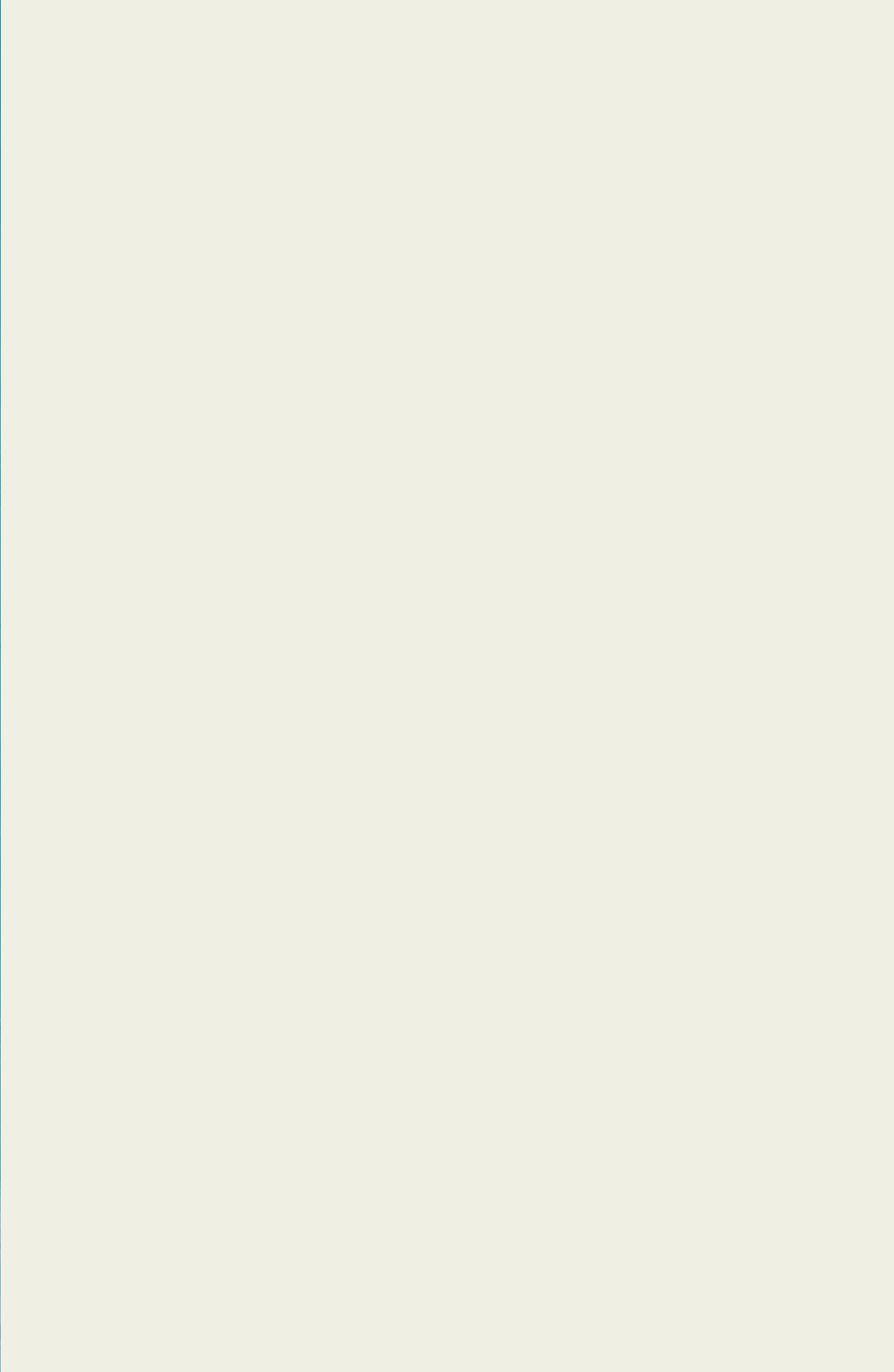
THE POEM BRIDLES IS DEDICATED TO VADZIM HRUDZKO WHO LOVES THE LAND OF KRYVICHY.

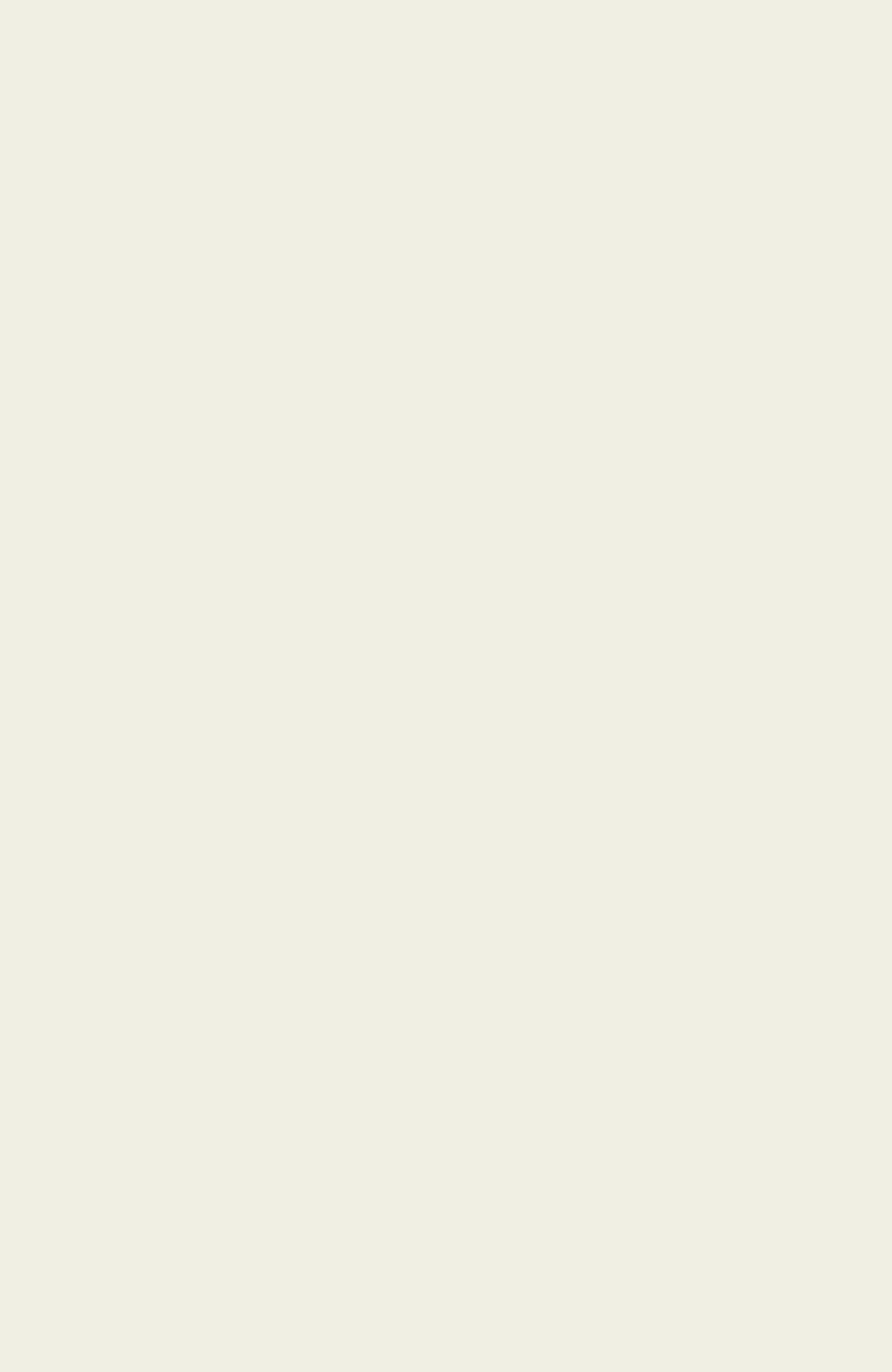
THIS POEM IS TRANSLATED WORD-FOR-WORD

A STALLION IS RUNNING AT ITS FULL SPEED,
THE FROZEN FIELD
IS CHARRED WITH HORSESHOES.
HE FEELS THE IRON TASTE OF BRIDLES.
EYES BLURRED WITH STARRY RAIN.
YESTERDAY THE STALLION WAS DRAGGING
HIS LOT FROM MEADOWS FOGGY TERRAIN.
TODAY THE REBELLIOUS YOUTH IS TEASING HIM-
GO CATCH THE THOUGHT OF WIND!
THE BRIDLES WERE BENT TO HOLD HIS FURY.
ANGER MAKES THE STALLIONS TEETH STRONGER
TO GRIND THE BRIDLES.
FREEDOM CAN NOT BE NEVER OR SOMETIMES.
FREEDOM IS FOREVER!
IN A MUFFLED OR IN HAPPY TEAR UNTIL
THE LIGHT OF GRIEF DIES
THE BRIDLES BENT FOR PROHIBITION
EACH ONE OF US IS GRINDING WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

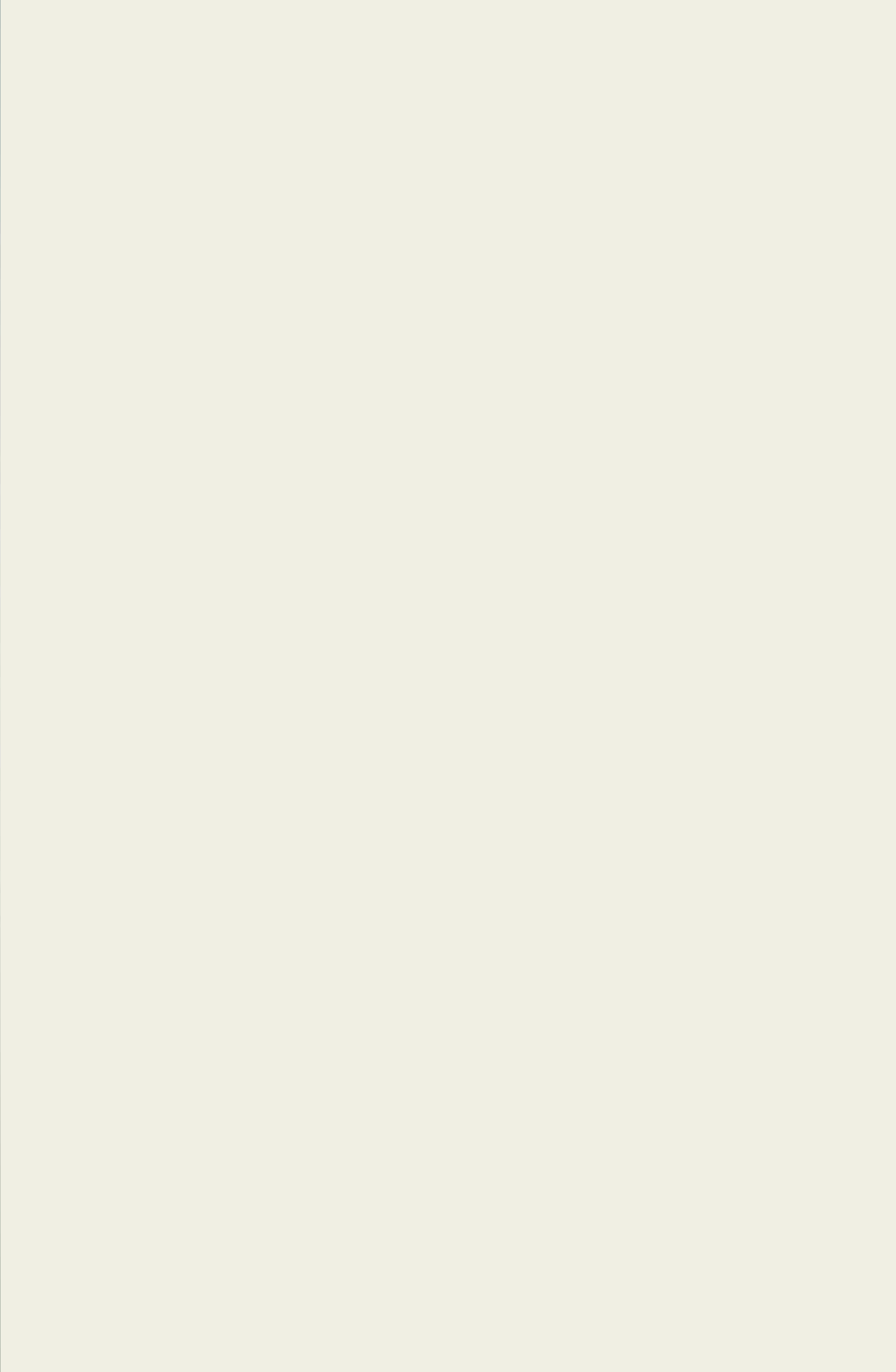
RYHOR BARADULIN

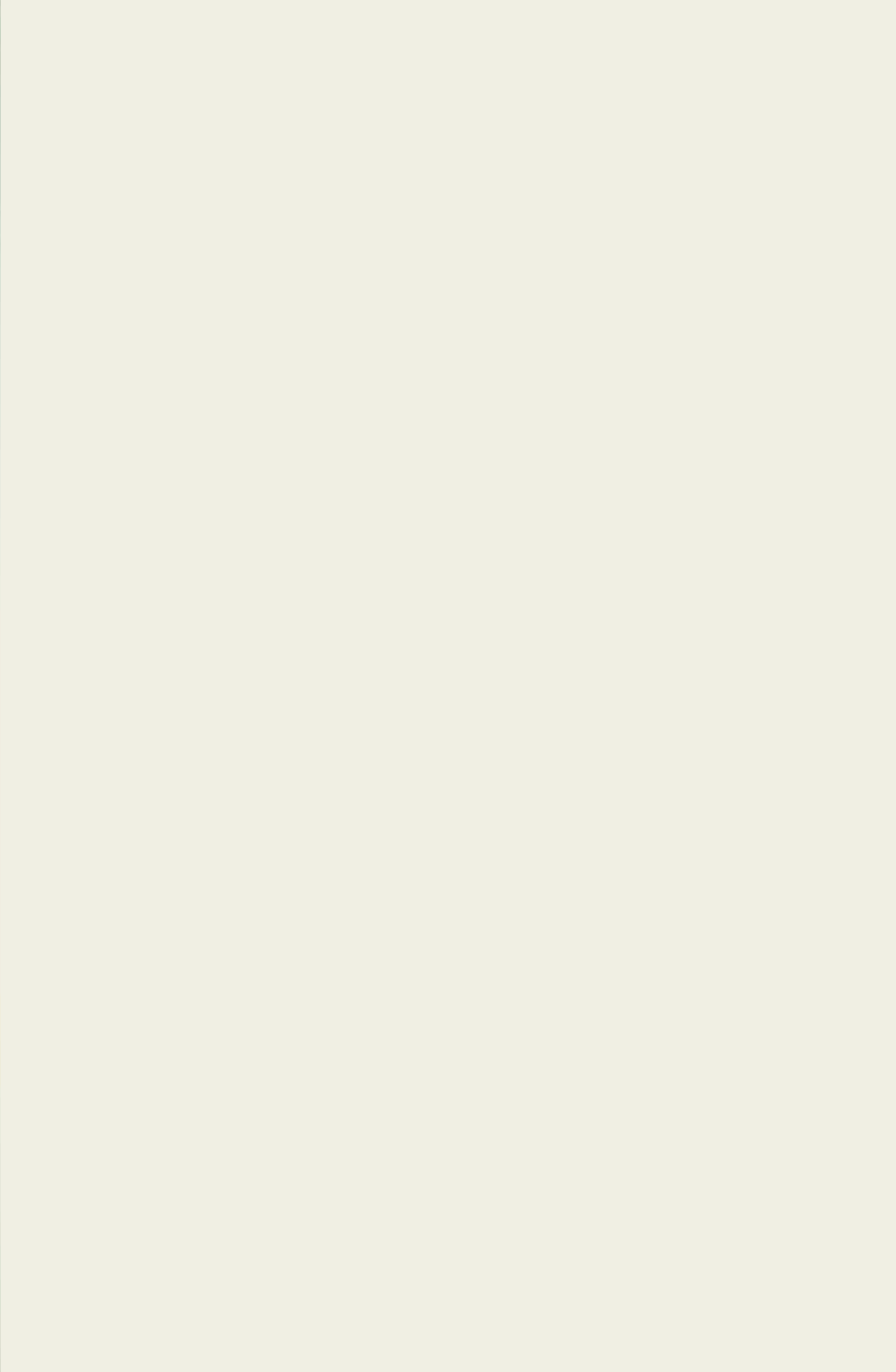


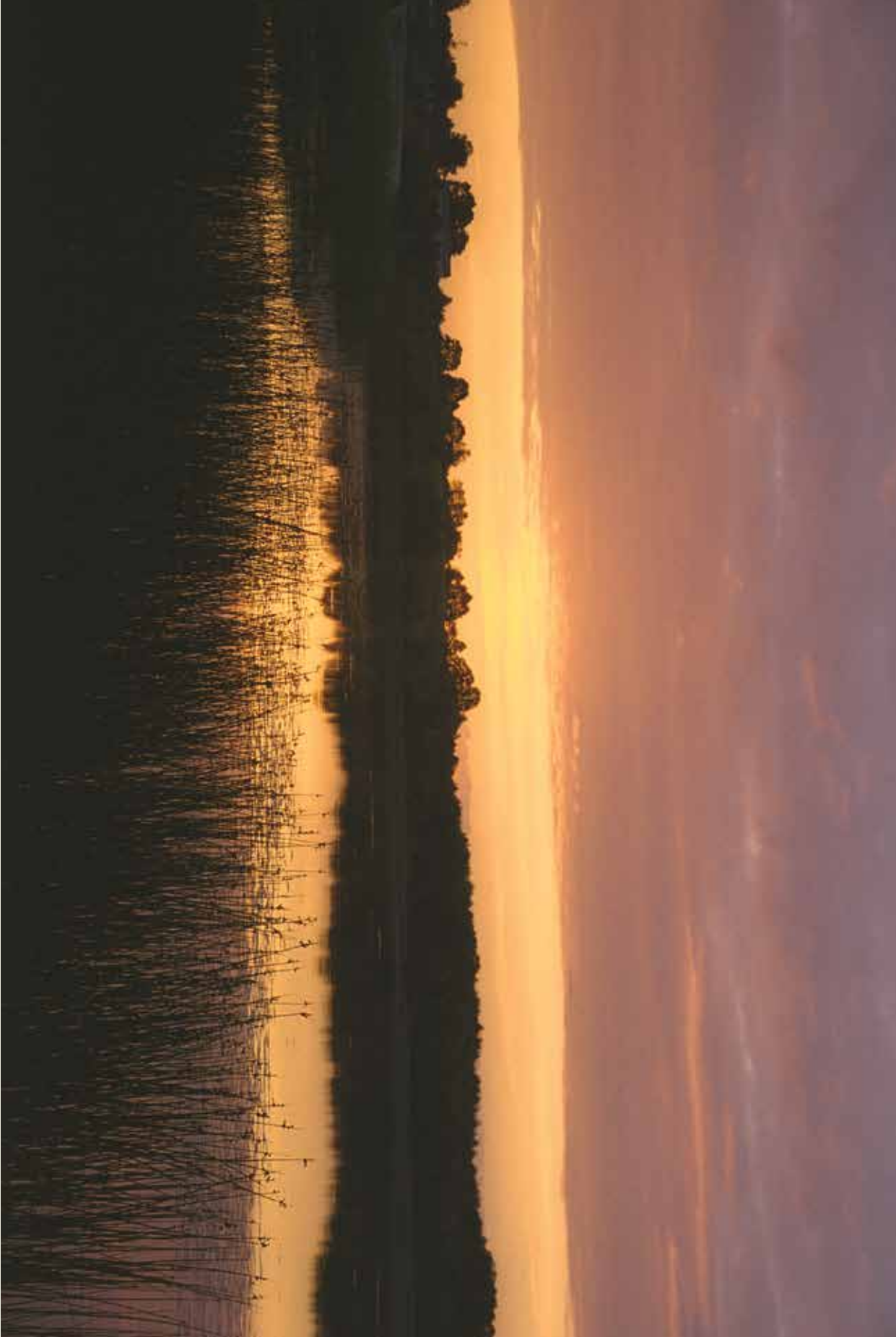


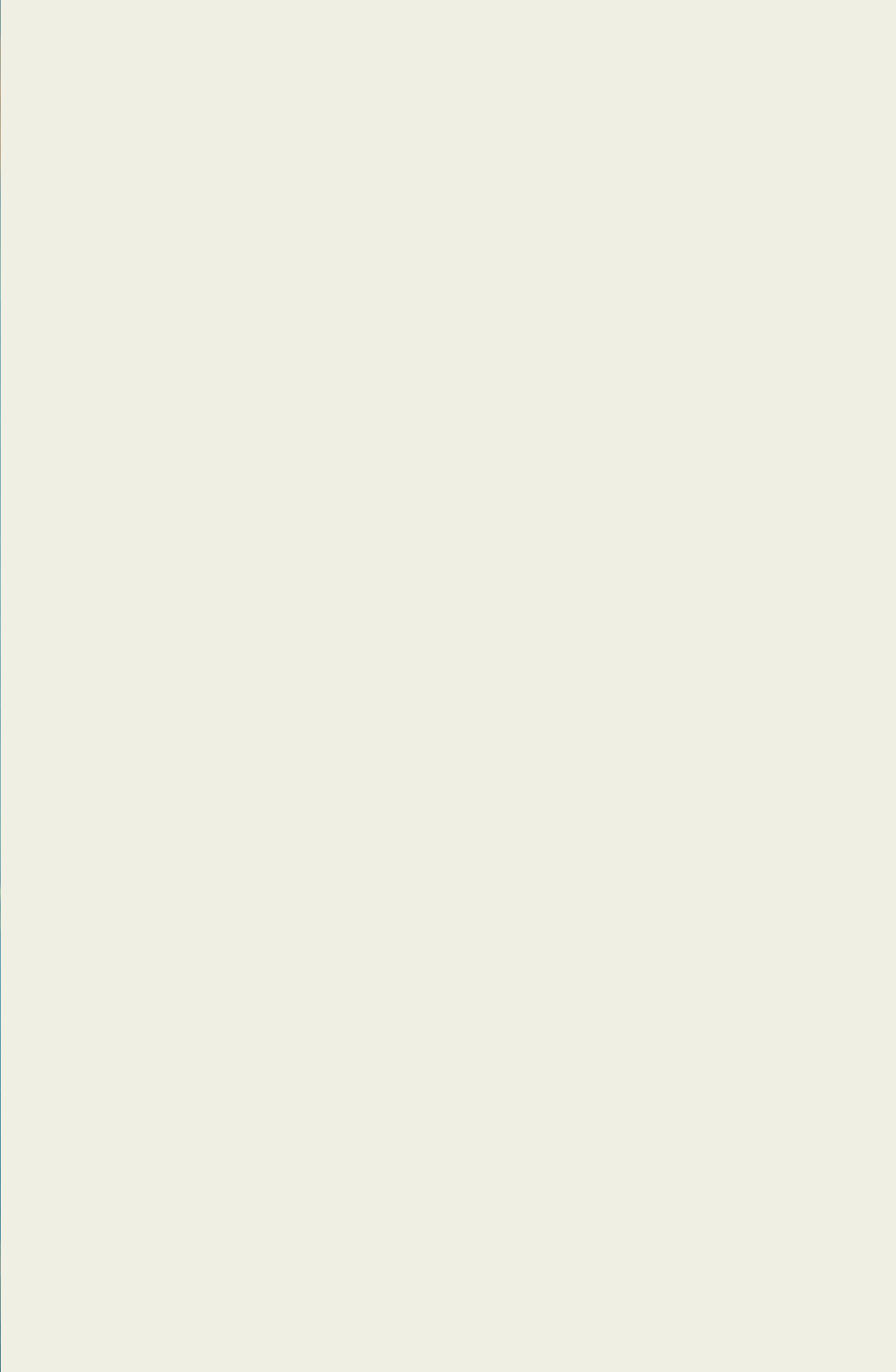






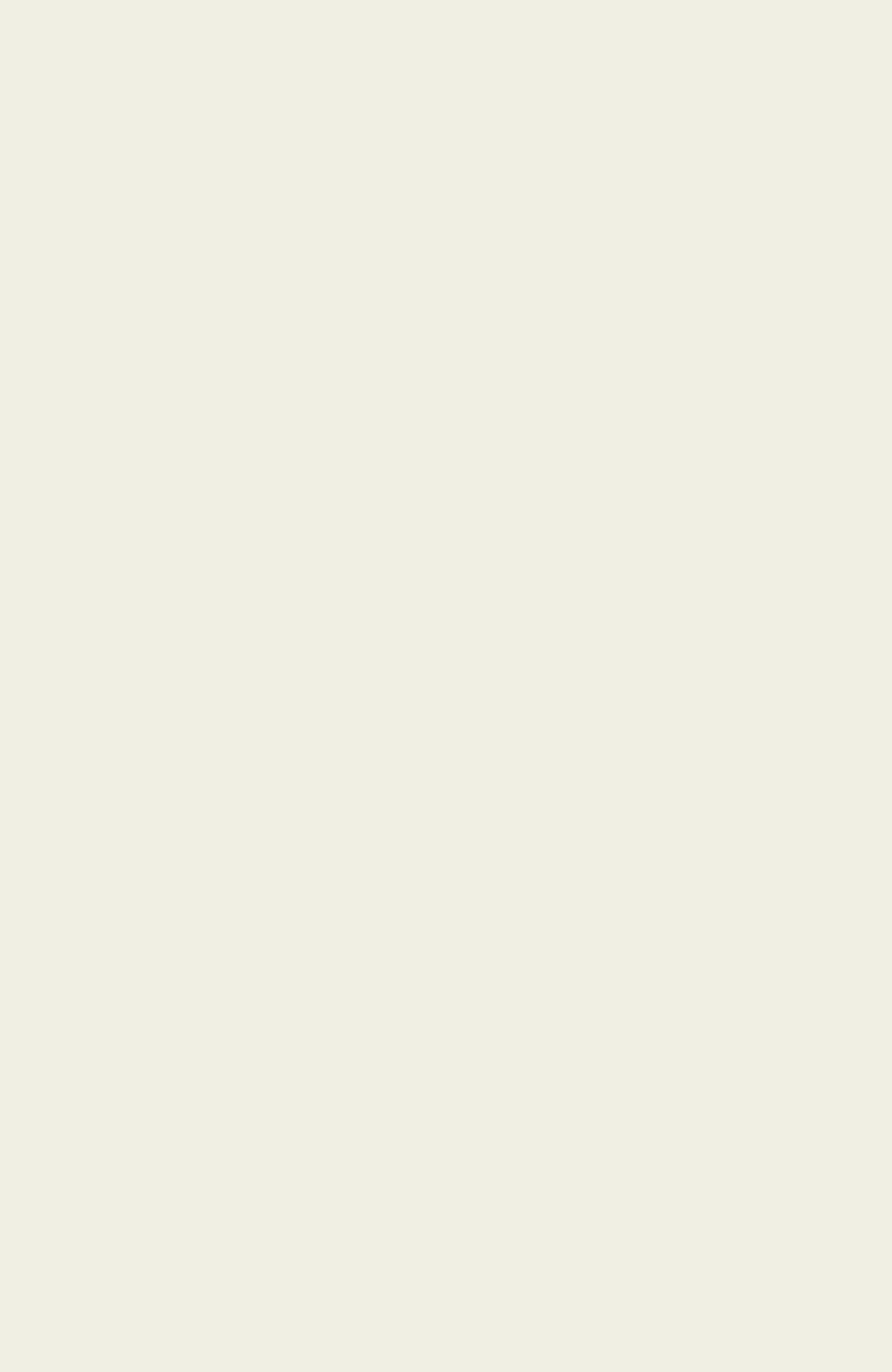


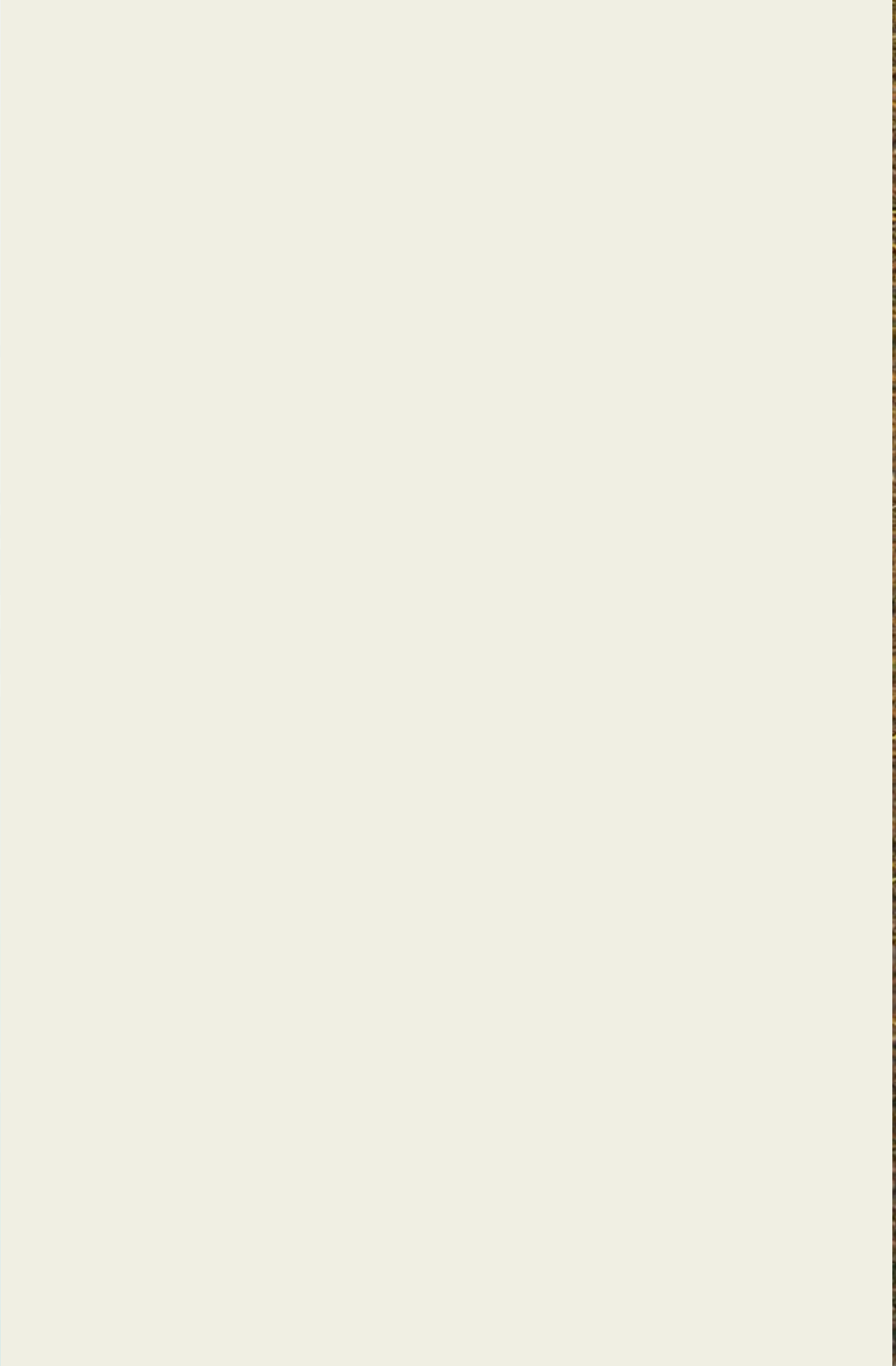


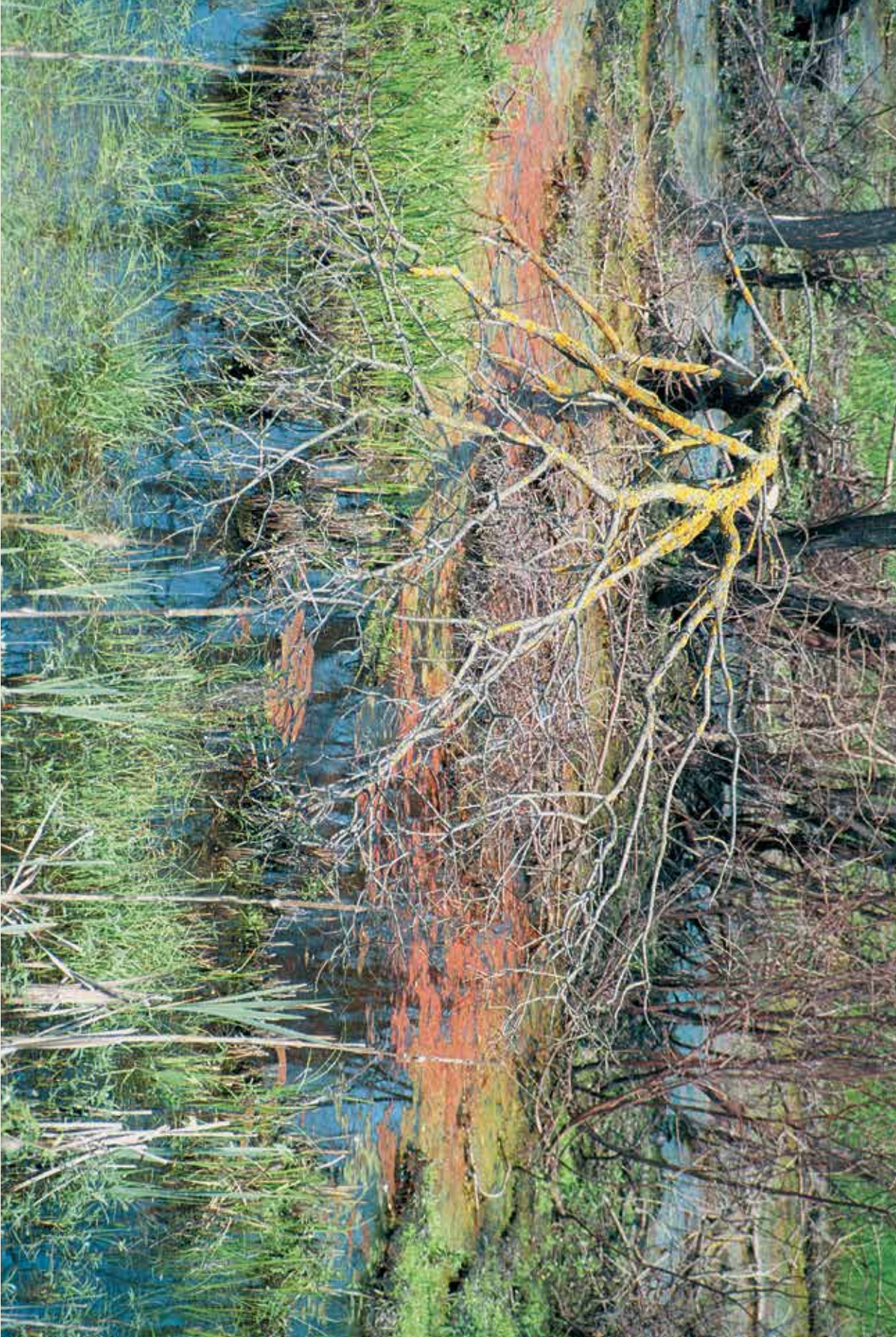


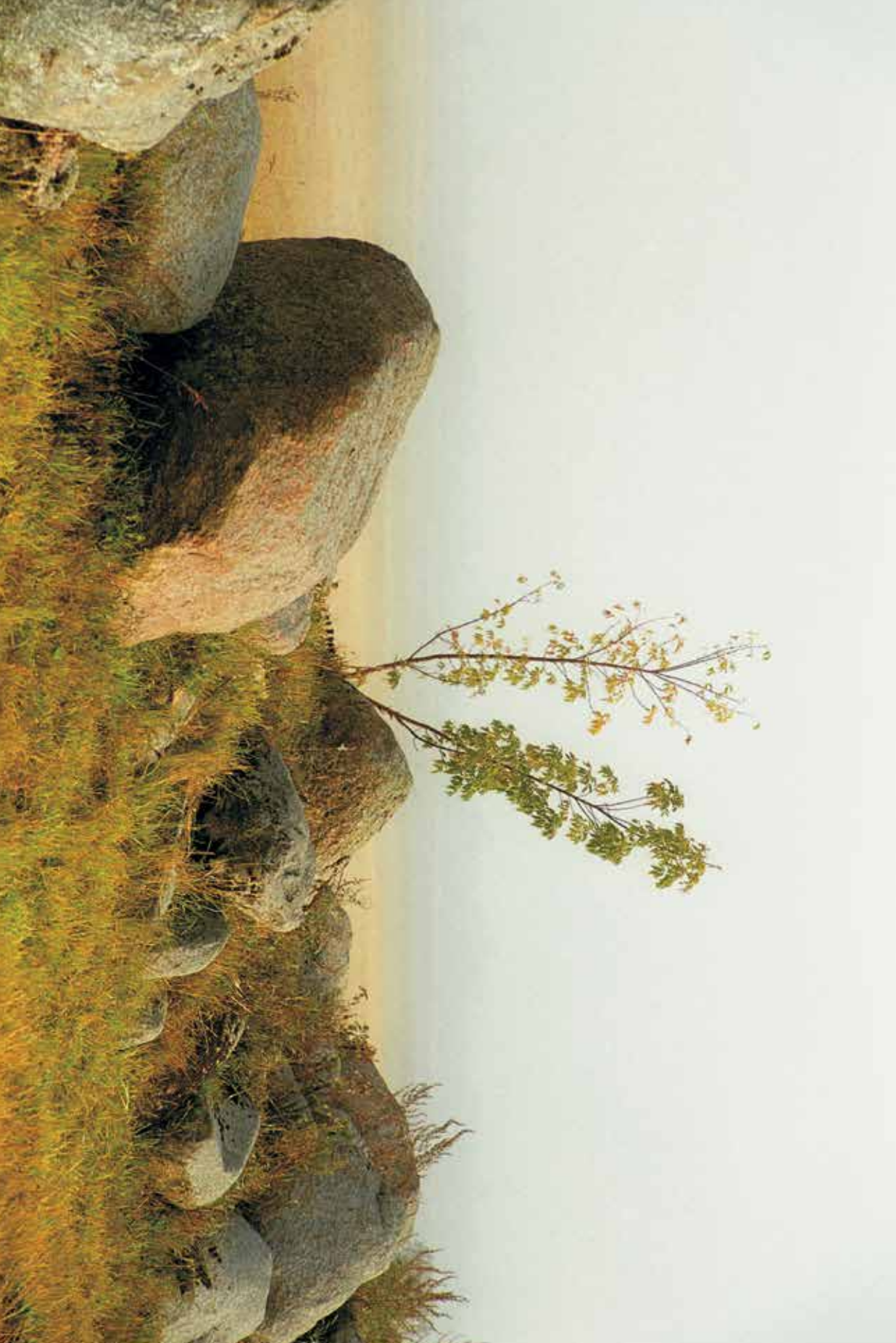


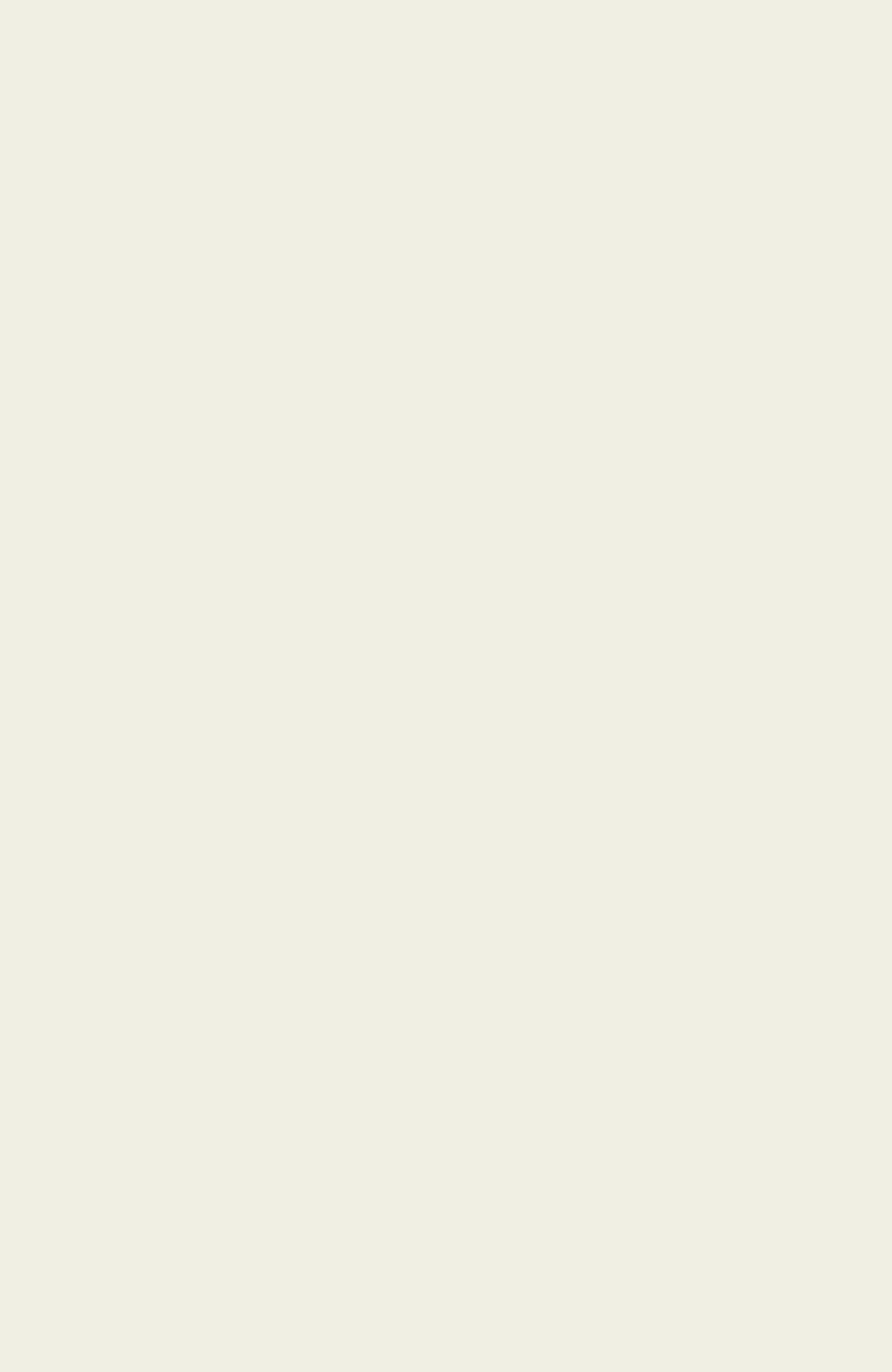


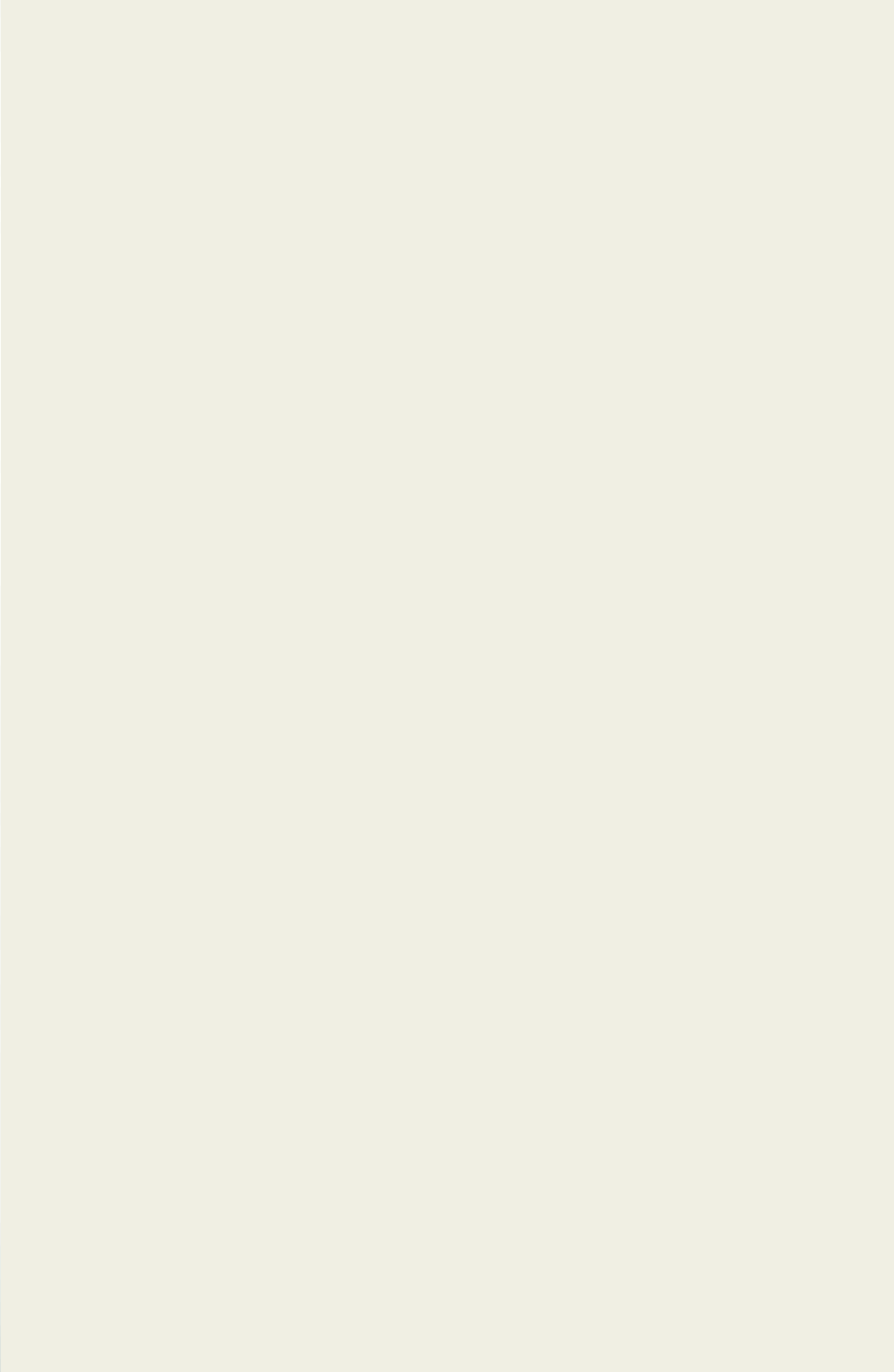


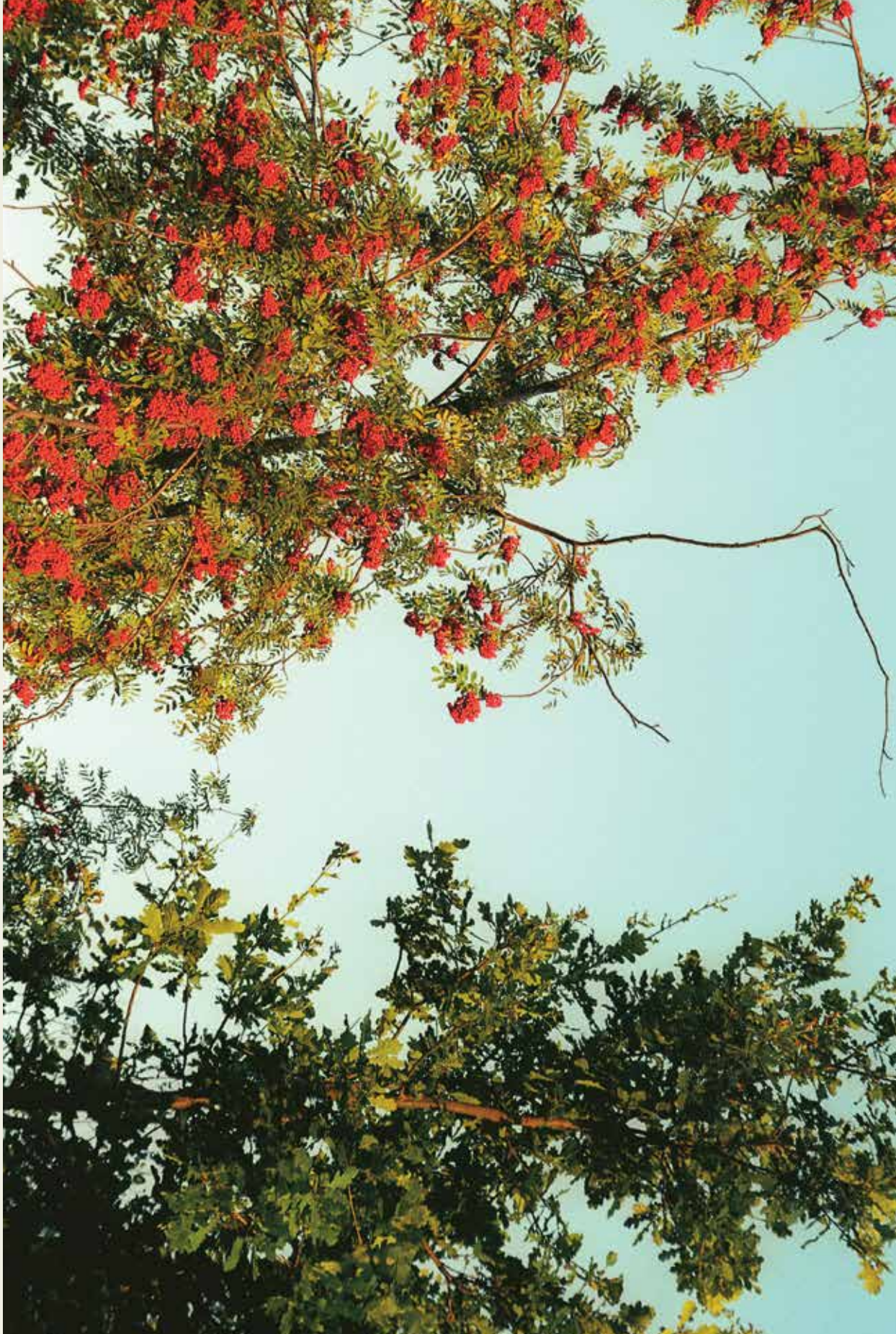
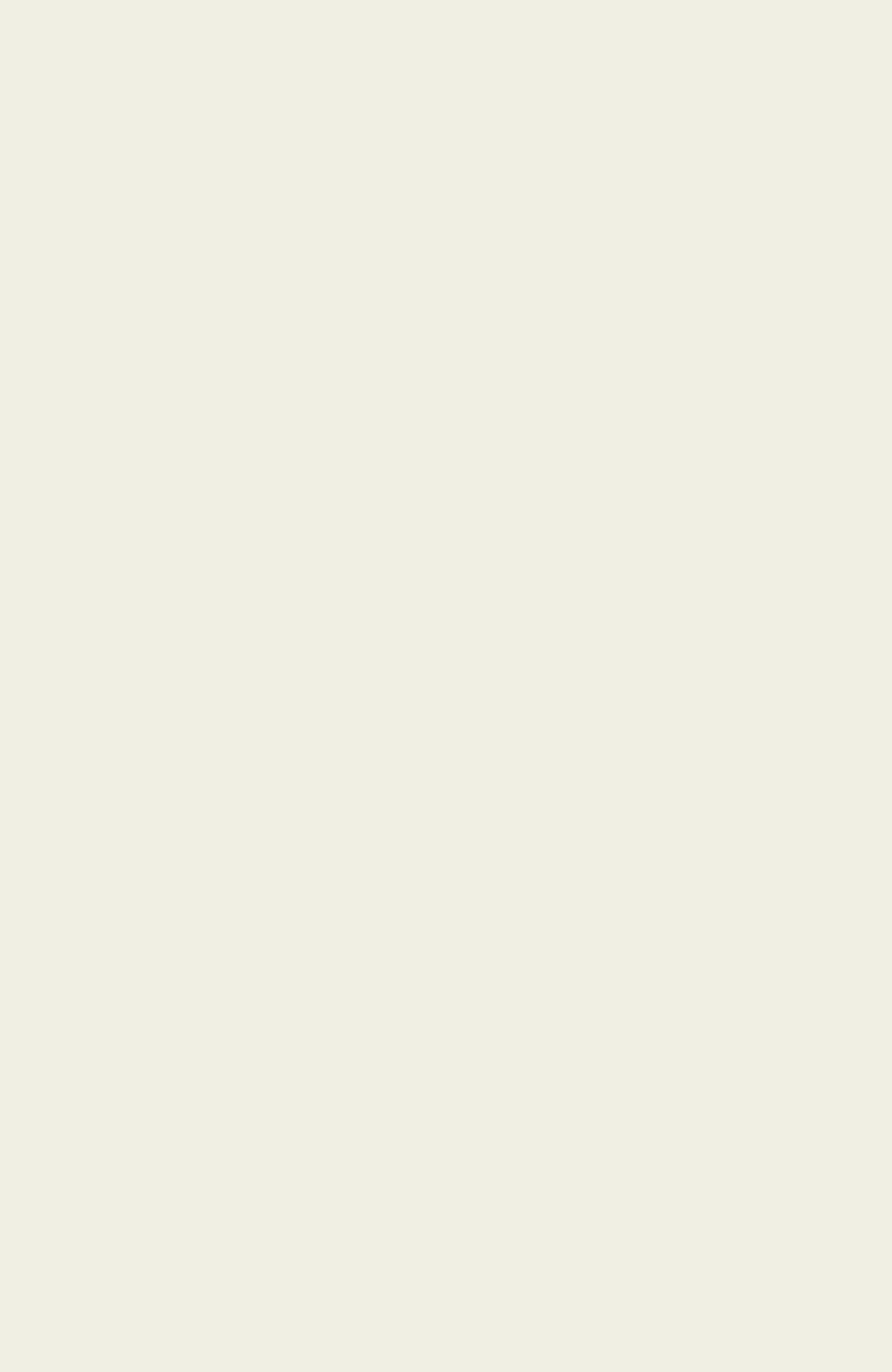


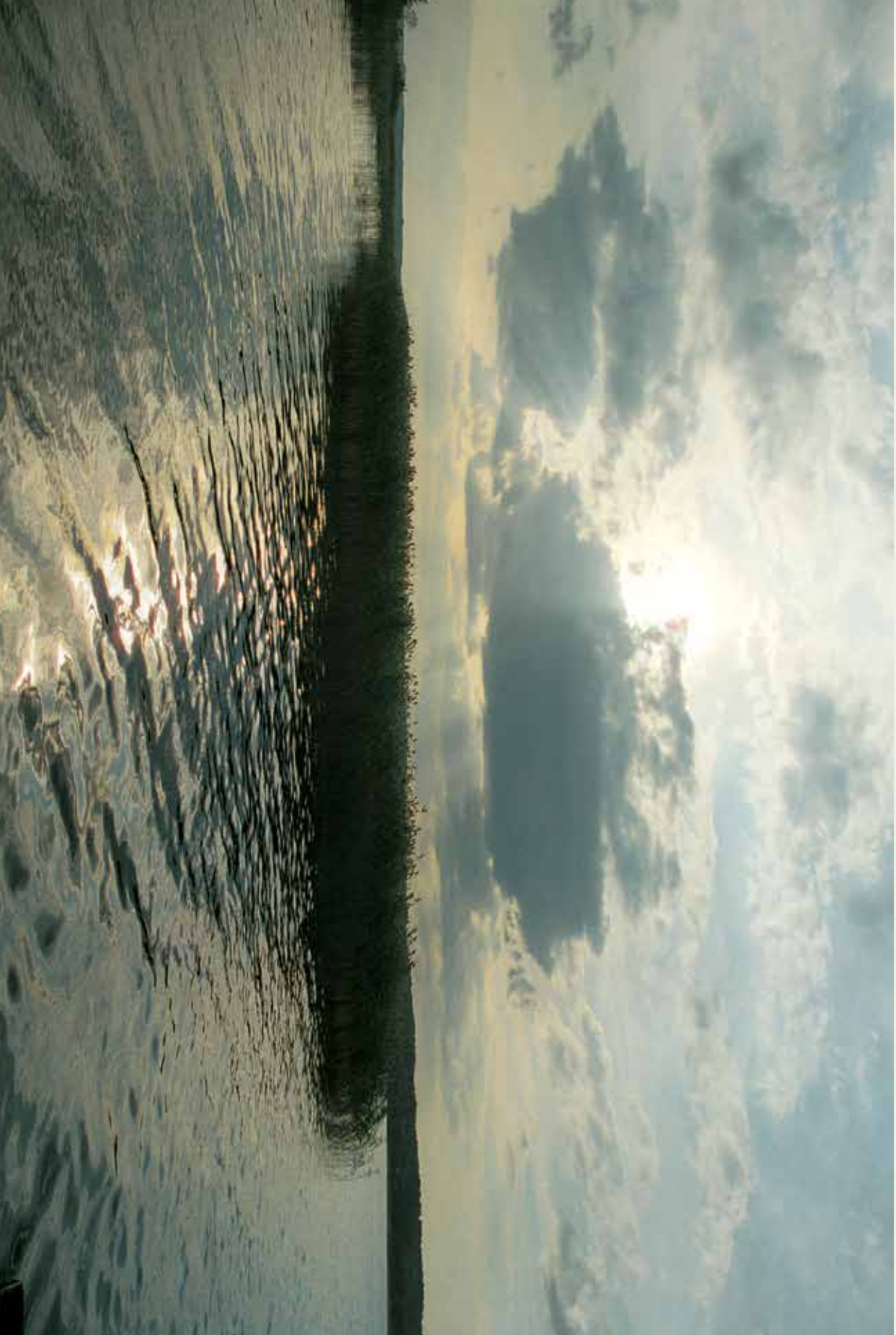






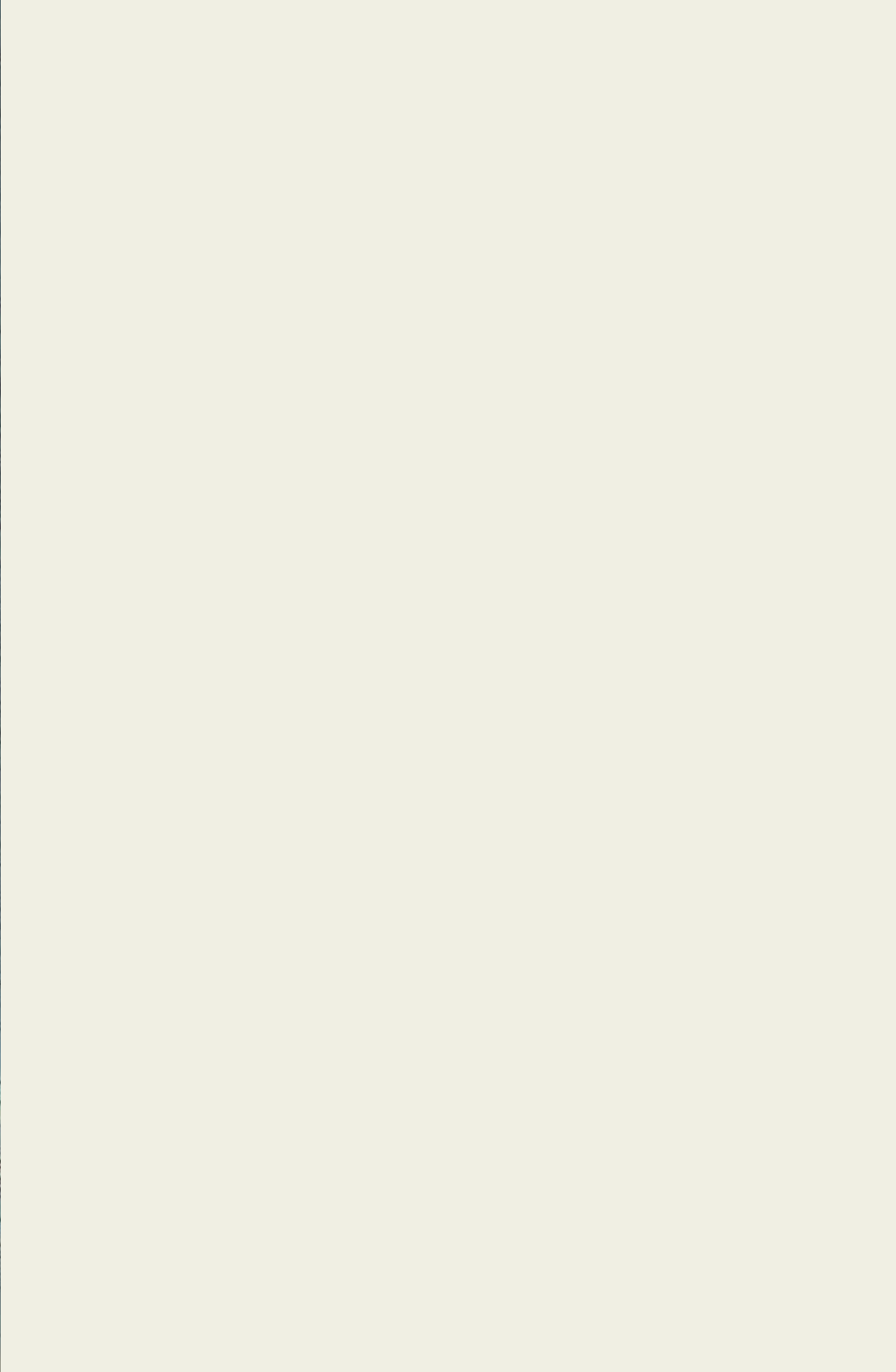




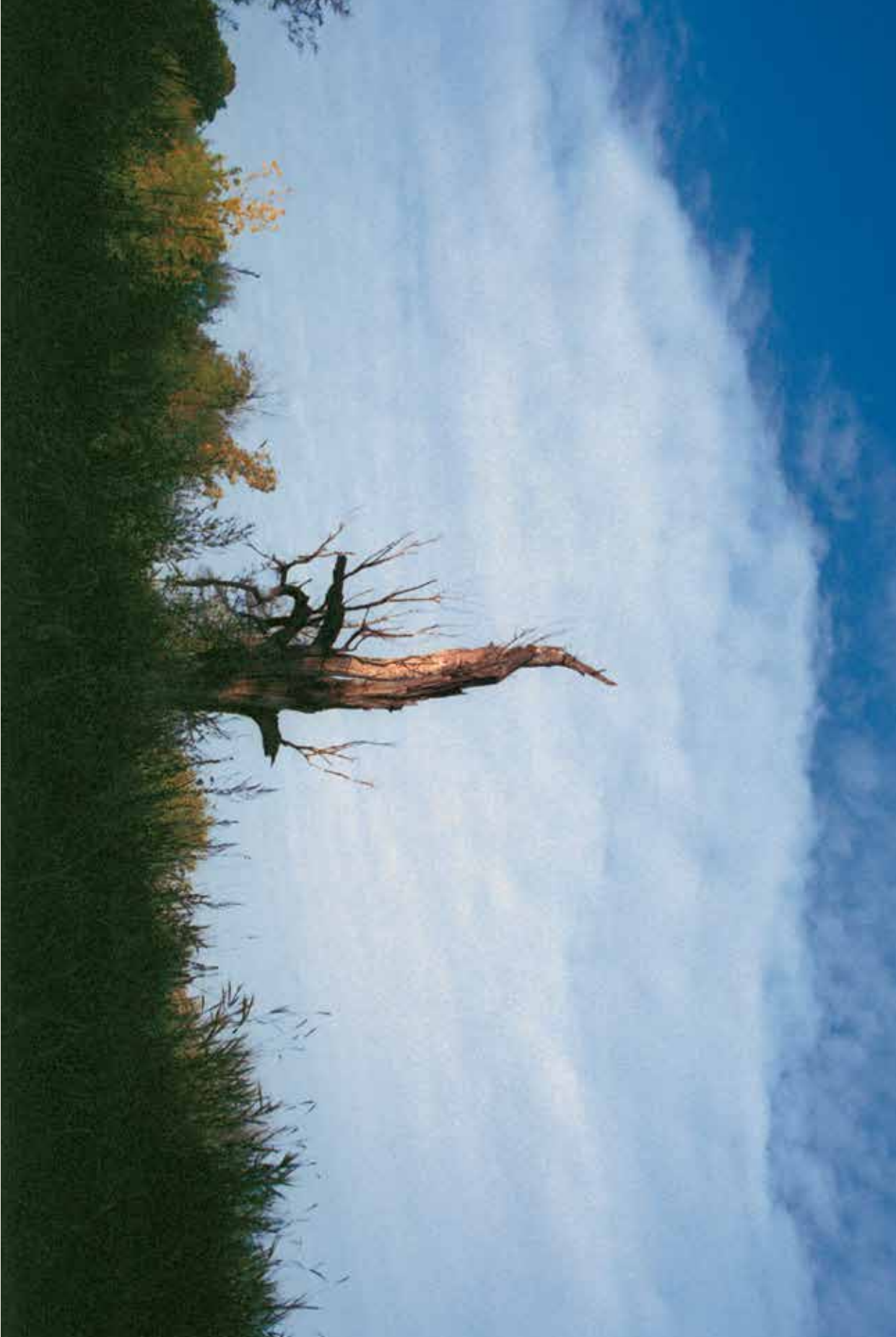


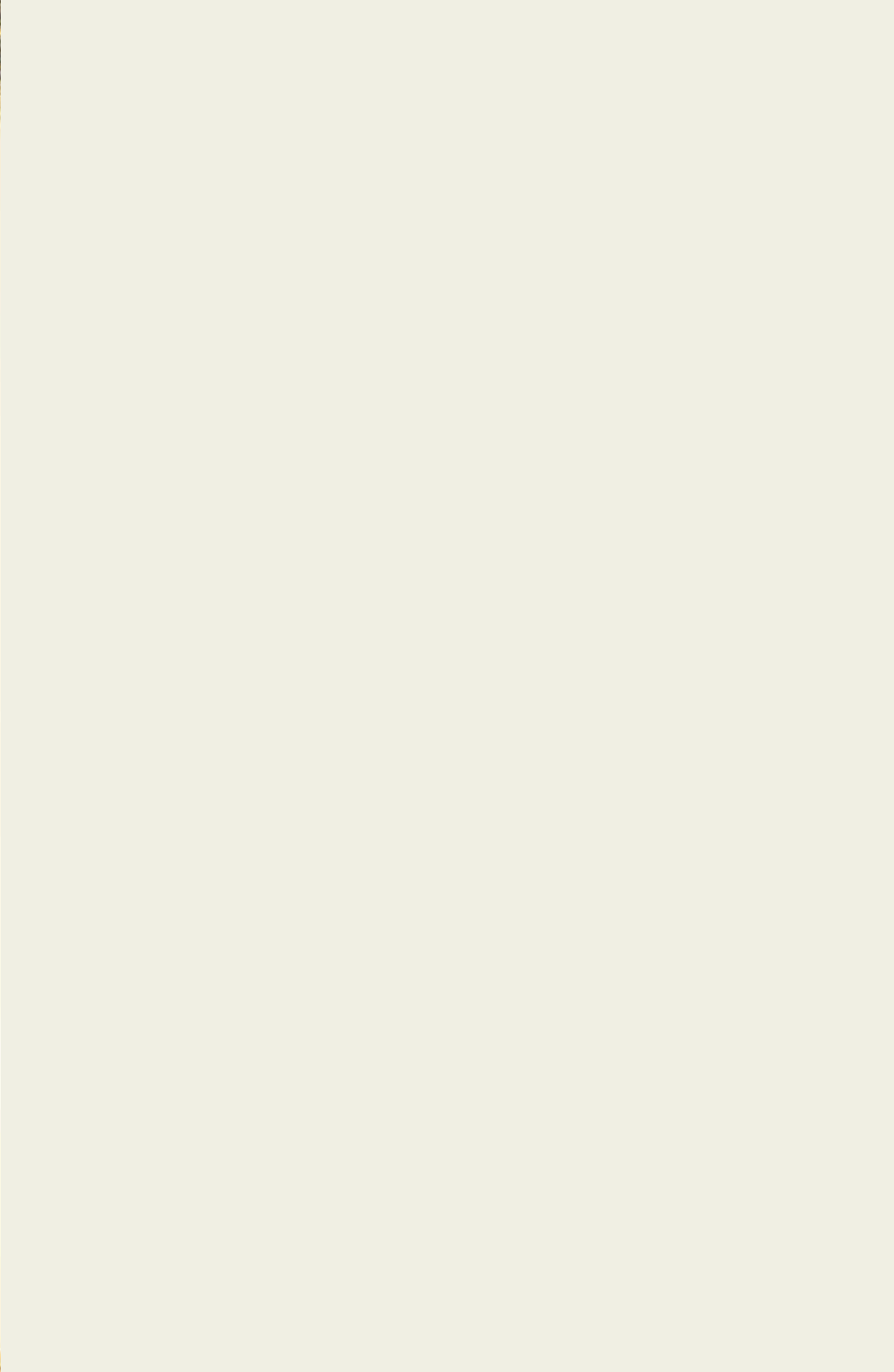




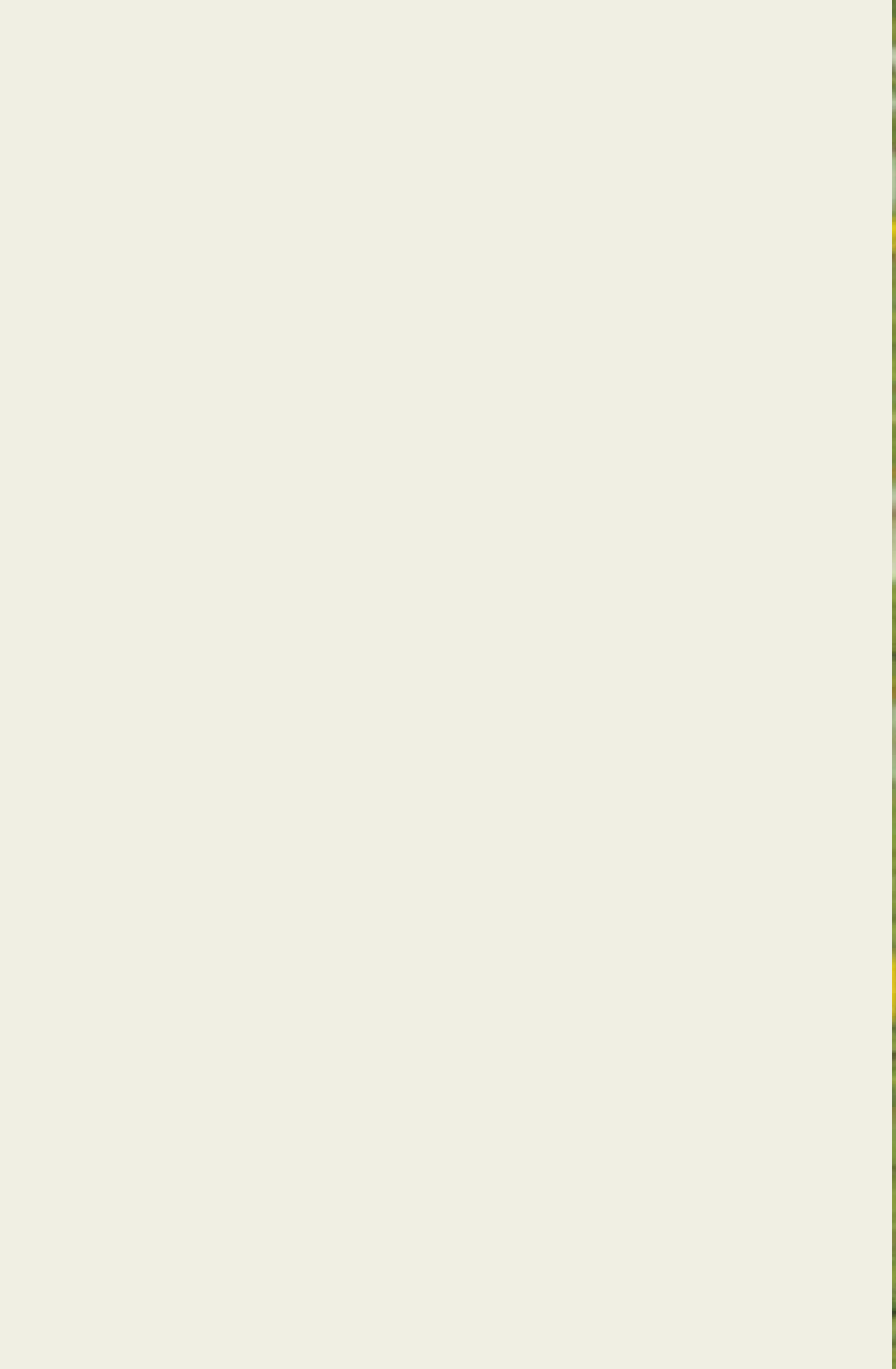


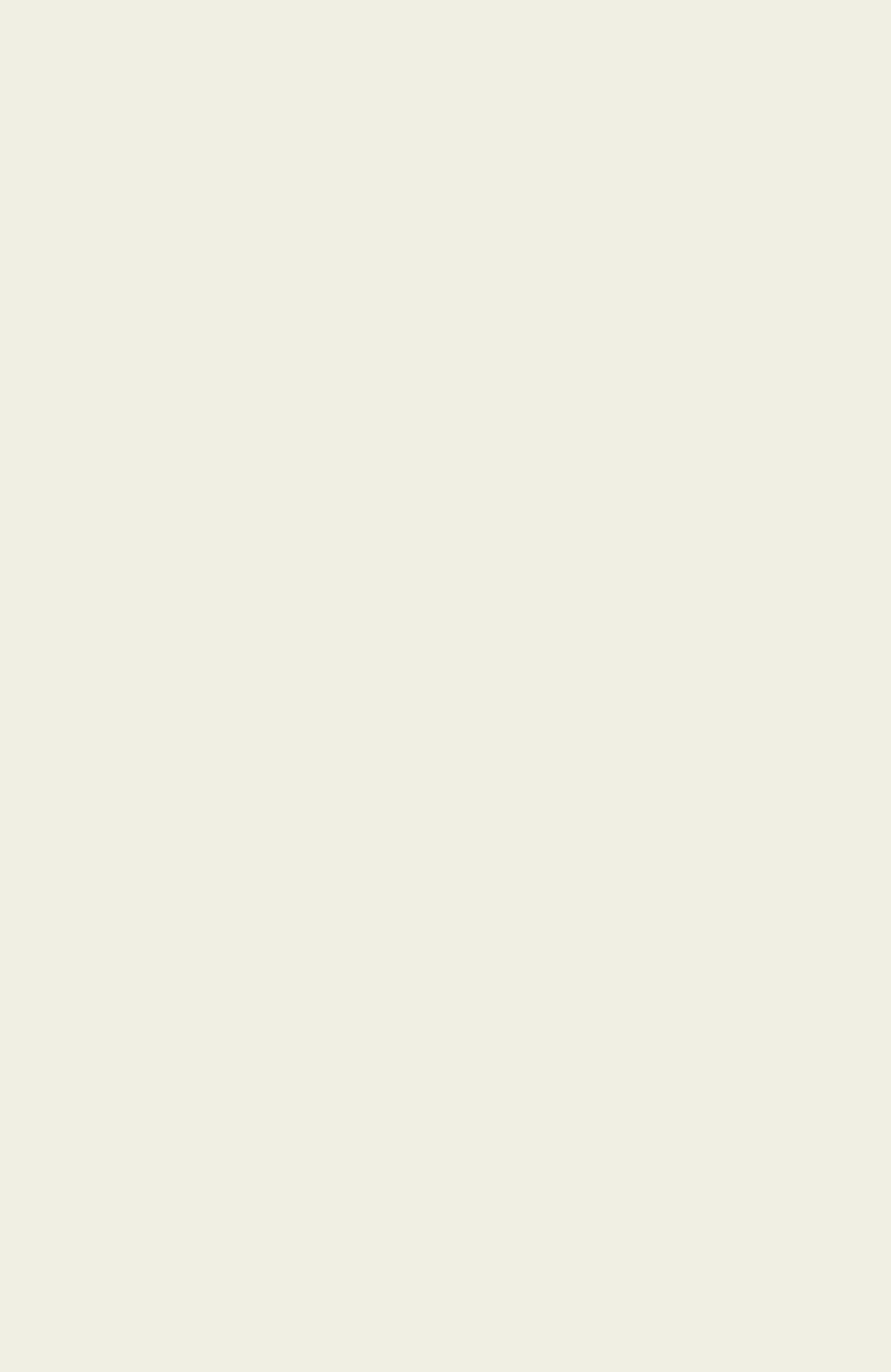


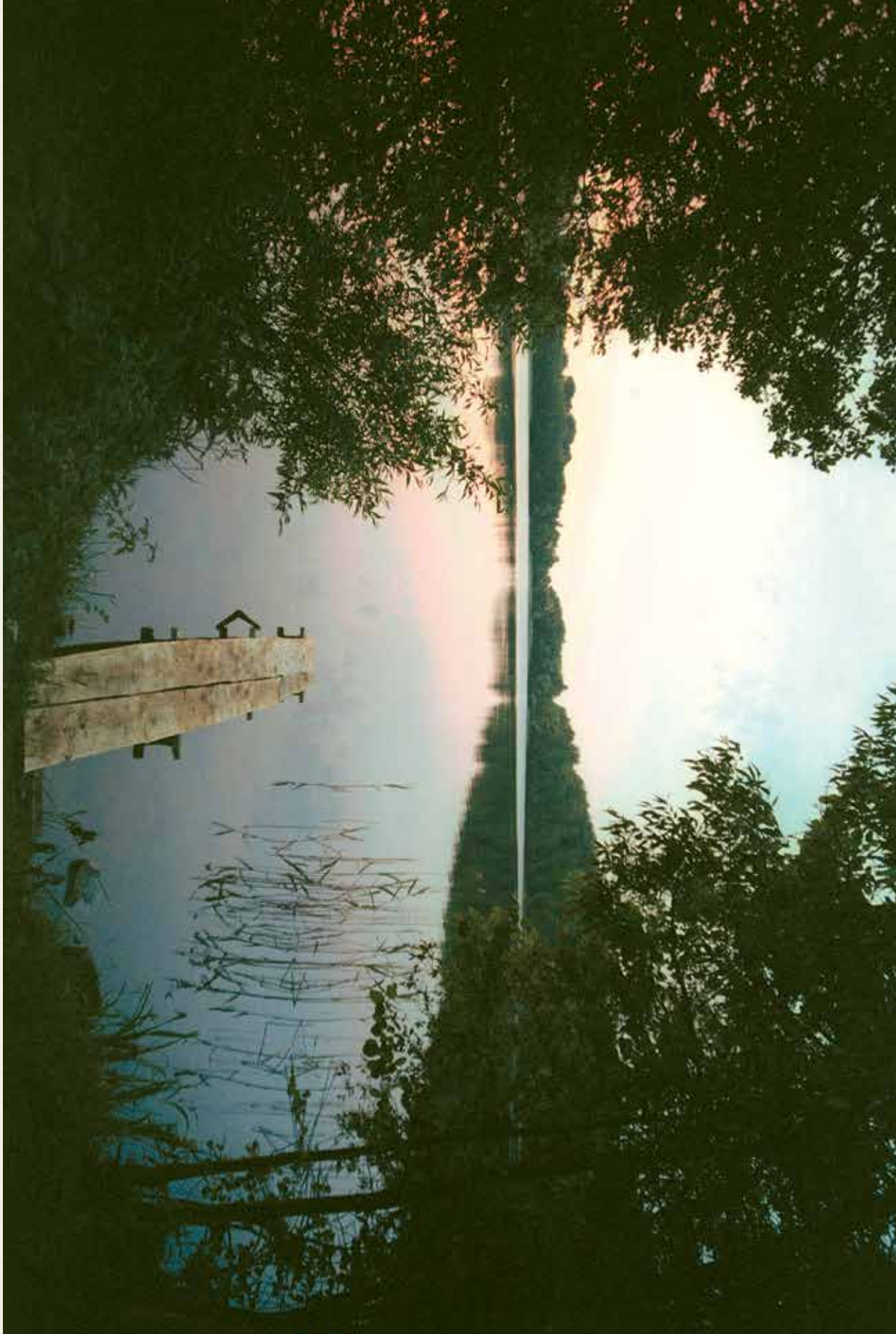
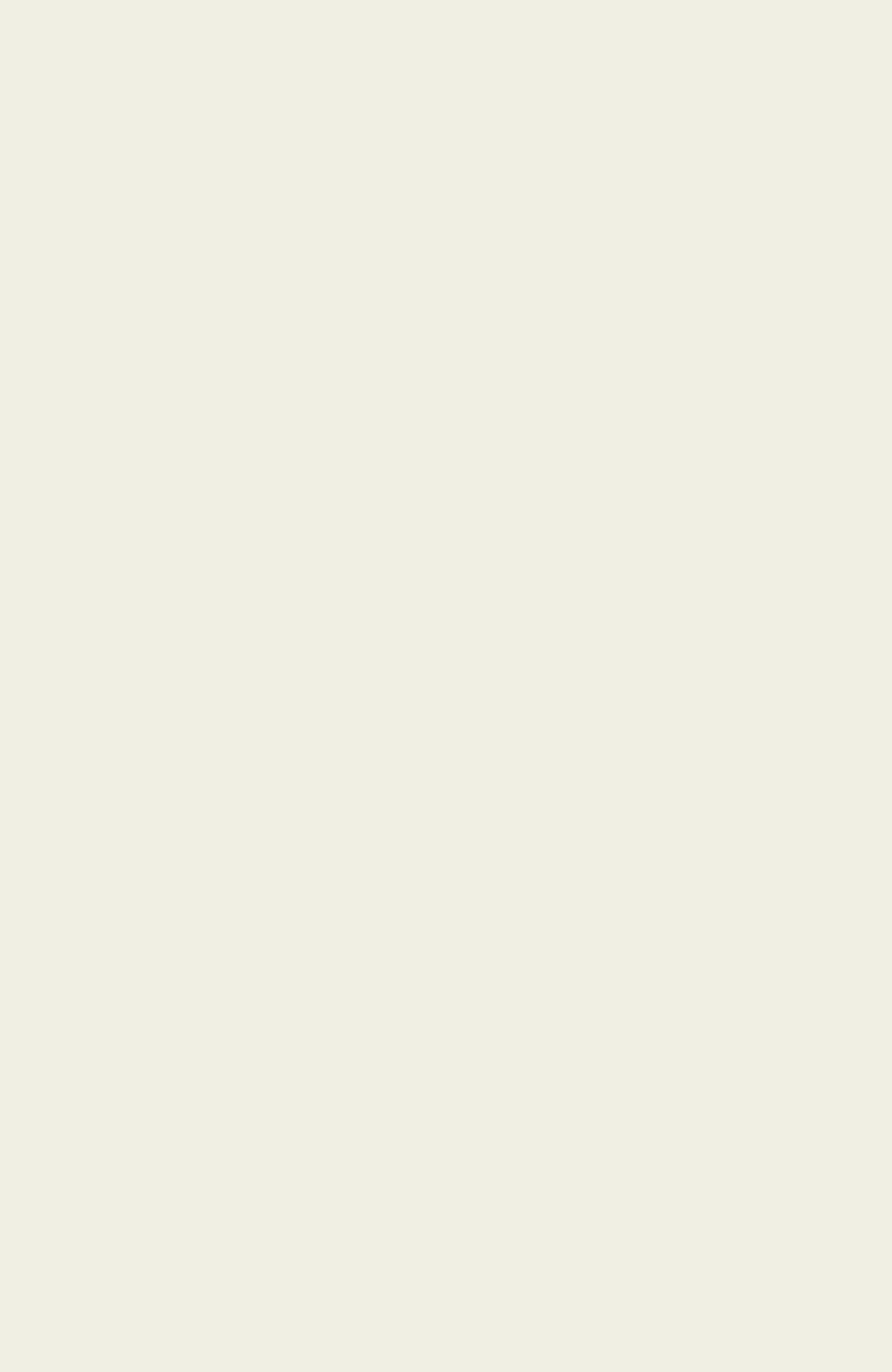








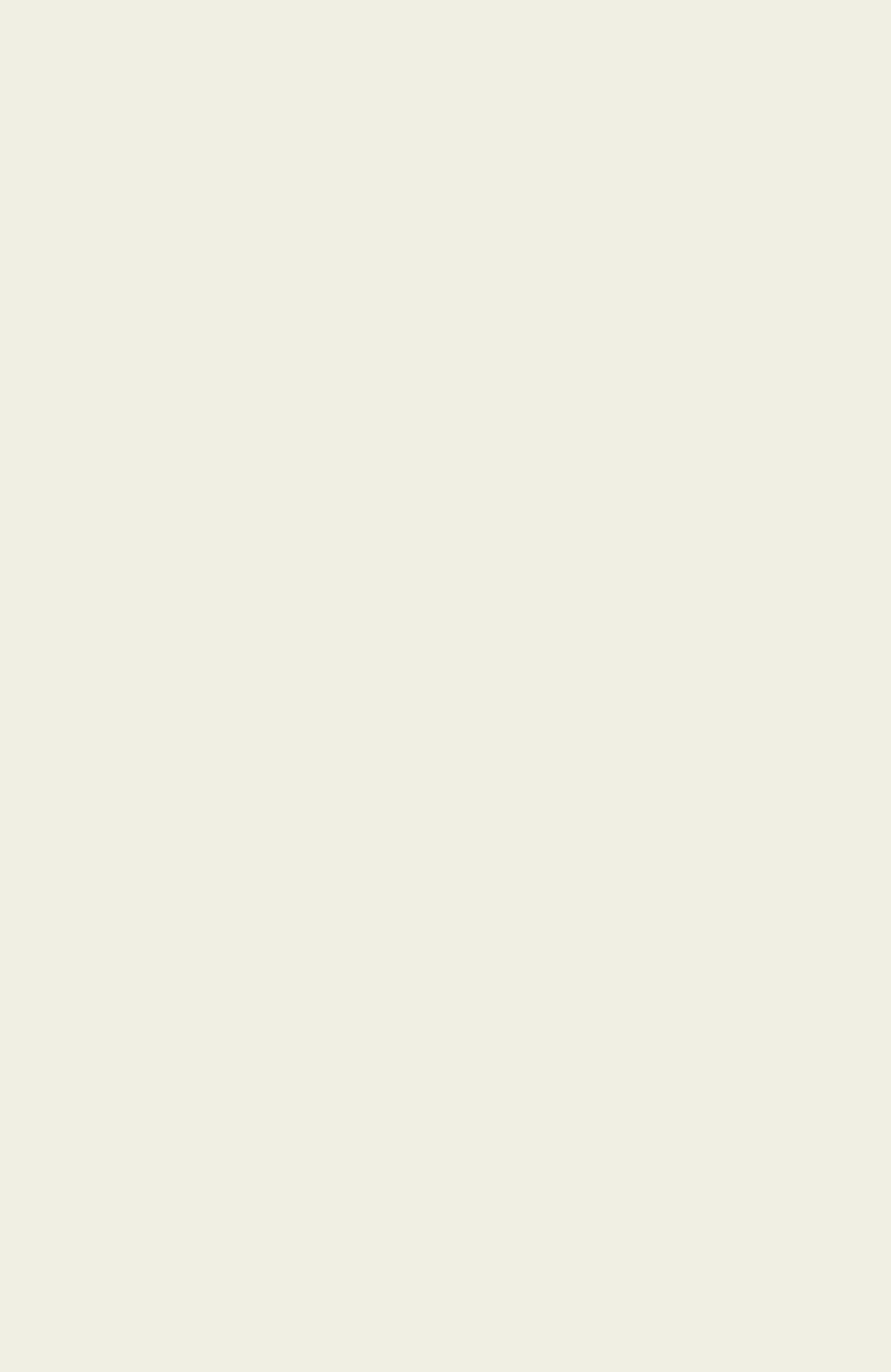


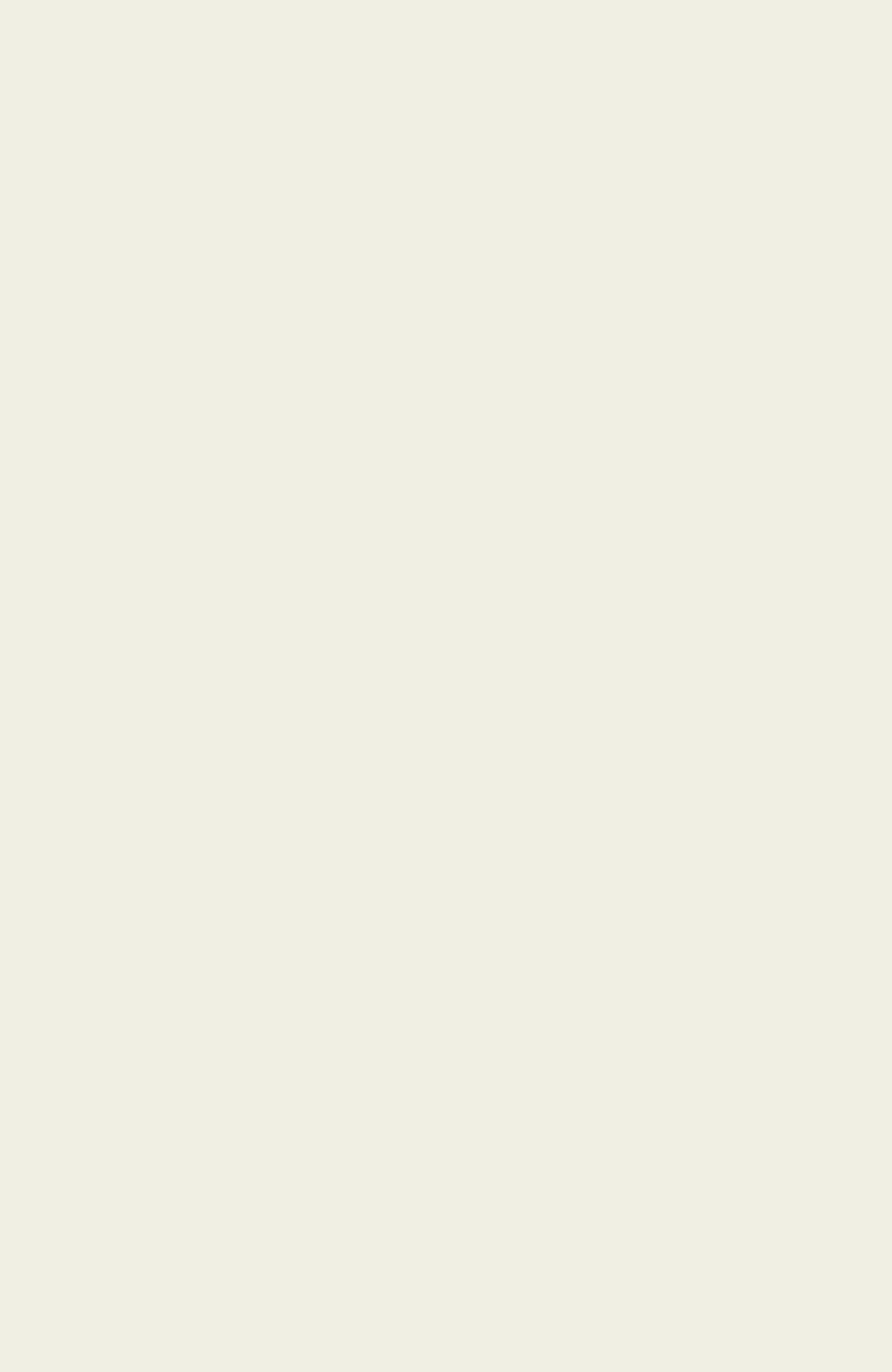


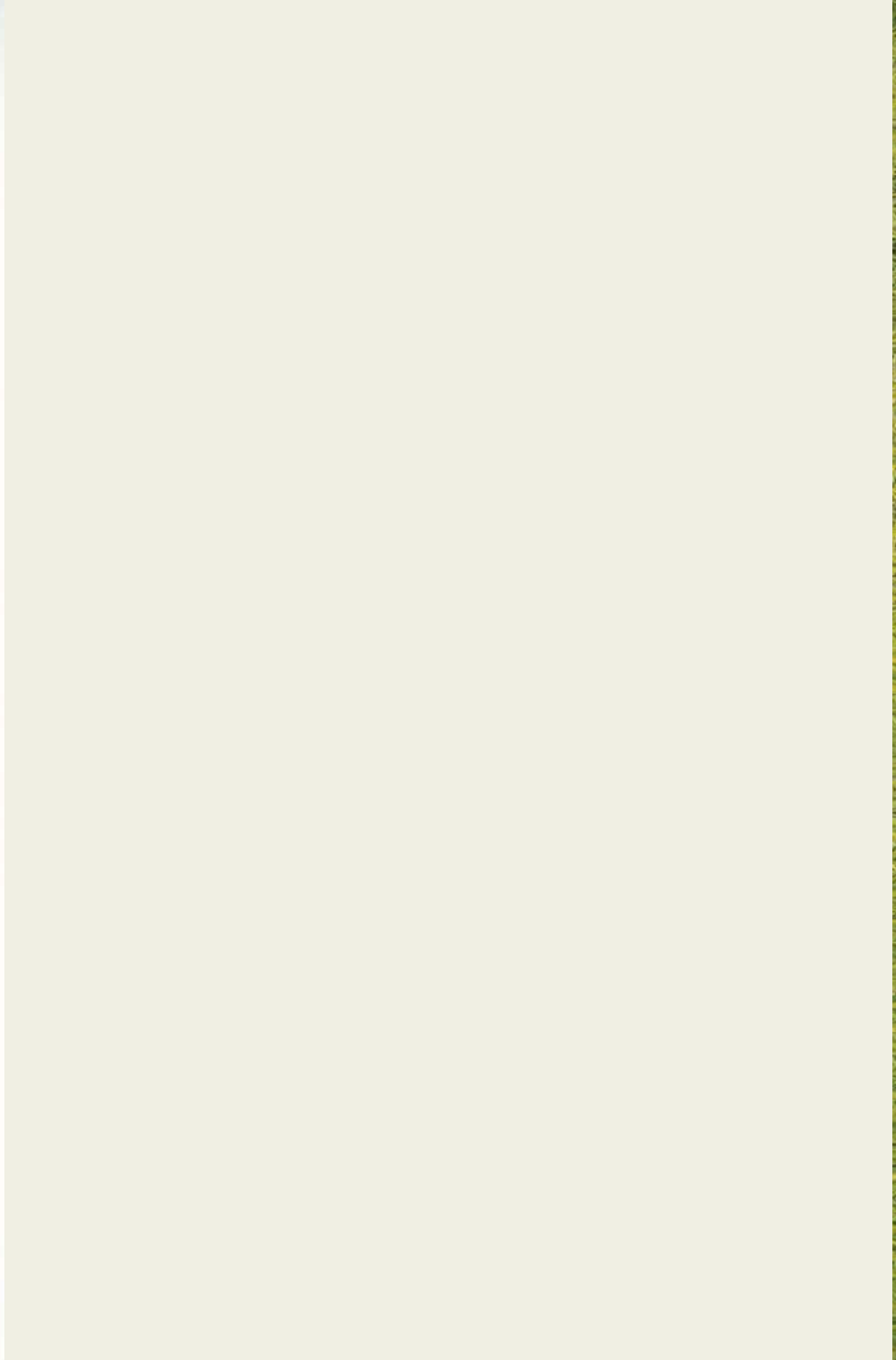




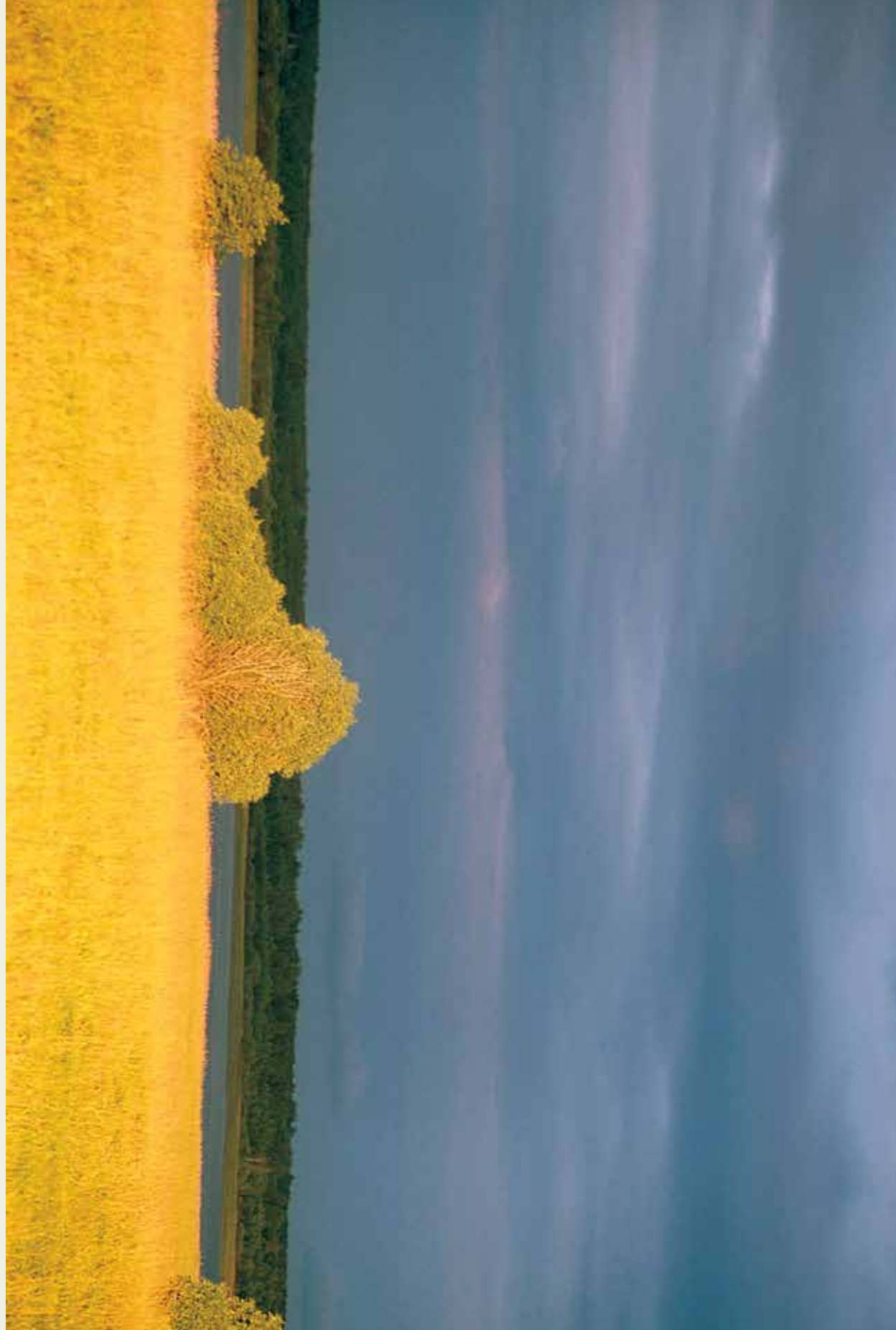




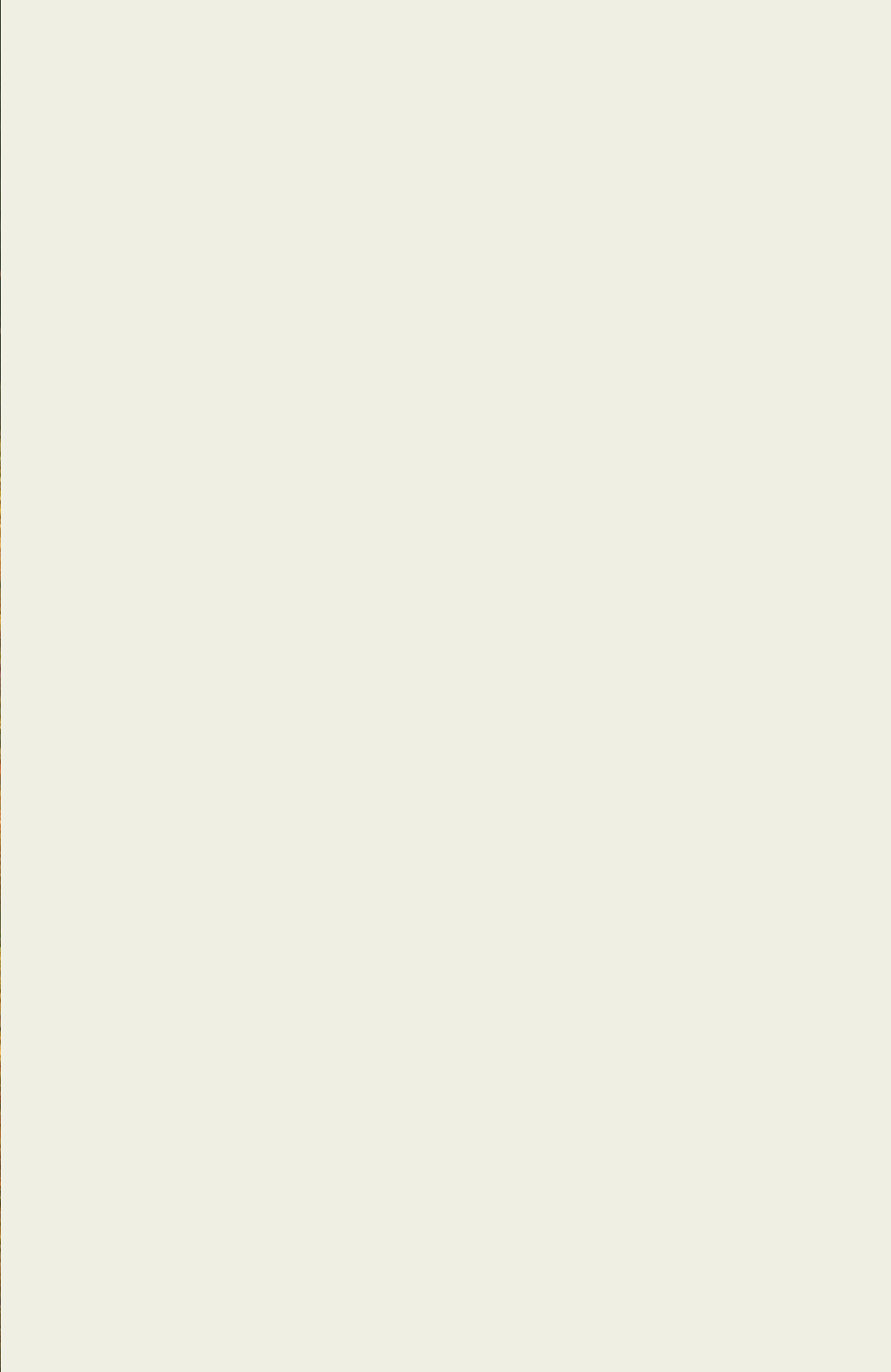


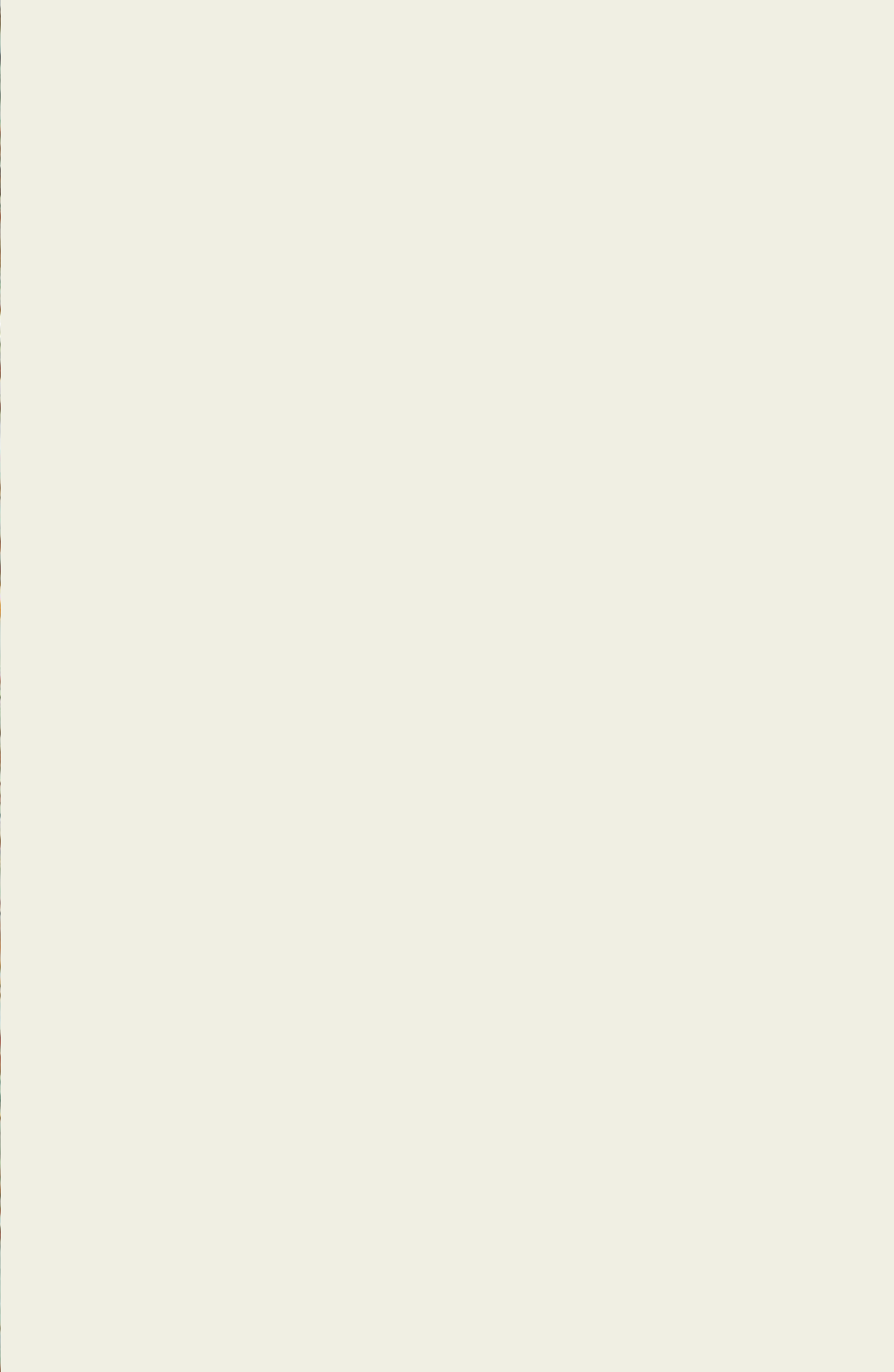
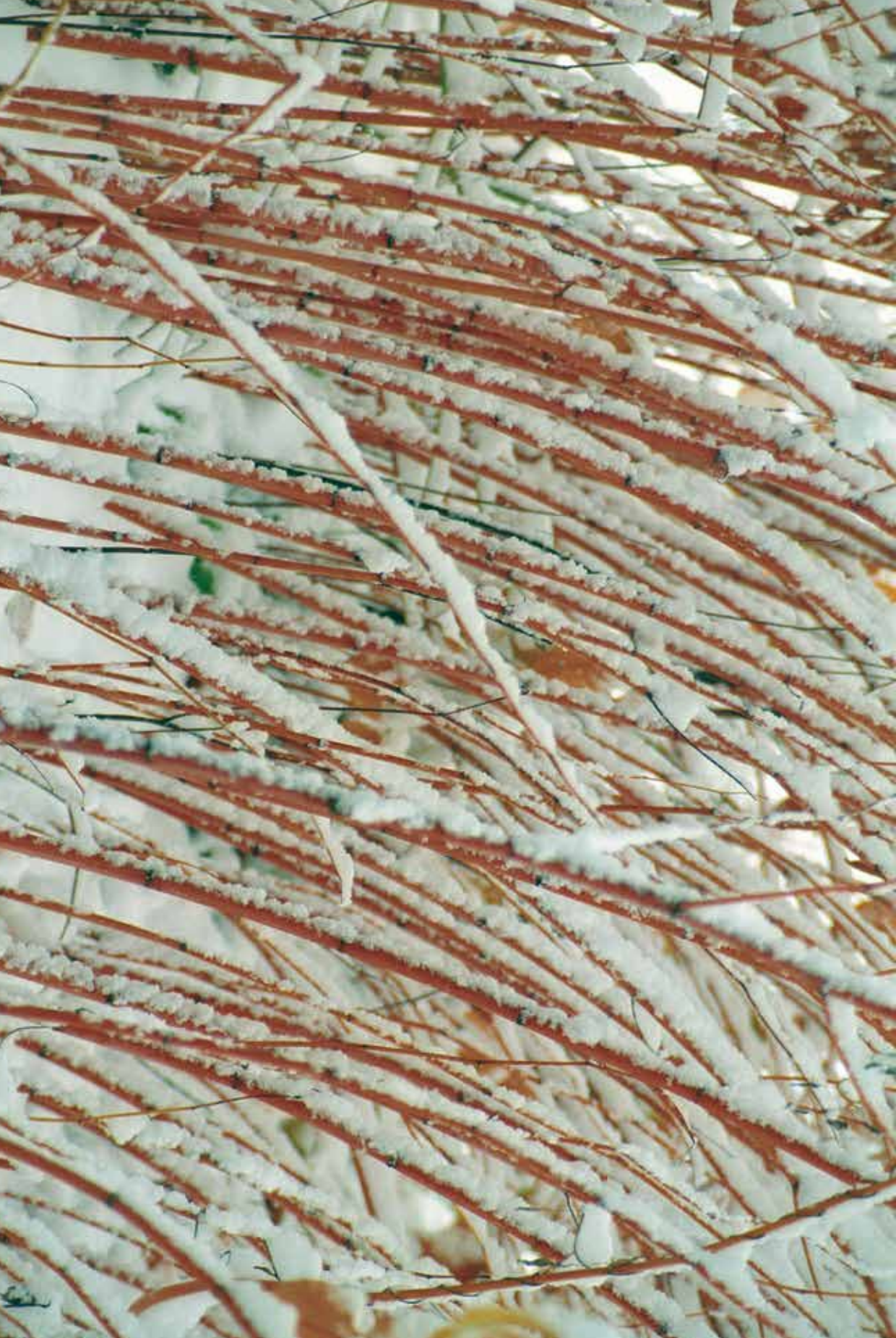






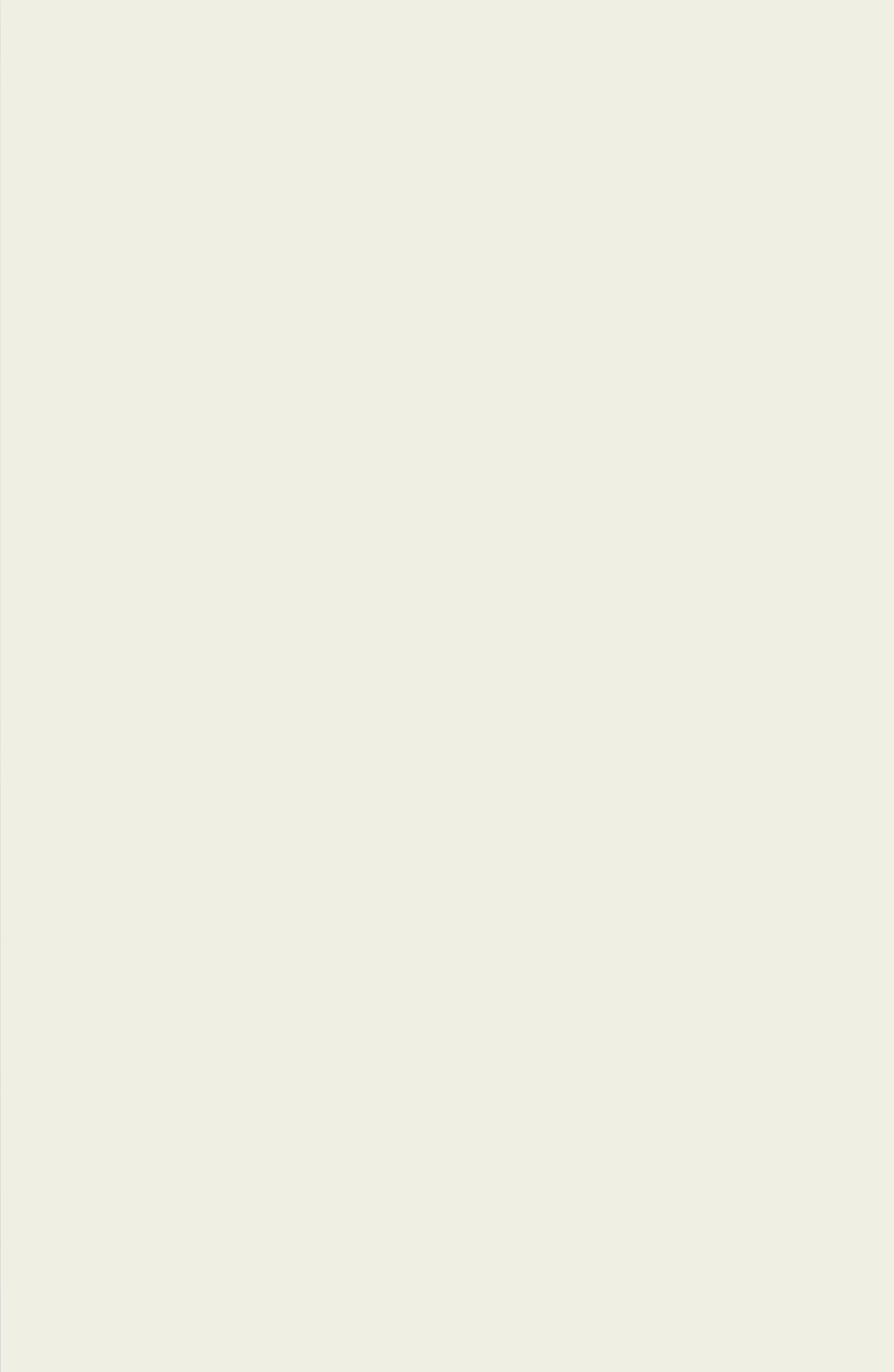


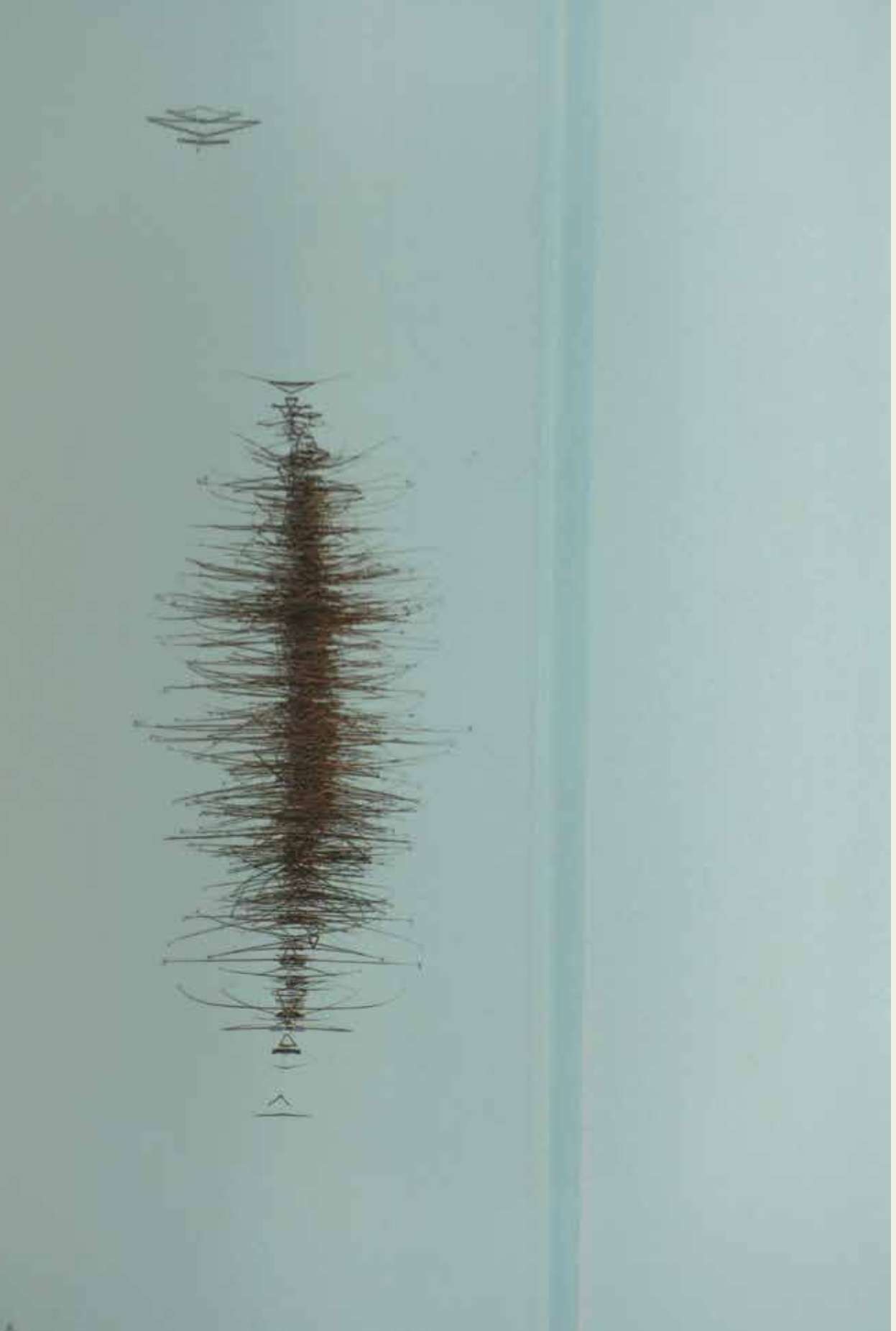


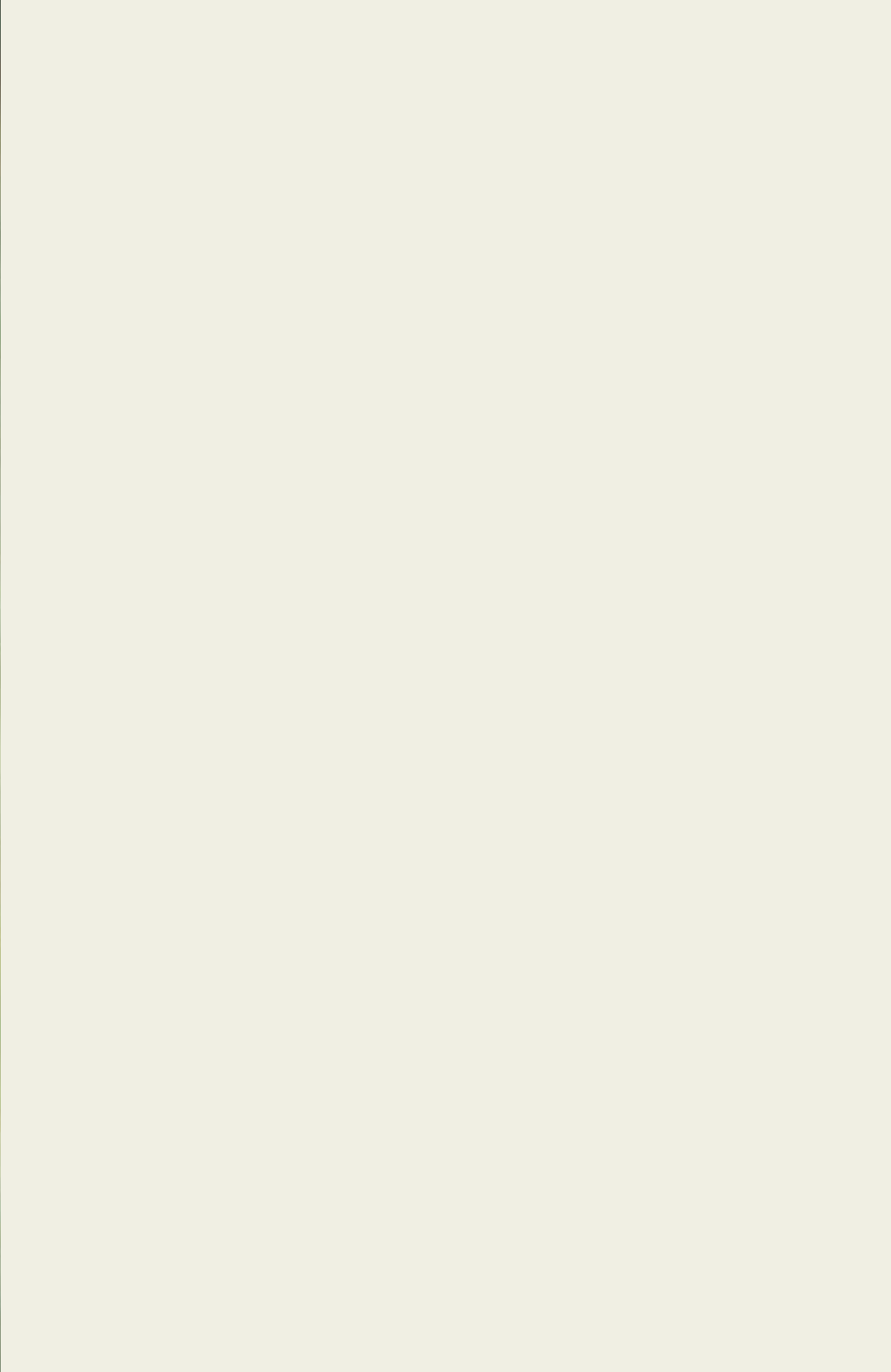


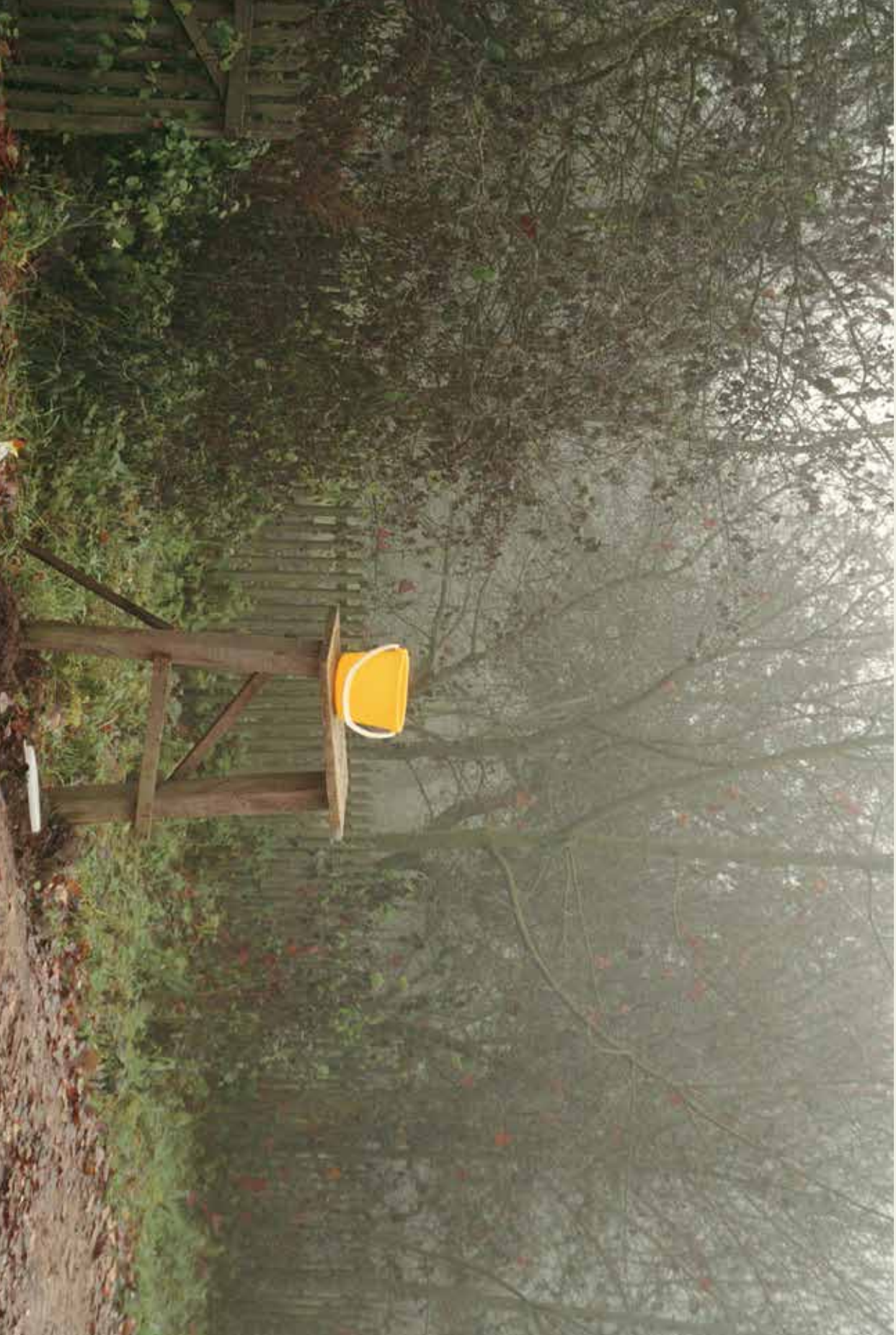
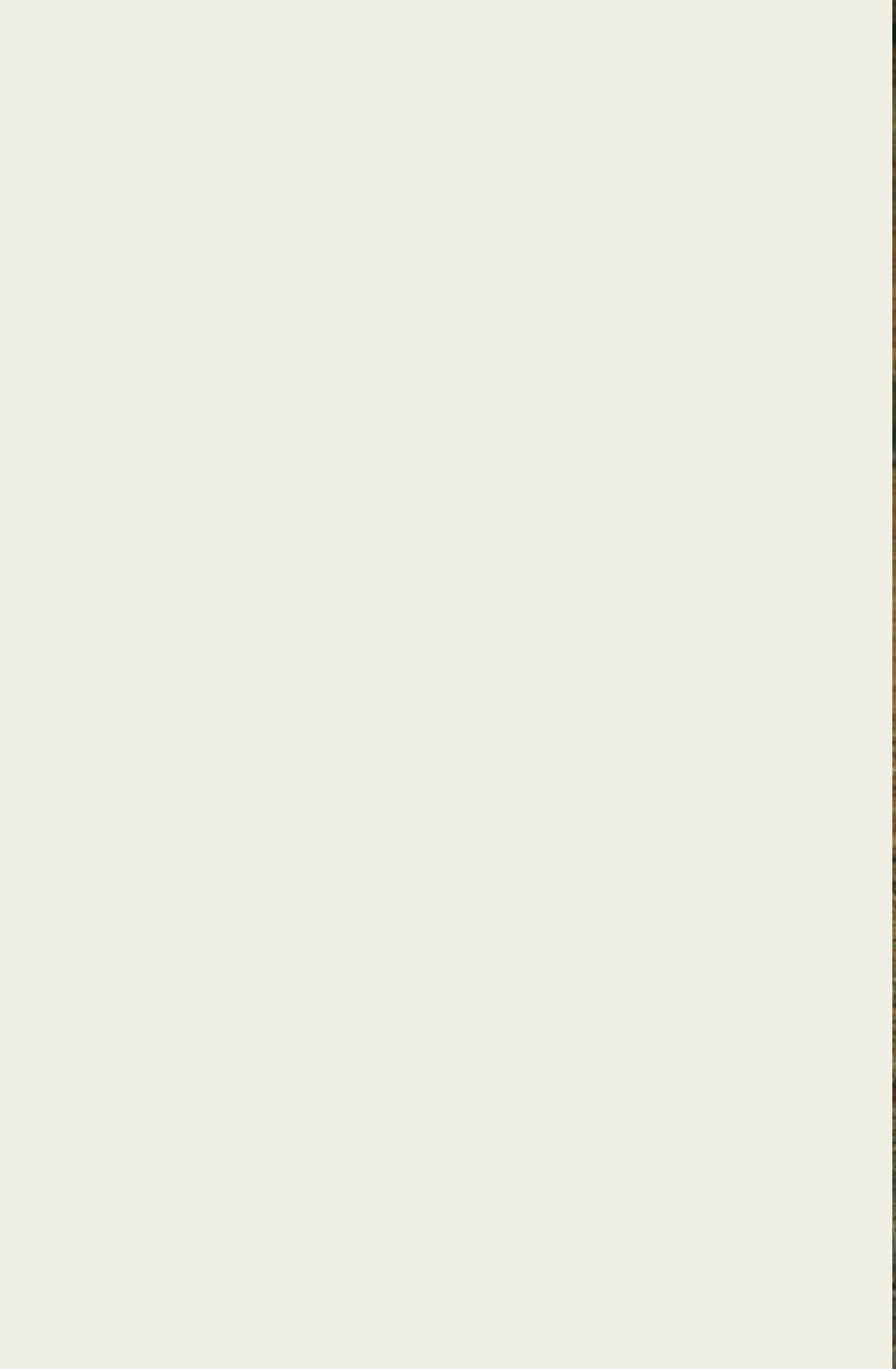


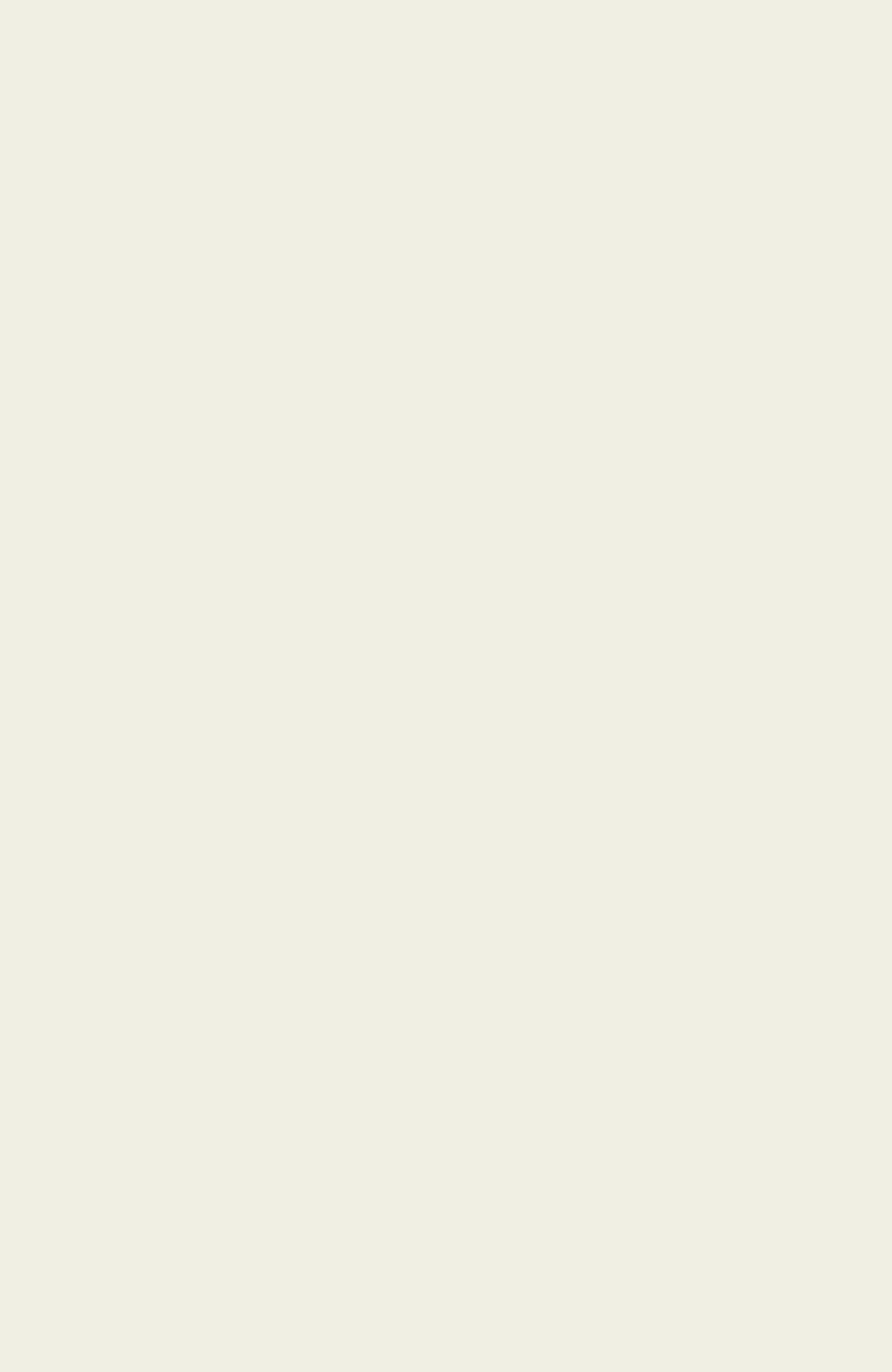


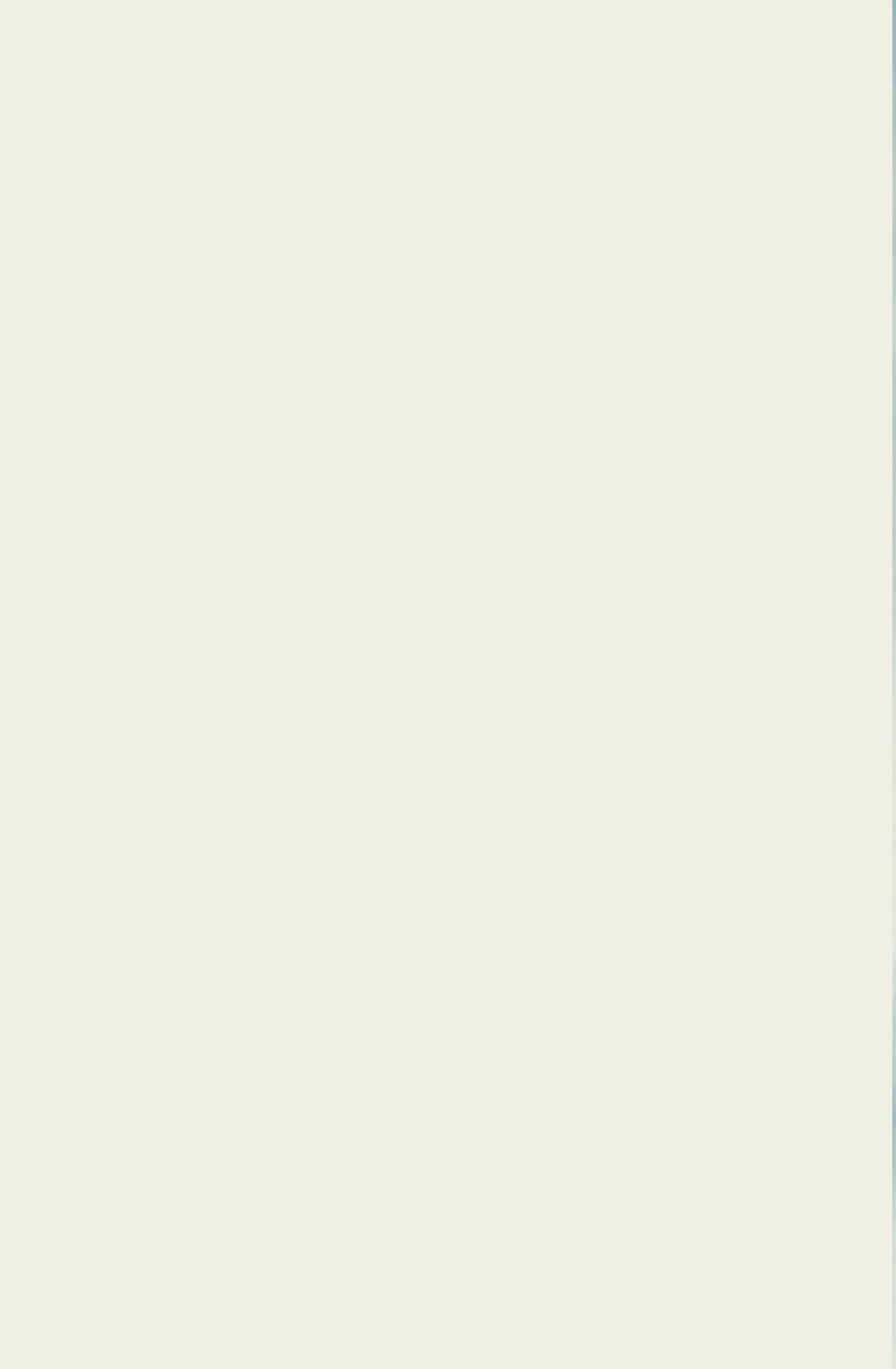












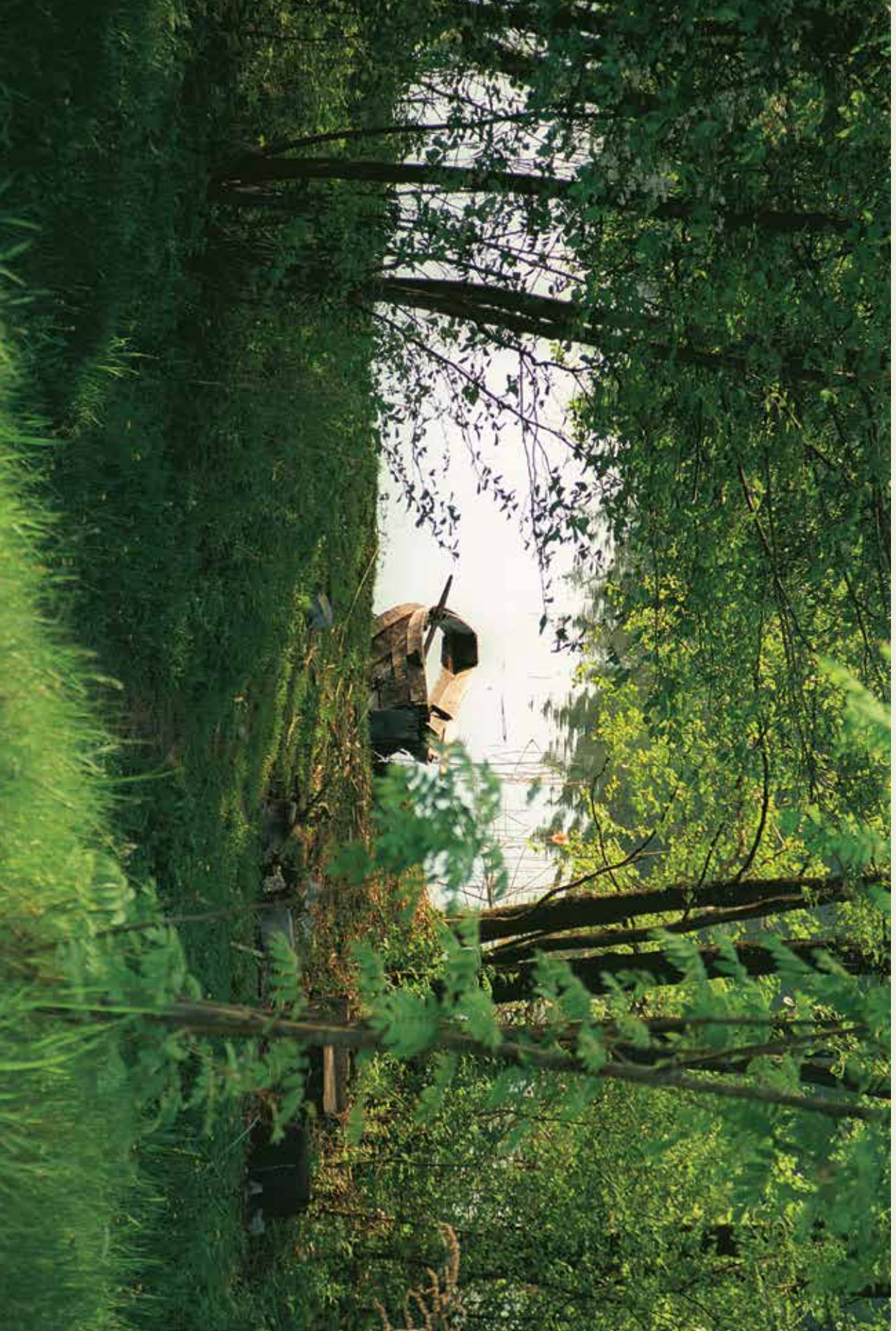


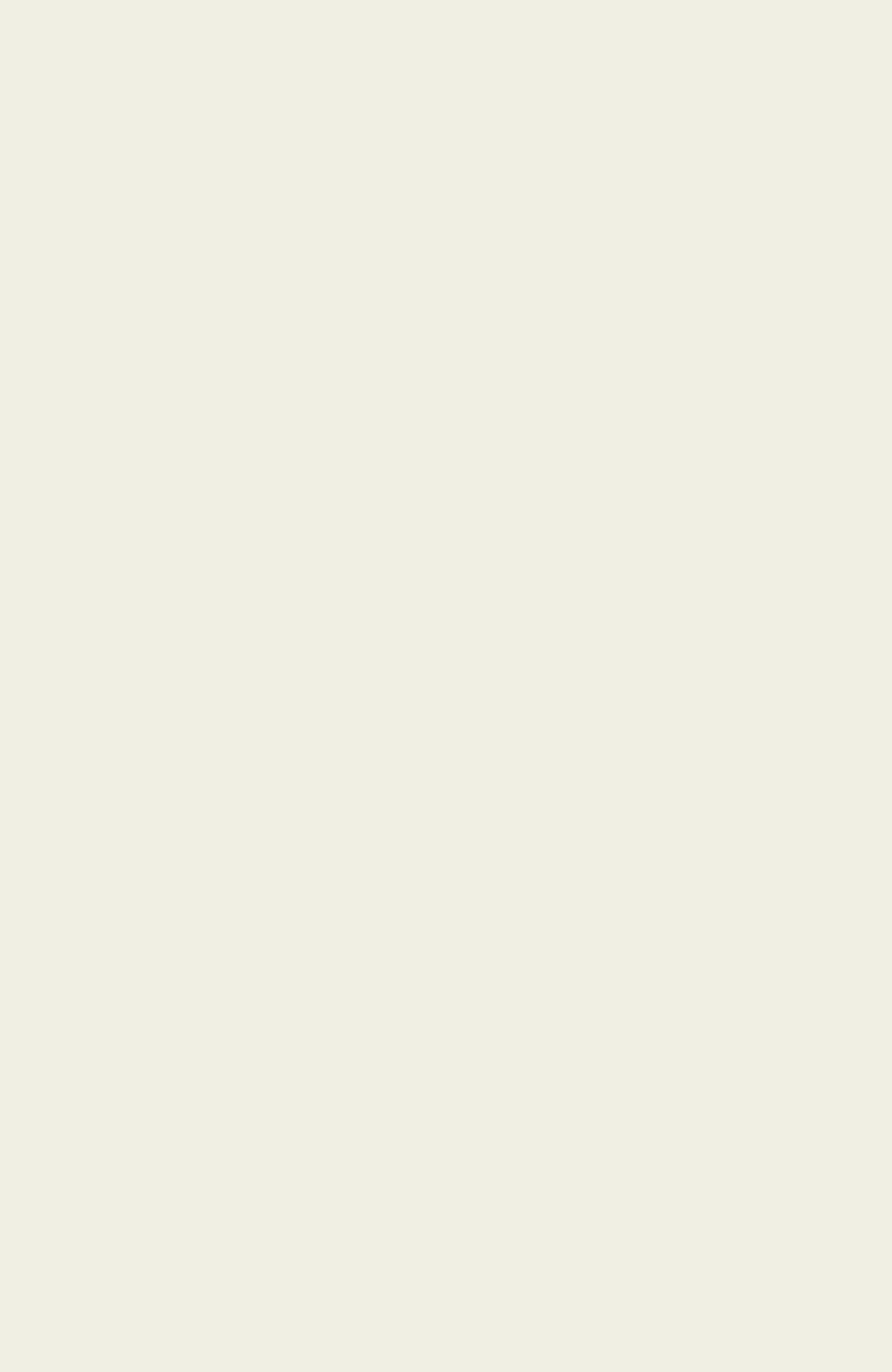




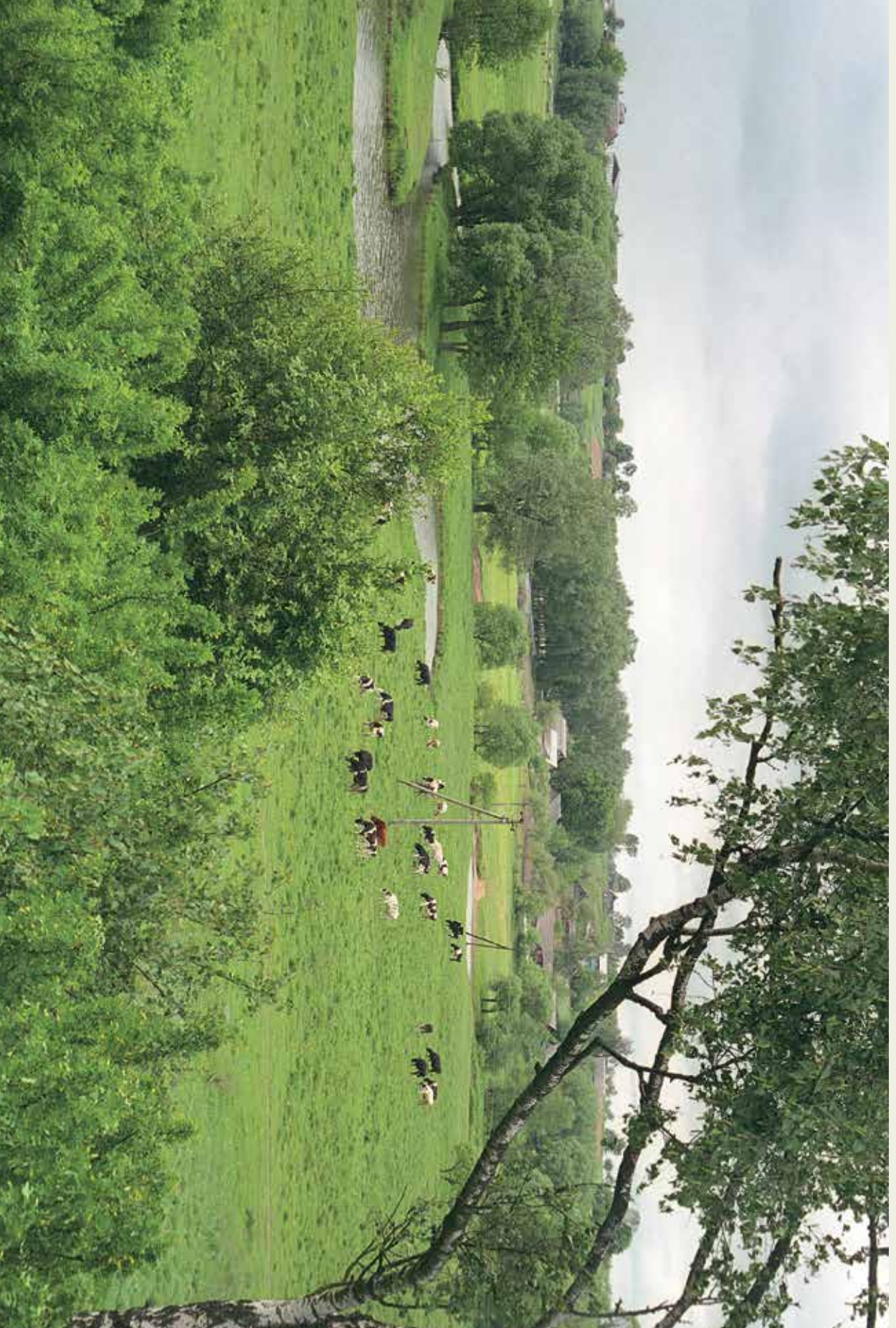


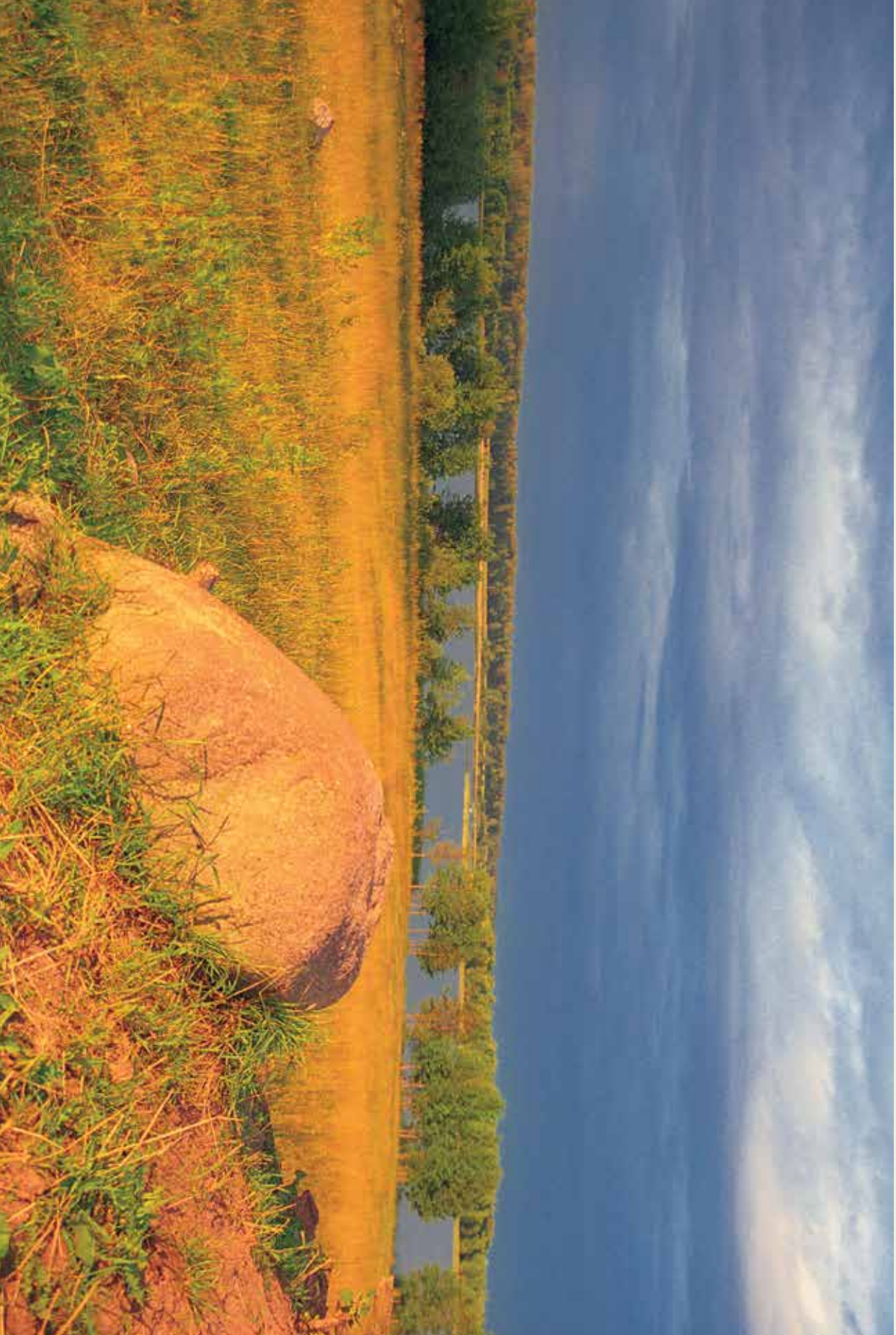
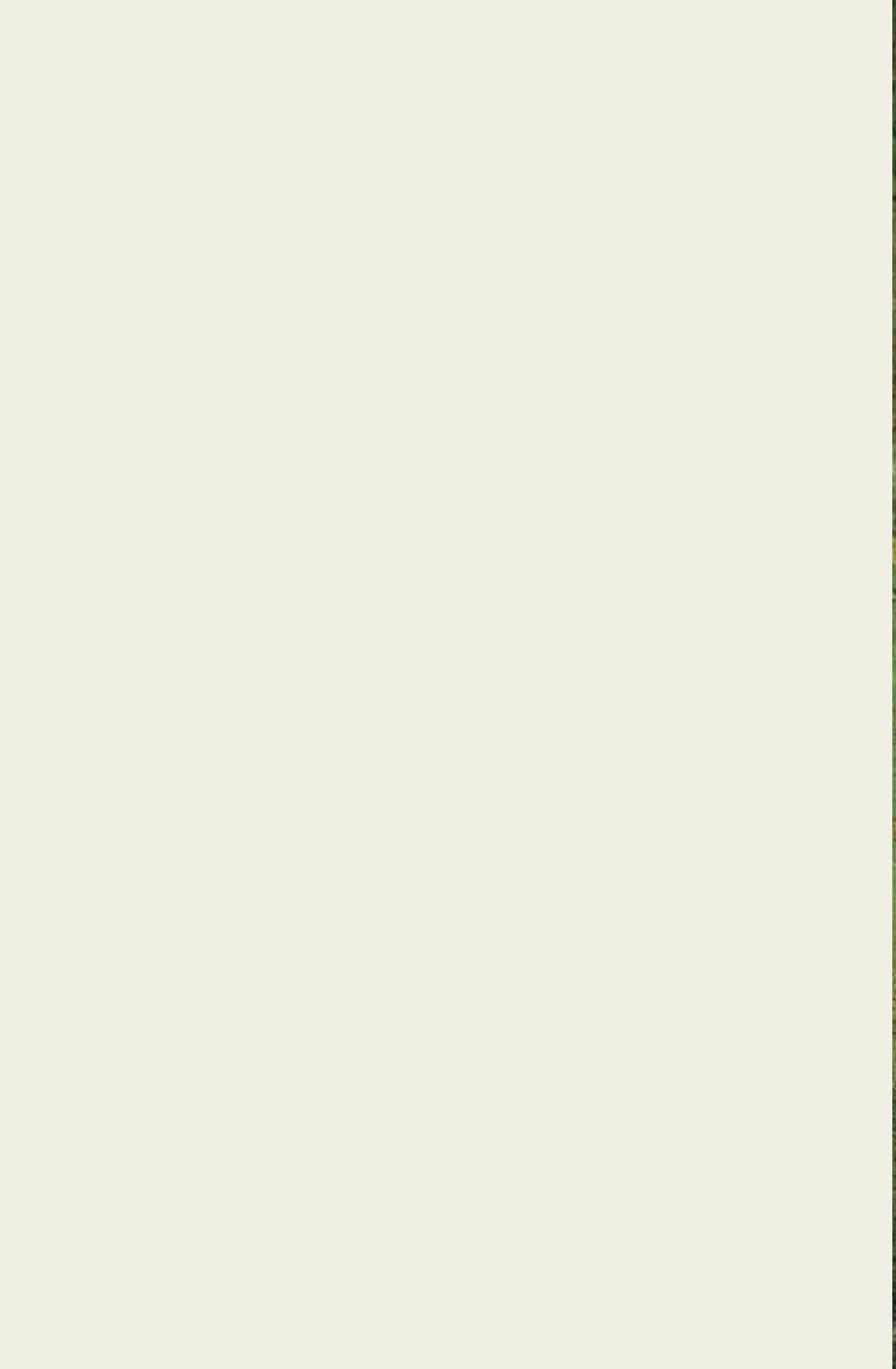


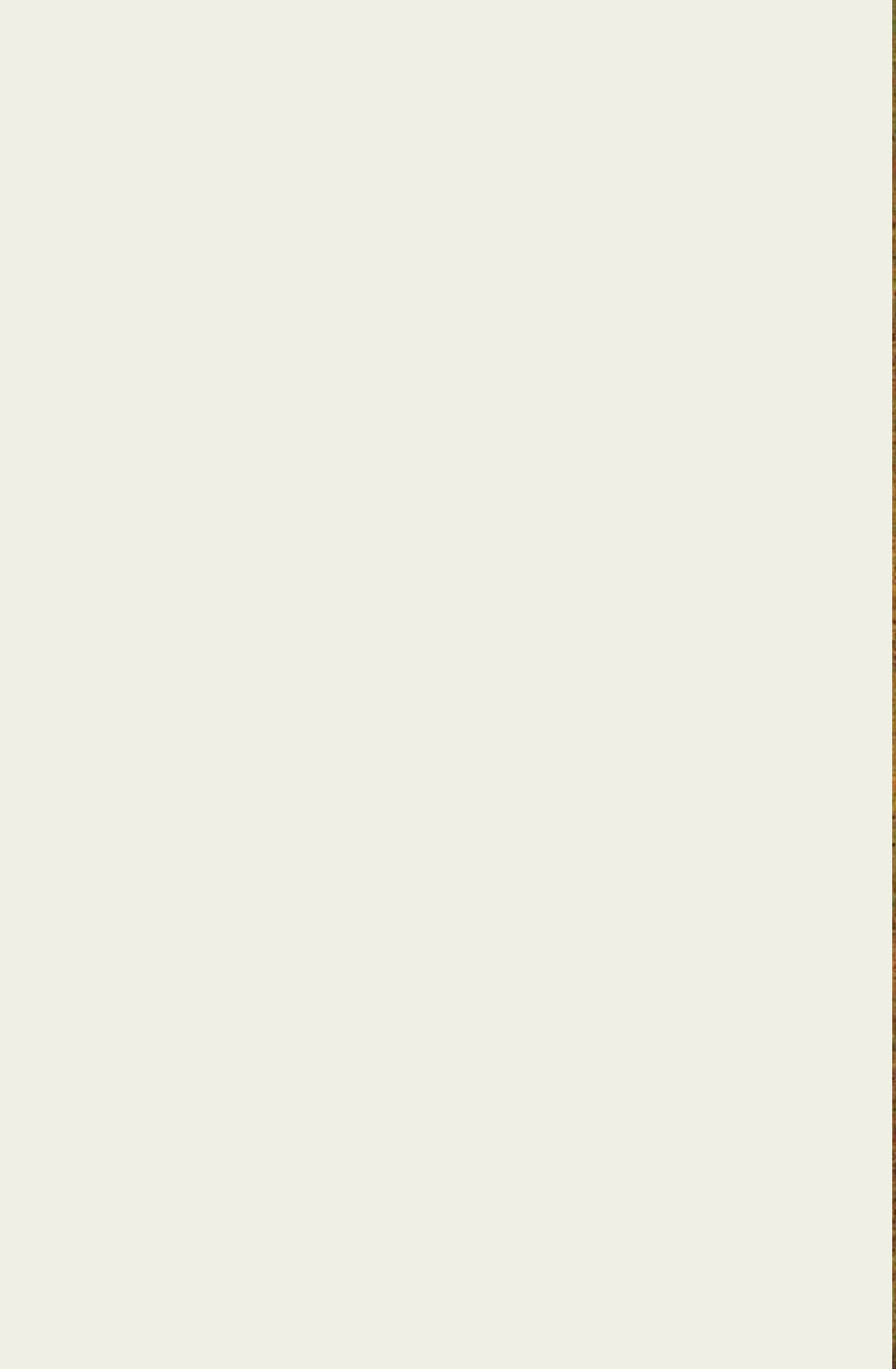




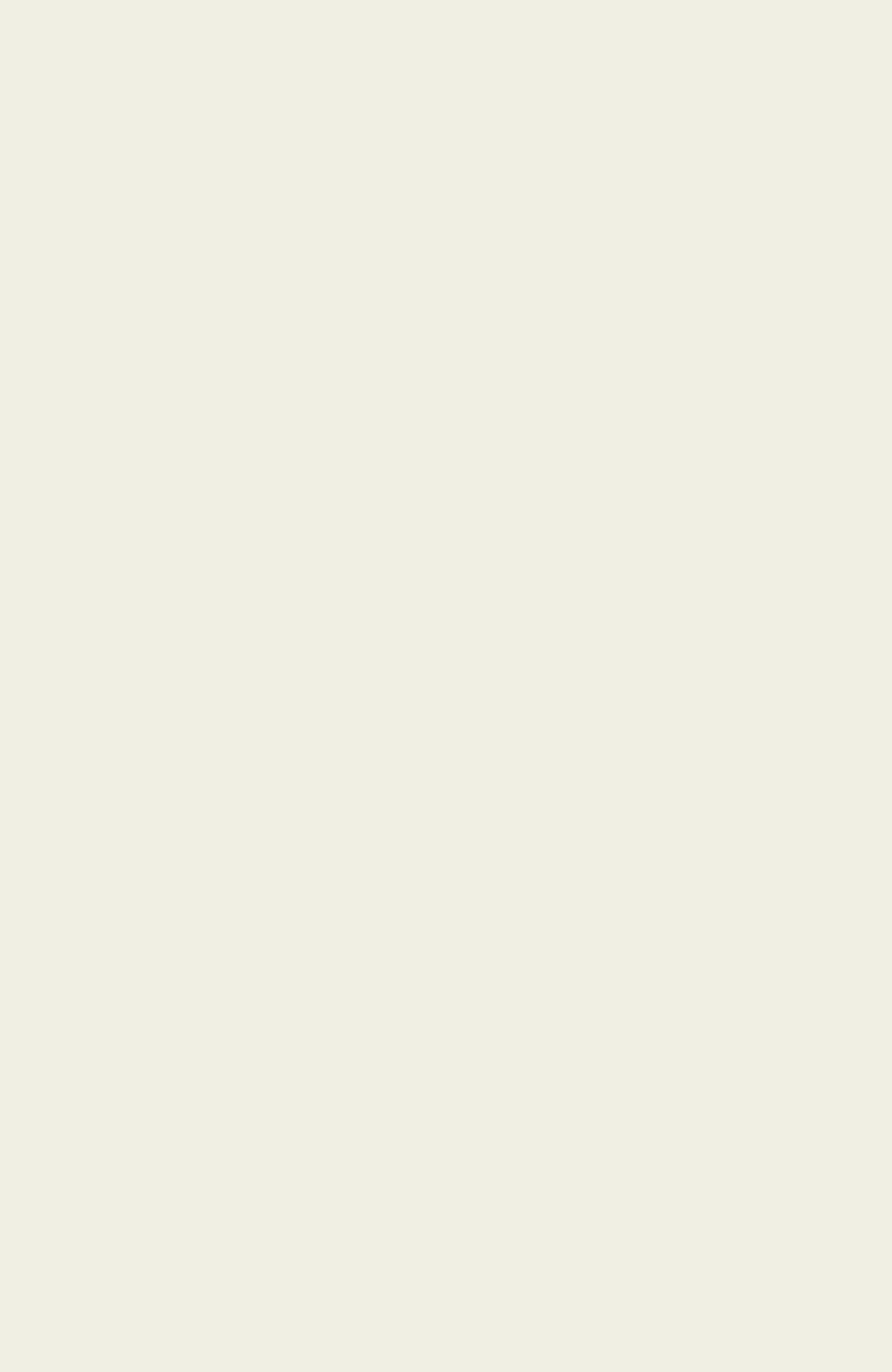












KRAJ

BEJARUS

PHOTOVIEW BY

VADZIM HRUDZKO

CONCEPT BY

ALES KAMOCKI

DESIGNED BY

ZMICIER HIERASIMOVICH

THE WORD ABOUT THE BOOK BY

RYHOR BARADULIN

THE ALBUM WAS CREATED WITHOUT PHOTOMONTAGE.
THE AUTHORS VISION REMAINS UNTOUCHED

THE ALBUM INCLUDES 240 PHOTOS, TAKEN WITH «MINOLTA» DYNAX 7 , 00009827 WITH «KODAK» FILM

TECHNICAL ADVISER IVAN SHUMSKIY

PUBLISHED BY «RIFTOUR»

PRINTED BY «NEOGRAFIJA», SLOVAKIA

WWW.BY-LAND.COM
WWW.BY-KRAJ.COM

ISBN 985-6700-15-9

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BELARUS